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The Murphy Temperance Signal.

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE AND HUMANITY.

VOL. I.—NO. 5. LOGANSPORT, IND., JUNE 5, 1878. CIRCULATION, 1,200.

EVER ONWARD.

BY GEORGE L. BUBLEIGH.

Hark! a thousand wrongs appalling,
And innumerable woes,
While imploring tongues are calling
Truth and valor from repose:
"To the rescue!"
Guard the hearth-stone from its foes.

Save the wailing wife and daughter;
Turn the son from ruin's track;
Where the Rum-God's car of slaughter,
Grim with blood, rolls huge and black,
Save the victims!
Rush between and snatch them back.

Dash to earth his bowl of venom;
Crush the wine-cup full of woe?
Rend? aye, like the smoke of Hinnom,
Lurid with the fires below!
Sin and sorrow
Gather in its deadly flow.

Tell the nations rum must perish,
And the world be glad once more.
All the invaded homes we cherish
Shall be rescued from his power.
God is for us.
Onward! Who can stand before?

We have lighted up our banners,
We have pealed our battle-cry—
"Ever Onward"—till hosannas,
Ring our triumph to the sky.
Never falter,
Though we battle till we die!

"ONLY A GLASS."

MARY MAGUIRE was the pretty housemaid at Lilac Villa, a large, square, handsome house on Hill, Staten Island. One warm, soft morning in February she stood polishing the windows from the outside, and occasionally looking at her own trim, graceful figure and bright, rosy face, as reflected by the shining glass. Presently the gate clicked, and looking round, Mary saw a handsome young man. A bright color came into her blooming cheek; she stepped forward and regarded the new-comer with an inquiring smile

"If ye plaize," was his first remark, "will ye be afther tellin' me that this is the house of Mrs. Dearborn?"

"An' why would I be tellin' ye a lie, young man?" said Mary. "Sure it is the house of Mr. Dearborn; more betoken I've heard him tell the misthress so, more than once, when she'd be too high and molghty like."

"But the advertisement said Mrs. Dearborn, now, surely, my jewel, didn't it?"

"Then its the new gardner ye are?" answered Mary."

"Sure that's what I'm hopin' to be darlin', if so be I might plaise the mistress, an' perhaps you wouldn't mind sayin' a good word for me, like the swate, purty crayture ye are, just for the sake av my Irish tongue."

"Are ye long out?" asked Mary.

"Six weeks, mavourneen."

"An' niver a lie in it," laughed Mary, roguishly; "sure I knew the taste of the blarney was fresh on your lips."

"Will ye try, darlin'?"

"Be aisy now; their's time enough for that this many a day. But I will say the good word to the misthress, sure now; and who'll I be afther tellin' her ye are?"

"Dennis Connelly, her humble servant, if she'll have me, and the slave of your purty eyes for life, anyway."

Mary ran away, with a laugh, and well pleased at the prospect of a fellow-servant who promised to do so entirely satisfactory. Dennis was taken on trial, and being put to the proof, turned out a very capable and clever gardener, and retained his situation. Mary and he were soon declared sweethearts. Mrs. Dearborn was pleased enough to have it so, for she began to realize that she had a treasure in her gardner, although, like other treasures, there was a weak spot in it.

Dennis had imported a taste for poteen along with himself; and although he described his love for strong waters as a disposition to indulge in "only a glass," his mistress could scarcely understand the effect produced, unless it was the celery glass from which he took his refreshment. Pretty Mary Maguire was the influence which could wile Dennis away from the most facinating glass of wh'sky and water; and he had more than once made her a promise that when she was all his own he would never ask to taste the poteen at all—far preferring the taste of her "swate rosy lips." Mary quite believed her handsome sweetheart, but Mrs. Dearborn, now and then said to Mary in voice of warning:

"It's a few men, even of the noblest and strongest, that ever wholly overcome the taste for liquors; and then Dennis has an easy, happy disposition, and no great strength of mind. Aren't you rather afraid, Mary?"

"Ah, niver fear for Dennis, ma'am," Mary returned with a bright smile, "sure he loves me better than the drink."

"Yes, now perhaps, but do you think it will last Mary?"

"Sure, ma'am, it isn't Irishmen that gets tired of their wives," Mary retorted, with the least little toss of her head, and then she fell to violently polishing the pier-glass before her.

So, at the end of the year, Mary and Dennis were married, and all their friends assisted; and though it was "only a glass" according to the bridegroom, it took Dennis a whole week to recover from it. After that, indeed, he behaved very well for a long while, and Mary who remained at Lilac Villa as housemaid, while Dennis continued as gardener, began to feel that she had indeed worked a reformation, and unconsciously held her head pretty high when her master called for a second bottle of champagne, as he sometimes did. To be sure, on Dennis' part there were occasional fallings from grace, and also from the perpendicular, but they were rare; and for the first three or four months he really behaved well. But by the end of the first half year of wedded life, Mary found that a very considerable portion of her time was occupied in the effort to conceal her husband's drunken sprees; and towards the close of summer Mr. Dearborn made some pretty sharp complaints regarding the condition of the garden.

But a young wife is not easily discouraged, especially when she is still deep in love, so Mary would put a bright face on everything, and hoped for the best, and despite the pain in her heart she still went about her work singing snatches of sweet, old Irish love songs.

Matters didn't mend, however though Mary constantly hoped they would, and went regularly to church, and even asked the priest to bid Dennis sign the pledge. Dennis refused, saying he wouldn't perjure himself by swearing a lie, when he knew right well he couldn't keep to it; and besides, where was the harm anyway? Couldn't a boy take a glass now and then, just to pick up his heart a bit to warm his blood when the frost was too cruel cold?

The year drew to a close, and the ill-luck that poor Mary felt must come, at last came. Mr. Dearborn, out of patience with Dennis Connelly's neglect and slovenly performance of his work, discharged him, and of course Mary gave a week's warning, and followed her husband.

The shock sobered Dennis for a while; and he vowed he wouldn't touch another drop of drink till—well, till he couldn't help it; and he kept his word better than the form of it would have led anyone to anticipate. He was a clever fellow, and although a gardener, could turn his hand to many other ways of earning an honest penny, and as every one liked his handsome, good-humored face, he got many odd jobs by which he earned enough to carry himself and Mary safe through the winter.

Presently, however, came a christening, and then Dennis felt that the time had come when indeed he could not help it; the christening was celebrated by a long spree, and to keep himself in practice the happy father took a frequent glass from time to time while waiting for another fit occasion. The occasion came only too often. Poor Mary did her duty by the census with extreme conscientiousness, adding to its numbers one and sometimes two nearly every year. There were soon a half-dozen mouths to feed, and less every day to feed them with. In an evil hour Mary proposed to do washing, and often earned four or five dollars a week as a laundress, but the more she worked the lazier and more shiftless grew Dennis. He soon ceased working entirely, and spent every penny he could lay hands on to pour fiery fluid down his throat.

Is the taste for strong drink inborn in every Irish man and woman as some people say? It would seem so, said Mary the good and pretty.

And at last, even Mary, the good and pretty and industrious as she was, becoming heart-sore at the misery she saw about her, and often sadly tired after a hard day's work begun at first to take but a taste, just to give her strength to bear her troubles but rapidly found herself dependent on it, and often sank to sleep in the stupor of intoxication, after a battle both of words and blows between two people whose whole world could once be seen in each other's eyes.

From bad to worse the descending scale so easy as to need no description. The path to ruin is left both smooth and slippery by the many travellers who go that way, and few who set out on that track are enough to pull up before they reach the bottom

It seemed that Dennis and Mary Connelly had long given up the effort. Neighbors shunned them, and few even of those who had helped them downward would now give them even a word of pity. The children, such of them as were old enough to speak, were beggars in the street; and many a cruel cuff Patsey got if he failed to bring home pennies enough to buy his father's nightly glass of whisky. Scoldings, swearings, and crying wear the sounds most often heard from their miserable dwelling, and it would have been something far more than usual that would have caused even the policeman on that beat to pause before that home of vice and misery.

Mary Connelly had just come home from a day's washing and scrubbing. She was quite sober, for she had been working for her old mistress, Mrs. Dearborn; but though sober and quiet, there was little of the fair, fresh and neat Mary Maguire to be traced in the worn, patched dress, the dishevelled hair, and red, hard, bloated face, purple about the eyes from blows and bruises. There was still less of the handsome Irish boy who had stolen her girlish heart in the unkempt, dirty, red-faced, blear-eyed man, unsteady with drink, and evidently more than half drunk, who turned to greet her with a silly laugh as she entered:

"Ye're welcome, acushla!" he said; "sure I've been longing for the sight o' yer purty face."

The woman flushed, a dark, painful blush spreading all over the face now so far from pretty; but she never answered a word, only turned away.

"Sure ye wouldn't be givin' me yer back, alanna? when I tell ye how I've been longin' for the sight of your face?"

"An' the few shilling's ye think I've with me," she answered, scornfully.

"O, divil a lie in it, darlin'; the sight of that same's even purtier than yerself."

"Then ye'll be disappointed, the saints be praised, for not a penny o' mine will ever cross yer hand again, lazy, drunken, low vagabond as ye are. If I'd never laid eyes on ye it's a happy woman I'd be this night."

Mary had come home determined to control herself, whatever happened, having registered an oath never to taste liquor again. Her tongue she could not command, but she kept her oath. Dennis answered in language quite as violent as her own; abusive epithets passed quickly between husband and wife, till at last, in a paroxysm of rage, he seized the lighted kerosene lamp from the table and hurled it at her. It seemed less than an instant, and yet she was already enveloped in flames. For some moments the man was utterly dazed, stupefied, at the sight of what he had done. He heard her shrieks, her screams of agony, and never moved; she flew wildly from side to side of the room, every moment increasing the flames that leaped around her; she shrieked for help, she called on her husband, and on her children. The eldest boy ran toward her, but she screamed to him to go back, and then the poor child piteously implored his father to help her. People from the street burst open the door, and Dennis at last roused from his stupor, helped to smother the flames with blankets snatched from their wretched bed. It was too late; the unfortunate woman was burned beyond the possibility of recovery; but she lived long enough to remember how she used to love this man, and to feel that the love was not dead, only sleeping.

The usual questions were put to Mary Connelly when she seemed fit to be examined on the subject of the circumstance which was to cause her death; but she did not seem to comprehend what was required of her, and nothing that she said could be construed into a charge of any kind against her husband.

"Sure he always loved me, poor Dennis! Perhaps I wasn't as good a wife as I ought to be, but he loved me always, I know he did." She turned towards him as she spoke, and with a sweet smile that seemed to restore much of its vanished beauty to her face, untouched by the fire, she closed her eyes with a gentle sigh, and passed into the sleep that will not be broken till time shall be no more.

Dennis Connelly passed through the formality of a trial, and, by advice of his counsel, pleaded "Not Guilty." He was acquitted, to Mrs. Dearborn's disgust, when she read the verdict.

"Nothing will convince me that he didn't cause that poor girl's death," said Mary's old mistress, "and I wish they had hanged him; it would have been better, for nothing will ater Dennis Connelly."

But Mrs. Dearborn was mistaken. The conscience-stricken man was changed to the core of his heart. The sight or smell of liquors turned him sick. He worked like a slave for his motherless children, and his one prayer is to live—for their sake. For his own, he would welcome death; for, sleeping or waking, that figure enveloped in flames is ever before his eyes, the shrieks of that anguished voice are ever singing in his ears. And he knows that it will be so till the hour of his death; but sincere repentance and earnest prayer gives him the hope that at last God's forgiveness will let him meet his lost wife in heaven.

GOLDEN WORDS.

Duty is not only pleasant, but cheap.

Perseverance is the best school for every manly virtue.

A woman who wants a charitable heart wants a pure heart.

Many are willing enough to wound who are yet afraid to strike.

To-morrow is the day on which idle men work, and fools return.

The man lacks moral courage who treats when he should retreat.

No vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in.

It is the best proof on the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

Do good to all, that thou mayest keep thy friends, and gain thine enemies.

How few faults are there seen by us, which we have not ourselves committed.

The Chinese say that there is a well of wisdom at the root of every gray hair.

The heart is a book which we ought not to tear in our hurry to get at its contents.

It is with life as with coffee; he who drinks it pure must not drain it to the dregs.

If you would not have a person deceive you, be careful not to let him know you mistrust him.

The rich are more envied by those who have a little than by those who have nothing.

How rarely do we accurately weigh what we have to sacrifice against what we have to gain.

The idle should not be classed among the living; they are a sort of dead men not fit to be buried.

One act of beneficence, one act of real usefulness, is worth all the abstract sentiment in the world.

Ladies are like violets; the more modest and retiring they appear, the more you love them.

It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions and laying aside his prejudices.

Have nothing to do with any man in a passion, for men are not like iron, to be wrought upon when they are hot.

TEMPERANCE PUZZLE.

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Find in how many ways the phrase, "Red Rum and Murder," can be read from this puzzle.

A MAN in Cummington, Mass., went off on his periodic spree the other night, drank a quart of cider brandy, and took 1,900 grains of bromide of potassia, all in three hours. He died.

The Murphy Signal.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY

MURPHY SIGNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

LOGANSPORT, IND., JUNE 5, 1878.

Published in the Interest of the Murphy Temperance Movement.

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All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay postage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay no postage.

"LOCAL" AND "EDITORIAL."

READ our "ads."

MEETING to-night.

AND it didn't fail?

WHY don't you sign.

ATTEND our meetings.

WE HOLD THE FORT!

PLEASE report your meetings.

IT does amount to something, don't it?

THE shooting tournament was a success.

JOHN B. GOUGH broke his pledge sixteen times.

AND now the boys mention their anniversary day.

SEVERAL merchants displayed the blue on the 31st.

Nothing begets confidence sooner than punctuality.

DURING May nearly 1,500 signed the pledge in Logansport.

Is your name upon our subscription books? It ought to be.

SIGN the pledge, my brother. You injure yourself most by your carousing.

THE celebration of the 31st was the largest of the temperance kind ever known in the State.

YOU will excuse us in using a few vindicative words in this issue, but we mean what we say.

SECRETAY JONES, Fort Wayne union, was in the city Friday. He came with Brother Mace Long.

PRESIDENT GRIDLEY, Monticello Union, was in the city Friday. We had the pleasure of meeting him.

AN advertisement of Leibig's appears in this issue. We have used the medicine and can recommend it.

CROOKED CREEK Baptist church can boast of a people that will make its temperance society a grand success.

JEFFERSON township sent thirty-eight wagon loads and several horsemen (Murphies) on the 31st. Splendid.

"IT is a most mortifying reflection of any man to consider what he has done compared with what he might have done."

ARE you using your influence for good or bad? You'd feel better (and so would we) if you would use it for the former.

A SPLENDID meeting was held at Adamsboro Saturday night. They have good workers there and will be successful.

"THE object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there we cannot be happy elsewhere."

"IT is better to wear out than to rust out. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but strike till it is made hot."

"BENEFIT your friends, that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies, that they may become your friends."

EVERYBODY, almost, pronounces THE SIGNAL the best temperance paper published, if it is small. We are proud of it, also.

OUR Royal Center friend, J. Sam Snethen, was in town Sunday. He says the work has been revived there and is progressing finely.

PRESIDENT SCHOOLCRAFT, North Manchester Union, was in the city Friday. He was well pleased with the success of the celebration.

THE Murphys at Shiloh, Noble township, will give a strawberry and ice cream festival next Saturday evening. Everybody is invited.

"A LIVELY imagination is a great gift provided education tutors it. If not, it is nothing but a soil equally luxuriant for all kinds of seeds."

PRESIDENT STANLEY, Kokomo Union was in the city Friday. He expresses a determination to revive the work there, which has been languishing.

"TO PIN our faith on another man's sleeve, and submit to be led by authority, deprives us of independence, and subjects us to just contempt."

"NO MAN will excell in his profession if he thinks himself above it; and commerce will not flourish in any country where commerce is not respected.

WE cannot publish MSS. that have no responsible names accompanying them. We have also omitted some for want of originality. You now understand why yours did not appear.

QUARTETTES sung by Messrs. Mehaffie, Hand, Brandt and the Taylor boys, on celebration day, are worthy of special mention. The boys sing well together, and deserve the credit they receive.

VERY little drinking was done on the 31st, and by no Murphys. We can only repeat what we have heard uttered many times, that on that day there never was a more respectable throng in Logansport or one that conducted itself better.

THE saloon-keeper that said he did a larger trade on the 31st than at any other time in his life, simply lied prevaricated. Intemperance has received its death blow and the people may as well know it now as at any time.

A SALOON-KEEPER on the 31st, who said he would give five dollars to the Murphys because they had brought him so much trade, when put to the test concluded that it was not worth more than a dollar. It will not be worth a cent to him in a year from now.

THE conductor on the Peoria road that brought in the excursionists said that in all his experience as a conductor, he had never met a party of excursionists as well behaved and intelligent as were those. They were temperance people, brother A——, and that accounts for it.

IN our "contribution" column will be found a beautiful poem by little Nellie Stote, who formerly lived here. In a private letter she informs us that this is her first effort—and we would add that it is a good one. We shall be pleased to have Miss Nellie write to our readers often, and believe she will.

OUR beautiful sister town, Monticello, sent the largest delegation to the celebration Friday. Its representation would do credit to places of more pretentions The intelligent, handsome and courteous ladies and gentleman from that burg, are hereby notified that Logansport will always welcome them.

THE Murphy meetings held at Anoka have been less successful than any others held in the county. There is a great work to do, however, and nothing but perseverance will do it. Our friends there should pay no attention to the garbling of the enemy, but do their duty regardless of every unworthy creature.

"WE can not afford to expose ourselves, by venturing into forbidden or doubtful paths. We dare not encourage temptation. Our only safety is in constantly keeping in the "straight paths." We must avoid the very appearance of evil—the indulgence in anything of doubtful propriety. To do that the propriety of which we doubt, is to do wrong, and sin can never be committed with impunity; for, 'He that doubteth is dammed if he eat.'"

THE other night, Frank Liston, in relating incidents in his career while intoxicated, mentioned an instance where he and several of his soldier friends while intoxicated wished to make a present to a comrade. The latter was consumptive, and their wise heads decided that a suitable gift would be a coffin. They procured a fine metalic one, and presented it; it was accepted, and afterward the recipient was laid to rest in it. "And now boys," he continued, "we are taking up another collection. We desire to provide a proper receptacle for old rum, and want every one to give his mite by signing the pledge." And most of them signed.

NO PERSON can say a word against Murphyism conscientiously. It has done more good in Cass county than tongue can tell, and for this reason saloon-keepers and their supes hate it. A person who would lend himself to do his brother an injury in this way, would steal from him, and, if necessary, do worse. In condemnation we can not do the subject justice. To say that this tattling is injurious, disgraceful and a crime against humanity is putting it very mildly. Charity does not prohibit us from saying "thou shalt not steal, lie, or murder," nor does it from saying that when you, a professing temperance man, would say aught against this temperance work, are ten times worse than the meanest saloon-keeper that ever sold whisky.

WE HOLD THE FORT.

THE RALLY A GRAND SUCCESS IN EVERY RESPECT.

AN IMMNETSE CROWD, SPLENDID MUSIC, AND A ROUSING TIME.

FULL PARTICULARS OF THE RALLY—WHAT THE FT. WAYNE PAPERS SAY.

THE ANNIVERSARY—THIRTY-FIRST.

THE day dawned beautifully. At eight o'clock the streets were thronged with Murphy pedestrians, anxious for the day's enjoyment, and by ten o'clock, as wagon after wagon came in from the country loaded with blue ribbon advocates, there was no question but what the rally would be a grand success. Space forbids lengthy notice in these columns, and we will give only a synopsis of the day's proceedings. At ten and a half o'clock the procession formed, and marched through the principal streets—the length was fully a mile and a half. After reaching the grounds, the band played several beautiful pieces, and concentrated the crowd around the stand. "Coronation" was sung. Dr H. Taylor then presented to the Fifth ward delegation a handsome banner; the gift of Charles Kahlo, esq., as the ward sending the largest delegation. A scripture lesson was read by Rev. E. Mahin, and prayer offered by Rev. L. M. Schofield. Hon. Luther C. Abbott was then introduced, and for an hour interested the throng as few men could. The gentleman, making no claims to oratory, speaks from the heart, and feels every word he says. The tearful eyes many times testified the intense interest and sympathy the listeners felt for the speaker. Mr. E. B. Warren was then called upon and made a telling little speech. Mr. Warren is one of the three that started the work here, and as well he might, feels proud of it Dinner was then spread, and an old-fashioned picnic dinner enjoyed. (Only those who partook can appreciate it). At 2:10 Rev. A. W Hawkins opened the way for Mace Long by a ten minute speech, which, as usual, with that gentleman, was full of meat. Mr. Long spoke for fully an hour and a half and it is estimated that five or six thousand people heard every word he uttered He tells his experience in such a straightforward candid manner that the sympathies of the audience are enlisted at the beginning. Space will not permit an outline of his life at this time. Mr. Long, with Mr. Abbott, made thousands of friends while here that day, and the two addresses were the best on the subject ever delivered in this city. After Mr. Long closed amusements were indulged in which afforded merriment for all. It is estimated that from ten to twelve thousand were upon the grounds and not one that we have yet heard of, spoke but in words of praise. This day's labor done the temperance work in Cass county more good than you can tell. It was an immense success from first to last, even exceeding the expectations of the more sanguine. The people in attendance were well-behaved, intelligent and honest-looking, and were a credit to the work. Monticello union sent 112 to the celebration. Thanks; we hope to see you again. We might enter into personalities, but could not do it without injustice to some, and would add; to one and all, from the least to the greatest, the smallest to the largest, who contributed a mite to the success of this grand affair, your labor has been appreciated, and to you is given your portion of the honor.

The Fort Wayne Gazette makes the following report:

THE day was ushered in with the booming of a cannon. At 8 o'clock the streets, windows and house-tops were filled with enthusiastic Murphys, eager to participate in the festivities of the occasion. Many of the business houses and dwellings were decorated with blue bunting, and the whole city seemed to have donned its holiday attire.

At 10:30 the procession, which was one and a half miles long, headed by the Cecelian band formed and proceeded to the pic-nic grounds. Arriving there, the immense crowd, numbering fully 10,000 persons, partook of a bounteous dinner, after which the following order of exercises was observed:

Music by Cecelian Band. Vocal and orchestra music. Reading of the scripture, by Rev. M. Mahin. Prayer, by Rev. L. M. Schofield. Vocal music. Address, by Hon. L. C. Abbott, of Eaton, Ohio. Music, by the Galveston band. Recess of two hours for amusements, &c. Music by the Anoka band. Address by E. B. Warren, Esq. the originator of the Murphy movement in Logansport. Music, by Cecelian band. Address, by Mace Long, of Fort Wayne. Vocal music. Amusements. Music, by the Galveston and Anoka bands.

The address of Hon. S. C. Abbott was an able effort and occupied about one hour. It was listened to with marked attention.

The address of Mace Long occupying one and a half hours, was very impressive. He held the vast audience spell bound, and the recital of his past and present experience brought tears to the eyes of many.

Nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of the day.

The Fort Wayne deligation—Messrs. Long and Jones—were kindly entertained on the ground by Charles Kahlo, Esq, officer of the day, and his estimable wife. Mr. Kahlo, who has a large manufacturing establishment at Logansport, employing 100 men, closed his doors, and his entire force turned out with the Murphys. Our boys were also the recipients of many favors at the hands of Mr. Leedy, President of the day, and his aids, Messrs. Roach, Warren and others.

A magnificent blue silk banner was presented by Dr. Taylor to the Fifth Ward Club of Logansport, it being the largest club in attendance. It was received with appropriate remarks by H. J. Roach, President of the club.

The whole affair was a grand success, and the management deserves much credit for the excellence of the arrangement and the smoothness with which the exercises were carried out. Every Murphy will be proud of the success of the celebration of the first anniversary of the society, and the good citizens of Logansport will ever remember the day with pride and pleasure.

It is not a desire of ours to complain, but the truth will out, and it is better we exist under a clear sky. Demagogues there are in everything almost. There are such found sometimes among the temperance workers. One arrived in this city Thursday evening, and because he was not allowed to air his pet, incendiary thoughts, he took it upon himself to argue against our work. Every man has that privlege, and is allowed it. This person sets great claim as being a "tempesance" man. That is exactly right. And he claims it as his privlege to stir up in his peculiar manner the political pot, and season it quite thoroughly with temperance—which just such men as he has allowed to injure and disgrace for so many years. On Thursday night he was baffled in his scheme and to vent an uncharitable, unchristian, and vindicative spirit expressed himself very positively on celebration day. We have this to say plainly, we can get along without such individuals. We all want as leaders those who are willing to abide by the wish of the majority of our number. If he did his kind of work in past days, it might have adapted itself to that age of the world, but it will not to this. The gentleman mentioned ives in LaFayette. We hope he will reform his method of making temperance men.

BRO. E. B. WARREN left for his home in Randolph county Saturday evening. One year and four days ago he arrived in this city, and inaugurated our work. Having with him only a written recommendation as a guarantee of his sincerity. Since that time during the periods that he has been here he has made thousands of friends; and has done more to advance the morals of Logansport (with the co-oporation of his friends) than any man that ever entered within the borders of the city. His generous, noble spirit has sympathized with the worst forms of inebriacy, and his heart has always allowed his tongue to pour forth words of consolaation and hope to the fallen. You have done a noble work, Brother Ed and while perhaps you may think your efforts unfruitful, always remember that Logansport contains hearts that beat in sympathy with you and yours. Wherever your lot may be cast, may the blessings of our all-wise Father be with you.

THE Murphy meeting Sunday evening was attended with the usual success. Several names were added to the list of signers, prominently among them that of our friend Joseph Craig, Esq. Until further notice meetings will be held on Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings. One to-night. The sky-lights in the hall should be opened to give more ventilation, as the room becomes very heated when crowded with people. The trustees are the proper persons to attend to this. The work is prospering gloriously throughout the county. Country meetings are almost invariably successful.

A GREAT many of our subscribers claim that they do not receive their paper. If reasonable, they will understand that in starting, the publishers are compelled "to do the best they know how," and urgent duties of many kinds sometimes permits them to make mistakes. We desire that every one should receive THE SIGNAL, as the purpose in issuing it is to have it read. Persons who do not receive their paper regularly should notify the publishers.

IF this issue of THE SIGNAL does not compare favorably with former ones, as an apology we would say that the holding of meetings every night, commitee meetings every evening and preparing for the 31st, and other duties which compelled sacrifices of time, caused our paper to be the sufferer. We hope in future, if possible, to render it ever acceptable to our readers, and in all cases ask their forbearance.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

National Christian Temperance Union.
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PLEASE ANSWER.

To the Editor:

WHAT man in his right senses, that has wherewithal to live free, would make himself a slave by the use of the bowl that brings sorrow, woe and misery to himself? J. H. I.

WITH US IN SPIRIT.

To the Editor:

WE are with you in spirit if not in body. Hope the good work will continue. We have about 600 blue ribbon folks here, and we hope for more.

Yours truly, AMOS ALLMAN.

Crown Point, Ind , May 29th, 1878.

LAKE CICOTT LETTER.

To the Editor:

KNOW all whom it may concern, that notwithstanding the predictions that the excitement would soon blow over and Murphyism at Lake Cicott die out. Our school house was by far too small to hold the people that assembled there last night, and a good interest was manifested. Short speeches were the order of the evening. Speeches were made by brothers Calvert, McKee, Hitchens, Shaw, Rogers, and President Barr. At the call for signers three responded.

We couldn't do without THE SIGNAL. How is it with the rest of the Cicott Murphys? Try it, brothers, and you will say likewise.

A MURPHY.

Cicott May 26th 1878.

COLD WATER SONG.

To the Editor:

There's a bright, sparkling streamlet just over the hill,
Which is singing such music as ever to fill
A sad heart with gladness, for this is its song,
Drink naught but cold water to keep your heart strong.

Be temperate, be temperate, and you'll ever feel
So much more light hearted, and so never reel;
For the snake in the wine glass will ever uncoil,
To grasp you within its unwavering foil,

The weary may rest in some cool, shady nook,
While they smile at the ripple of the little brook.
Cold water, cold water, yes, that is its song,
Drink naught but cold water and you will be strong.

Many hundreds and hundreds now drink of this spring,
For their hearts are so happy that they ever sing,
Such sweet songs of gladness so hearty and true,
For they wear a wee ribbon of red, white or blue.

NELLIE J. STOTE.

Joliet, Ill , May 30th, 1878.

FROM HUNTINGTON.

To the Editor:

MAY the temperance shower not fall in drops, but may it pour, and be the means of causing many to make the good resolve which may not only last them during their lives, but as will make them valiant soldiers in the great army of civilization and moral reform. The temperance army is indeed becoming a power in our land. The day is not very far in the future when we will be respected. When that day comes, how pleasant and how real it will be to sing "Happy day;" and what an indescribable flood of tears, grief, sorrow will be dried up. Stick to the work, my strange but temperance brothers. We are in a noble cause; Our task is great, and it looms up mountain high, but our success will be the greater victory. Our army is now over the Ohio. Grant has taken Paducah, Ft. Henry, and Donaldson must fall; the battle will be hard at Pittsburg Landing, but by and by we will make the great march to the sea. Yes, the fanaticism of to-day will be the reform of to-morrow, and the reform of to-morrow the victory of the next day. "We'll stand the storm, it won't long." Yours, with ever good wish for success

WM. H. TRAMMEL.

Huntington, May 24, 1878.

FROM BRO. SHACKELFORD.

To the Editor:

WE are glad to report that your nice little paper comes to us regularly, bearing the glad tidings of the wholesale work that you are doing in Logansport. The untiring zeal manifested by yourself and colleagues in the temperance movement since the organization of your society, is very commendable indeed, and the glorious results achieved are beyond the most sanguine expectations, and would seem sufficient to convince the most doubtful of its inestimable value to that city, as well as elsewhere, where the movement has been inaugurated. Those who, hitherto, have looked on while you have gently and steadily moved forward, and remark occasionally that your institution is short-lived, and offer this as a reason why they could not give you their influence, will be driven to hatch up some other excuse or sign the pledge. The former one has lost its force—all the thunder is gone out of it. As one darkey said to another after the surrender of Cornwallis. He said "he no longer *Corn*wallis; he *Cob*wallis. Gineril Washing' shell all de corn off, too slick " You have stripped them of their excuses. They should acknowledge beat, and sign the pledge. I miss your association very much. I should feel very much elevated in spirit if we could have a rousing temperance meeting occasionally.

We have no temperance organization in Leesburg, and we have no saloon—not one; but we have two drug store, which supply the deficiency; but perhaps seldomly, as I have seen but few intoxicated men since we have been here. We have a very nice, quiet town, and the country around is very beautiful—perhaps as good as the State affords—and a prosperous set of people as we would naturally conclude when considering the small amount of liquor used. * * We send love to all the friends, and say in conclusion, "Hold the Fort." N. D. SHACKELFORD.

Leesburg, Indiana, May 23.

MURPHY WORK.

To the Editor:

Friends and workers—Our success is wonderful. All over this country a glorious work is progressing that has never been equalled before God is with us and is blessing us. Let us never forget to whom our success is due; and let us be bright untiring instruments in His hands working constantly, and the fruits of our work will be manifest. Oh, never let us tire in this good work, that is rescuing so many from a life of iniquity, sin and disgrace; and let us consecrate ourselves anew, each day to this noble work. Let us assist our leader all that is in our power. Had we all worked as he has worked intemperance would have been banished from Logansport months ago Each of us have a work to do that no one else can do for us. This a serious work. Be earnest—never as though it was a work of levity. Sisters arouse and go to work for temperance, you do not know of how much benefit you can be until you have entered the field. "The harvest is white and the laborers are few."

It is true that there are some earnest workers, but we need more. May God bless the laborers May they never tire. Come bravely foward and show your colors by working daily for our movement. Your influence is either for or against us. Your heart is in this work. You are praying for its success. Then show your sympathy by your public work. Our darkest days are past. A light of great magnitude is breaking forth from silvery edged clouds, shedding its radiance over all the land. How joyful to think that we are on the blessed side. Brothers, be choice of your companions. Do not go to saloons—the devil is there, and would rejoice at your downfall. Many prayers are ascending to heaven daily for you. Oh be true, be earnest, be workers for the cause that you have honored by your name, pledge and influence. Never forget your pledge, think of it whenever your are tempted. Plead with others to shun all appearence of evil, by being with the enemy's companions in saloons. Plead with the erring ones. Ask them to come out on the right side, reform, and be men once more, and plenty and peace will reward the untiring. You have been through the deep waters. Now with God's blessing, be faithful; stand by the still waters. Cherished things that have slipped from your grasp will again bring you joy and love. Temperance has done more towards sweetening the cup of care, and trial, than any homily that could be delivered. Then up and be doing with earnest hands, earnest hearts and truthful tongues, remembering that the crown is not for him who faints by the wayside, but is placed upon the brow at the end of the race.

MRS. LIZZIE LEGG.

SHILOH AND CROOKED CREEK.

To the Editor:

ON Sunday, May 26, I was present at the Murphy meeting held at the Crooked Creek Baptist church. At the appointed hour the chairman, Mr. Meadcalled the house to order; a hymn was sung by the congregation, and prayer offered by Dr. Semelroth. "Hold the Fort" was sung with a will by the congregation.

Mr. Will Leedy was then introduced by the chairman. Mr. L. spoke for a short time, making many telling points that were well received and duly appreciated, by the large and intelligent audience. The song "Over There" was then sung, after which Mr. Miner Dill was called for, and responded by reciting a beautiful temperance poem. A song was sung, and Mr. George Shideler made a thrilling speech, portraying the evil and misery that intemperance has wrought in the land. By request of Mr. Leedy, Mr. John Johnson spoke for a short time, giving a truthful account of his personal knowledge of the doings of the monster, Intemperance. Mr. Job Johnson then gave his version of how King Alcohol rules with destructive sway over poor, weak humanity. The chairman then made a few remarks pertinent to the occasion. He then introduced Dr. Semelroth, who proceeded in a few well-chosen remarks to show the great evil of intemperance in our land, and why all should lend a hand in trying to educate the people up to the moral standard; that strong drink, with all of its attendant evils of drunkenness and crime could not be tolerated as respectable in any community. At the close of his remarks, a call for signers was made, and while "Hold the Fort" and other songs were being sung over thirty signatures to cards were obtained, and my prediction is that 'ere long one of the largest unions, outside of your city, in this county will exist at this church. Another meeting for June 9th, at four o'clock p. m., is announced, to which all are respectfully invited.

On the same date that the above took place, in the evening, a splendid meeting was held at Shiloh church. An essay by Miss Anna Grable, and short speeches from many members told that intemperance was the hydra-headed monster that our citizens most feared; and that, God helping, they would still wage a war of extermination and do battle against the common enemy on all proper occasions.

Reports from Penn's school house are encouraging. A large membership is enrolled, and much good is being done by Delamater, Hichens, Waterbury, and others.

Hoping the cause may prosper, I remain yours.

OWEN.

Noble township, June 2, '78.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Watertown—Closson.

The Watertown insures only dwellings and farm property. E D Closson is the agent.

For all kinds of groceries and provisions go to Mr. Stapleton's, on Market street. He will always be ready to serve you and will do his best to please you.

The Bee-Hive dry goods store must be doing a tremendous business by the way they are continually receiving goods. Their motto is small profits and large sales.

Henry Tucker the harness maker on Market street above Fourth, has a tremendous stock of harness saddles whips, and in fact everything that you call for in his line.

J. Becker & Son, dealers in marbles, monuments, grave stones. We propose to work as good and reasonable as any other firm in town Third street, near Broadway.

Kraus Bros., Fourth street, Square Dealing Clothing house. Mr. McBride can make a suit of clothes $5 cheaper than any one else in town, so it will pay to call and see him.

Mrs. W. J. Potter's, French bon ton millinery store cannot be surpassed for elegance. Her goods are of the best quality. They are reliable, and what she represents are good.

D. L. Bush, dealer in marble and granite monuments. If you will call and examine my stock and inquire as to my prices, you will find that I mean to do business on the square. Fifth street.

Isaac Shideler, without doubt is a good, reliable man. What he says he means. His goods are just as he tells you they are; in fact, he cannot be beaten in men's, boys', and youths' clothing, etc.

E D Closson is a reliable insurance agent. When you want policies written get his rates. He is a gentleman whom we take pleasure in recommending.

George Hoffman keeps pure and new drugs, toilet articles, brushes of all description; he has a large stock of paints, oils, glass, and most everything a painter wants to use. Give him a call. City drug store.

One might as well be dead as to to be out of fashion; more especially when you can get your walking summer wrappers, handsomely trimmed in the latest fashions. Go to Frazee Bros., and you can get anything in the dry goods line. They are convenient to the post office.

H. Ball, Jr., dealer in stoves and tinware Bridge street, near Dolan's stores; is receiving goods almost daily, and can suit you with every thing in his line. Go and see the newest style of stoves

Walker, Rauch & Co., dealers in boots and shoes, ladies gaiters, etc., a constant supply of the latest novelties of the season. It is convenient to step in and examine goods as you go to the post office.

R. C. Taylor is happy, good natured and can supply you with the choicest meats. Lard in any quantity you may call fo ; he keeps hams and other delicacies of the season. Corner of Fifth and Broadway.

J. Puterbaugh still keeps a supply of dry goods at the old stand, and will endeavor to please you with almost everything you may want in his line. Please give your attention that way when you are out shopping.

Murdock & Bro, corner of Fourth and Broadway, sells dry goods of every description, also boots and shoes. In fact they claim to please you with almost everything you want in fancy goods, embroidery, &c. Call.

J. Barnhart & Son have become fixed, ready to do business; and an immense stock of stoves and tinware. His premises are most convenient and spacious, giving ample room to display his goods to advantage.

Craig and James do not seem to be affected by their building falling down, as they have a much better room and are in full blast. They are near Merriam & Rice's, and make suits to please the most fashionable men.

About every three days you may look for that dashy young man from Cincinnati who deals in furnishing goods. You must keep your weather eye open as he always brings something new with him. It is Lord Bemiss.

The immense popularity of Hicks' restaurant is still maintained in every particular, as the constant rush to its lunch counter will verify. Warm meals for 25 cents. They also keep the best cigars. Remember them.

The "little opera" is among the very best five-cent cigars made—being clear Havana. Its pleasant flavor cannot fail to please the lovers of the weed. When you want a *good* five cent cigar buy the "little opera," at Harvey Meek's Red Front, No. 402 Broadway. The very best brands of cigars and tobaccos always on hand.

The lowest possible prices in boots and shoes at the Boston Boot and Shoe Store. Read: Ladies' Kid Button, $2 25, 2 50,; French Kid, $3 25; Pebble Goat, side lace, $1 50, 1 75, 2 00, 2 25; Kid, misses, $1 25, 1 50, 1 75; Front Lace, pebble goat, 90c, $1 00, 1 50, 1 75; Kip, 75c, $1 00; Men's box toes boots, $3 00; French Calf, $3 00; Boys buckle and boxes, plain toes, $1 85, 1 50, 1 75; Men's Plow Shoes, $1 25, 1 50, lace and buckle; and everything in proportion. No such bargains ever before offered. The Boston is the place to get good boots and shoes, and don't forget it.

IT is a pitiable thing to see a staggering, slobbering, cursing "sovereign" walk up to the ballot box and deposit his paid vote. Alas! for us, that such a sight is possible in a civilized country. Alas! that there are candidates mean enough to buy votes with whisky-treats or money-bribes. Alas! that there are men mean enough to sell themselves for any price; low and depraved enough to sell themselves so cheap. Those who buy are unfit to rule; those who are bought are unfit to vote. Such methods of carrying elections would disgrace heathenism. It is a treason to republicanism. It is a burning shame in a country claiming to be civilized and enlightened. It is a crime against God and public virtue. It is a blighting curse to public morality. It pollutes the very fountain of power. Candidates who buy their votes will sell their own when they get into power. The suborner of perjury is as base as the villian who swears to the lie he is paid to tell.

No party nominate a good man's conscience if he is brave enough to be true to his convictions. An honest man should not vote for a thief. If we are absolutely shut up to the necessity of choosing between two thieves we should vote for the lesser rogue. Between two wrongs, choose neither; between two evils, choose the less.

The Logansport Manufacturing Company are now running twelve and fifteen hours a day. This institution is truly a progressive enterprise. They ship their material—hubs and spokes—to all points in the United States. Mr. Charles Kahlo, the president of the company, is a gentleman of rare business talent, and, under his able management, the business of the company has gradually grown to an unanticipated extent. Logansport surely considers this one of its most admired manufacturing establishments.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, JUNE 5, 1878.

GENERAL NOTES.

Prospering at Madison.

Indianapolis has over 400 saloons.

Peoria, Ill., celebrates to-morrow.

Seymour, Ind., will celebrate on the 6th.

Splendid meetings are held at Ogden, Ind.

Wabash held a basket meeting last Sunday.

Knightstown temperance work is progressing finely.

An effort is being made to organize a W. C. T. U. in Goshen.

TWENTY-ONE members of the LaFayette bar, are wearers of the blue ribbon.

Twenty-seven hundred persons have joined the reform club in Danville, Texas.

Mrs. E. B. Russell has inaugurated a series of temperance meetings at Indianapolis.

Big arrangements are being made for the temperance celebration at Sullivan on the 4th of July.

If you are ever so temperate, you'll die in time. If you are intemperate, you will probably die "in no time."

Forty million bushels of grain are used every year in the manufacture of an article that brings ruin to our people.

It is estimated that over 100,000 persons in New England has signed the total abstinence pledge since December 1st.

A convention of all the red ribbon clubs in Henry and adjoining counties was held at Knightstown, on the 18th of May.

THE bell punch excitement in LaFayette is dying out. Saloon men report the whisky punch demand as dying out too.

The saloon license for the sale of intoxicating liquors has been increased from thirty-five to ninety-five dollars at Argos.

At the temperance rally at the battle grounds by the Lafayette Murphys, on the 21st, 817 signed the pledge and donned the blue.

The saloons in Frankford, Pike county, Texas, agreed to close if the people would refund their license money. It was done.

One hundred and forty prominent men are now actively engaged in the noble work of temperance in the State of New York.

An organization of saloon-keepers has just been effected in St. Louis, which proposes to resist the Sunday law. They are becoming desperate.

Last Sunday evening closed up Hughes and Ward's successful temperance revival at Lafayette. It lasted six weeks, and 10,000 signed the pledge.

The second annual basket picnic and and temperance jubilee, under the management of the Cassopolis reform club, was held on Diamond Lake Island, Friday, May 24th.

The New York Herald says it begins to look like reform in New York. There were 800 converts in a single day to the red ribbon, and the interest appears to be increasing.

The Murphy movement at Toledo, Ohio, has taken the saloons by storm. Jim Finley, the well-known brewer, has, for the past few weeks, been paying the expenses of 47 saloons, as they would have been closed if they had no assistance.

THE State of Indiana never was so full of temperance as it is at present. It is quite popular. Think of it. The good workers in the cause are going to jollify and celebrate at Crawfordsville three days—Wednesday Thursday and Friday. Flaming posters predict a grand time.—*LaFayette Journal.*

Hughes and Ward have spent $950 on temperance work in Lafayette. They have been there 10 weeks, paid their own board, and board bills of their guests and speakers, also railroad fare of speakers, opera house rents, pledges, ribbons, armory rent, &c., &c. Their receipts have been about $300 less than their actual expenses.

No better evidence is wanted of the great progress of the temperance cause than such as comes from towns throughout the west especially, that the saloon business is going down under the pressure. When those cleaned out in the country look over our city papers to find saloon property here all the time crowding the market, the future does indeed look squally for this class of investments.

Luther Benson, the great temperance orator, who has no power to resist the offer of a glass of whisky, has been suddenly stricken with paralysis while in Connecticut. His constitution has been undermined by dissipation. This will probably end his career. He made a brilliant start, and every possible effort has been made by his friends to avert the calamities which have befallen him. Such warning might properly be taken close home to many a young man in Chicago who is imagining he is enjoying life and having a good time, and in no danger, as he drains his glass and sings his song with his jolly companions.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Does it Pay?

DOES it pay to have scores of workingmen poor, ragged, and financially ruined, in order that one saloon-keeper may be dressed in broadcloth, and flush of money?

Does it pay to have fifty working men live on bone-soup and half rations, in order that one saloon-keeper may flourish on roast turkey and champagne?

Does it pay to have the mothers and children of twenty families dressed in rags, starved into the semblance of emaciated scarecrows, and living in hovels, in order that the saloon-keeper's wife may dress in satin, and her children grow fat and hearty, and live in a bay-window parlor?

Does it pay to have a citizen in jail to be supported at the public expense, because another citizen sells him liquor?

Does it pay to have one citizen supported by the tax-payers of the county, in the lunatic asylum because another citizen makes him crazy by selling him liquor?

Does it pay to arrest, try, convict and punish a man at a cost of thousands of dollars to the tax-payers of the county, because another man sold him liquor, under the influence of which he committed murder?

Does it pay to have ten of our smart, active, and intelligent boys turned into vagabonds and criminals to enable one man to lead them an easy life by selling them liquor?

Does it pay for a paltry license to allow John Doe to sell Richard Roe whisky, and then spend thousands of dollars of the tax-payers' money in prosecuting Richard Roe for a crime committed while crazed by the whisky?

Does it pay to have one thousand homes blasted ruined, defiled and turned into hells of discord and misery, in order that one wholesale liquor-dealer may amass a large fortune?

Does it pay to keep five thousand men in the penitentiaries, and prisons, and hospitals, one thousand in the lunatic asylum, and ten thousand of men, women, and children in the poor houses, at the expense of the honest, industrious, tax-payers, in order that a few capitalists may grow richer by the manufacture and sale of whisky?

Doest it pay to permit the existence of a traffic which only results in crime, poverty, misery and death, and which never did, never does, never can, and never will do any good?

It never pays to do wrong; your sin will find you out; whether others find it out or not, the sin knows where you are, and will always keep you posted of that fact. It does not pay.

Happy Jack.

THERE is no need to draw on fiction for temperance stories. There lives in a city in Missouri a man who some years ago won the name of Happy Jack by his great "good luck." He made a fortune in mining, returned to Missouri, started a large livery stable, and made another fortune; so that he was worth at least nearly half a million. He had a fine home, a family to be proud of, and troops of friends.

Nobody else was so successful as he in all that region. He never failed in anything he attempted. Happy Jack was a name that suited him perfectly. He was happy, and he knew that he was.

Five years ago there was no more fortunate man in Missouri. He had "health, fortune, friends, and a dear girl's love." But he took to drink. The same old story—you know how it ends.

To-day, a poor, besotted creature staggers thro' the streets, or lingers in bar-rooms, hoping that some stranger will give him a glass of liquor. The good looks are gone. His friends have flown with his respectability. His wife and children, where are they? The boys who torment him do not know his real name, but the nick-name of old days clings to him. "There goes Happy Jack," they cry; and one looks and sees a miserable, degraded being, dirty, ragged, drunk—all that is left of the once prosperous, admired and wealthy man, now fast going downward to a drunkard's grave.

Rum did all that. Rum has done the same thing over and over again. Think of that, young man, when you take just a glass more than is good for you, or laugh about "not being quite yourself last night." Rum has made Happy Jack the unhappiest Jack on earth. M. K. D.

Whisky Again.

LAST Tuesday, April 22d, three men were launched into eternity at New Orleans, La., for murders they had committed. One of them, when asked while on the scaffold if he had anything to say, remarked:

"I see many of my comrades here that I have spent many pleasant hours with, but I was led astray and while in a drunken spree committed a murder for which I am now going to give up my life. Friends, take my warning and leave whisky alone—it brought me to this. I started as many young men have done, with a social glass for the looks of it, and to be 'one of the boys' in the estimation of my comrades. You see what one drink has done. Beware!"

The drop then fell and a life that might have been made useful in this world was sent out of it with the word "murdered" written after it, caused by whisky. How many young men start this way! A social glass while out with friends on a little "bum" just for the looks of it always leads to something worse. Many a hard drinker can look back and will tell you he started just this way. This is a warning to all young men just starting out in life. The way is to leave this stuff alone for it is sure to get the best of you and will eventually ruin you.

The Cost of a Drink.

I KNEW a prominent New York lady who gave a great reception to new paster from across the water, four or five hundred people being present. Many of the young men, Sabbath-school teachers, etc, became so boisterous that the hostess was greatly mortified, and resolved never to again offer wine at her public entertainments.

A prominent New York merchant, originally an Englishman, never sat down to his table without his wine and brandy, and his three sons grew up drunkards. One became so abandoned that his father cast him out of the house. At last some temperance people brought about his reformation, and he came to see his father on New Year's day. The old gentleman said: "My son, I'm delighted to see you again; I'm glad you've reformed." Thoughtlessly he said: "Let's drink to your better life, one glass of sherry." The young man hesitated a moment, and then thought he'd take just one glass. The old appetite revived, and that night his father found him dead drunk in the stable.—*Wm. E. Dodge.*

The National Death List.

EVERY year the liquor traffic in the United States is making fifty thousand confirmed drunkards! is sending one hundred thousand persons to prison! is sending one hundred and fifty thousand persons to drunkards' graves! is reducing wo hundred thousand children to want and beggary, at a cost of about one billion five hundred million dollars! which would furnish two hundred and twenty million barrels of flour, at seven dollars per barrel, to the starving poor, or build one hundred and fifty thousand dwellings or churches, at a cost of ten thousand each, or provide fifteen million suits of clothing, at one hundred dollars each, or send a Bible to every inhabitant of the globe—*The Helping Hand.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BARGAINS.

I give Better Bargains in Watches, Jewelry, Silverware and Clocks, than any other house in the city.

Every article warranted as represented. H. C. EVERSOLE, Jeweler.

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Minnie Hermon, or the Curse of Rum,

Embracing the Life and Works of FRANCIS MURPHY,

—AND—

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The work contains over 800 pages. It is illustrated with fourteen Engravings on Wood and one on Steel. It is printed on good white paper, and is elegantly bound in

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No. 324 Market-st., T. P. Swigart's old stand.

LORD POTTER

Means exactly what he says--that he is "old business" in all he undertakes to do for the Murphy cause, as it has done him good, and he can do work at painting in his line as good as ever. Give him a call for papering, calsomining, etc. He will please you.

LIEBIG'S

FEVER AND ACUE

CURE,

IN LIQUID OR PILLS,

Positively cures the worst forms of Chills, Fever, Dumb Ague, Third-day Ague, fever without chills, Neuralgia or Sick Headache. Cures General Debility, Loss of Appetite, builds up the system to overcome malaria—makes you feel like yourself and never fails to cure.

It is THE BEST BLOOD AND LIVER MEDICINE known.

Thousands of bottles and boxes of the PILLS have been sold in Logansport on its merits, and the public demand we make it known through the press for the public good.

It is NOT a LIQUOR or POISON PREARATION, but HARMLESS as coffee in proper doses, and **warranted to cure.**

Sold by Druggists, in Logansport and elsewere.

Agents wanted everywhere.

Address

PERSHING & CO., Manufacturers,
3m3 Plymouth, Indiana.

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OUR WORLD-REMOWNED

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SEWING MACHINE!

They are now conceded to be at the head of all, and are rapidly driving all other machines from the market.

THE HOWE

Is so greatly improved that if you try it you will BUY NO OTHER.

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Yours Truly,
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THE MURPHY SIGNAL.

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE AND HUMANITY.

VOL. I.–No 11. LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, AUGUST 14, 1878. CIRCULATION 1,500.

DON'T DRINK TO-NIGHT.

I left my mother at the door,
  My sister at her side,
They clasped their hands, and loving looks
  Forbade their doubts to hide.
I left and went with comrades gay,
  When the moon brought out her light,
And my loving mother whispered me,
  "Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

Long years have rolled away since then;
  My jetty curls are gray,
But oh! those words are wi h me yet,
  And will not pass away.
I see my loving mother's face,
  With goodness, radiant light,
And hear her words ring in my ears,
  "Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

My mother is now resting sweet,
  In the graveyard on the hill,
And her loving words come back to me,
  And haunt my memory still.
We've often passed the cup,
  Oh, then my heart was right;
Because I've heard the warning words,
  "Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

I've passed down the road of life,
  And soon my race is run;
A mother's warning listened to,
  An immortal crown is won.
Oh, mothers, with your blessed smile,
  Look on your boys so bright,
And say as many a one can say,
  "Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

These words will prove a warning when,
  In the thorny path of life,
The boy is in the tempter's wiles,
  And warring is the strife.
Thy words will stop the morning cup,
  And revelry at night,
By whispering back a mother's voice,
  "Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

THE CHAMPAGNE PARTY.

"I HATE wagers," said Virginia Hale. She was a fair, fresh-cheeked girl of eighteen, with large, hazel eyes, a sweet, red mouth, and one dimple nestling in her chin.

"Yes," she went on, with an emphatic nod of the head. "I hate them. They are neither ladylike, nor dignified, and I wouldn't indulge in them anymore, if I were you Francee Gilmore."

"Wouldn't you, indeed!" retorted Francisca Gilmore, with a defiant poise of her pretty head.

It was only a week previous that Miss Gilmore had wagered that Sadie Morris, a mutual friend, was not engaged to Mr. Almyr Fields. Mr. Barrington had wagered a champagne party at High Bridge against a blue silk dressing-gown, that she was. And Miss Gilmore had won the wager, and was, as a matter of course, in high glee.

"I'm to invite the girls," said she. "We're to drive up to the bridge. next Wednesday afternoon, about six o'clock; have our champagne supper and return by row-boat. Won't it be delightful? The moon will be at the full, and the wild roses are just in bloom, and—

"I like all of it but the champagne," said Aurora Waters, a tall, dark beauty.

"Not exactly that," said Aurora, coloring; "but—but mamma does not approve of champagne drinking."

"Oh, nonsense; that's an old-fashioned idea! cried Francesca. "Do come, Aurora. Frank Alston is to be of the party, and Harry Lym, and Mary Howard. I was going to ask Virgie here, but she turned up her lofty nose so decidedly at the expedition, that I've changed my mind. You'll let Harry come, I suppose, Virginia?"

"Mr. Lym will do as he pleases," said Virginia, quietly.

"I'm desperately afraid he will do as you please," retorted Francesca, with a mischievous glitter under her long eye-lashes. "However, we shall have a charming party in any event. George Barrington does everything so thoroughly, you know. And I can't stand chattering here, for I have got a new Swiss muslin polonaise to make up for the exhibition. I shall wear my Swiss hat, with a wreath of French sweet peas around the crown, and the sweetest blue netted scarf tha Flora Conyers brought over from Paris! You're quite sure you won't go, Virginia?"

"Quite sure," Miss Hale answered.

"The loss is yours," said Francesca, tragically.

Harry Lym came to call at Miss Hale's house that evening.

"Is this true, Virginia?" said he.

"Is what true?" Virginia looked up at him with bright, laughing eyes of questioning intentness

"That you have refused to join Mr. Barrington's champagne party up at High Bridge?"

"Yes," said Virginia, "it is true!"

"They have invited me to be one of the number," said Mr. Lym carelessly, playing with a small pearl paper-knife that lay on the table.

"And shall you go?"

Virginia looked intently at him—a flush rose to her forehead—her lip quivered with scarcely perceptible tremor. He fixed his eyes on her face.

"Virginia," said he, "it shall be as you decide for me. You are my life's arbiter—the queen of my destiny."

"Then do not go!"

"I obey, fair sovereign," he said with a seriocomic inclination of the head. "But is it beneath the regal dignity to explain your particular reasons for this fiat?"

"Harry," said the young girl, flattering a little, for it required no small amount of moral courage to "define her platform" against the wind and tide of popular opinion; "I do not like champagne parties!"

"They are very pleasant, *mia cara*!"

"They are too pleasant," went on Virginia, earnestly. "They surround the popular temptation with too great allurements. Sooner than marry a man who was addicted to the vice of intemperance, I would cut off my right hand! Oh, Harry, you think I speak with unnecessary emphasis; but, believe me, it is not without reason. You never heard me speak of my father, who died eight years ago?"

"Never."

"He died a drunkard's death. I was but a child then, but I well remember the shame and anguish which overwhelmed my poor mother like a pestilential vapor of despair. And yet, Harry, I have heard her say that the opening of his life was without cloud or shadow. Boon companions, evening parties, careless and unthinking indulgence, were at the bottom of his ruin. Harry! Harry! do you wonder that I have a horror of these things!"

"My darling, no!" whispered the young man, tenderly pressing her hand. "And by God's help you never shall have cause to mourn over any dissipation of mine!

So Harry Lym sent a note of declination to Miss Gilmore.

"I knew she would coax him not to come," said Francesca, with a toss of her head. "No matter, Frank Alston and George Barrington, with Mary Howard and myself, make up just a nice party. Aurora Waters is as bad as Virgie, so let them all stay at home and do homage to their high and mighty principles."

The day of the champagne supper arrived—a lovely afternoon in mid June, with the woods all ablaze with wild honey suckles, the sunset casting a crimson stain over the rippling waters of the Harlem river, and the High Bridge just visible, each superb arch spanning a miniature picture of hill, wood and sky.

"How lovely it is!" cried Miss Gilmore, enthusiastically, as she sat on the bread veranda of the hotel, waiting for the boats to be brought around. "How glad I am we came!"

The moon was just rising—a broad globe of luminous pearl—over the eastern woods, when they all started away from the pier—Francesca Gilmore and Miss Howard singing a gay barcarole, and their two cavaliers—who had certainly drank quite as much champage as was good for them, if not a little more—disputing about the oars.

"If you don't keep quiet and sit still, we shall certainly capsize," said Mary Howard, "Oh! what a lovely golden moonlight! Go on Francie—the second verse—

"He comes and taps at the lattice,
My Spanish cavalier—"

"Oh, take care!" cried out Francesca, whose eye caught sight of what was unobserved by the two gentlemen, who had not yet settled the disputed question as to oars—a small steamer bearing straight in their direction. "George, George! Look out! Mr. Ashton, for Heaven's sake, steer to the left!"

George Barrington looked hastily around, and, in his pertubation, dropped his oar overboard!

"Fool!" shouted Ashton, springing up in the boat. Now you have done it! Catch it! Catch it, quick!"

But the blind endeavors that he made to recover the floating oar, proved even more disastrous than its loss. The little boat tipped to one side—the girls rushed, screaming, to the other—and in a second the boat capsized!

Frank Ashton was, fortunately, a good swimmer, and he seized Francesca Gilmore around the waist, and struck boldly out for the shore. A man from another boat rescued Miss Howard; but before aid could reach him, poor Barrington's struggles were stilled forever.

And Francesca Gilmore never forgot the shudder of horror that convulsed her whole frame, when she saw them carry the corpse past, with its glassy eyes staring up to Heaven.

And that was the end of the champagné party!

"It was nobody's fault—nobody's!" wildly reiterated poor Francesca.

No, it was nobody's fault; but how she wished she had taken Virginia Hale's advice, and allowed the whole matter of the wager to drop.

And from that night forward, there were threads of silver mingled in the jetty locks that clustered over her temples!

Now and Then.

THE farmer who welcomes the jug to the harvest field now-a-days is behind the times. Custom demands a bucket of ice-water. Let those who can sweep back in memory to fifty years ago, say whether they see any change in then and now on the temperance question. Take the side-boards, the social gatherings, the counting-rooms of merchants a d the political hustlings of then and now, and who can help exclaiming, "What a glorious reformation!" Social experience declares for total abstinence; science falls into line for the same principle; statesmen proclaim it the surest way to the nation's health, wealth and happiness; priests prescribe it as the cure for crime and pauperism, and christians herald it as the principle for the protection of the church and the peopling of the city on high. If so much has been done in the past fifty years, what may we expect in the next half century? Will the change between the now and then of fifty years to come be as marked as the now and then of fifty years ago? If so, the then to come will echo with the peau of victory. To the mighty hosts now marshalled on the field of life we, in confidence shout, "Onward, through the hopeful now to the glorious then, when the now greening laurels shall be the then victor wreath."—*Star of Hope.*

Moderate Drinking.

REV. WM. GOODELL thus declares in reference to the various shades of drinking: "Which is the most destructive to life, drunkenness or moderate drinking? But what are the facts? A man may get as drunk as some do once a month, vomit out the poison, sleep off the effects, and be sober all the rest of the month, drinking nothing till the fit comes on again. Such a man may do more business, do it better, preserve better health, and live longer than the moderate drinker, who never gets drunk, never vomits out the poison—keeps it within him, adding a little to it daily till it undermines his constitution, so that he readily falls a prey to all manner of diseases without vitality enough to recover from them. He dies a moderate drinker, never suspected of intemperance, much less ranked among the drunkards, yet losing his life in consequence of his moderate drinking. Scientific and experienced physicians entertain these views, and are of the opinion that more than half of those who die in consequence of drinking alcoholic liquors, die before they become confirmed and downright drunkards."

ALL the saloon keeper wants of you is your money. When that is gone you are invited, a la boot, to take your departure. Trampe found this to be the case in a Front street saloon last week.—*Blue Ribbon News.*

GOLDEN WORDS.

Ingratitude is treason to mankind.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.

Sow good thoughts and you will reap good actions.

Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes error a guilt and truth discourteous.

All that is wise has been thought already: we must try, however, to think it again.

Every good deed that we do is not only a present pleasure, but a prop for the future.

Man believes himself always greater than he is, and is esteemed less than he is worth.

I am convinced that men do more harm to themselves, than ever the devil could do to them.

The virtue of a man ought to be measured, not by his extraordinary exertions, but by his everyday conduct.

It is difficult to say who do you the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions or friends with the best.

If we would begin by thanking God for all the joys we owe Him, we should have little time left to complain of our vexations.

The mouth of a wise man is in his heart. The heart of a fool is in his mouth, because what knoweth or thinketh he uttereth.

"What is wisdom?" asked a teacher of a small class of girls. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered: "Information of the brain."

Alas! if the principles are not within us, the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.

It is with nations as with individuals; those who know the least of others, think the highest of themselves; for the whole family of pride and ignorance are incestuous and really boast each other.

She certainly is no true woman for whom every man may not find it in his heart to have a certain gracious and holy and honorable love; she is not a woman who returns no love, and asks no protection.

The Bright Side

LOOK on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that gives beauty to the flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles it may be. So have others. None are free from them; and perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life, fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, where there is nothing to disturb its surface. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can within and without him; and above all, he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What appears ill becomes well—that which appears wrong, right. Men are not always to hang down their heads or lips, and those who do only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore we repeat, look on the bright side. Cultivate all that is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.—*Life Boat.*

"Voluntary Abstinence and Zealous Co-Operation.

THE following letter, from the pen of William Cullen Bryant, Esq., to Mr. Murdy, President of the American Temperance Union, endorses the course pursued by the Association of which he is chief.

New York, May 9, 1878.

DEAR SIR: I am going out of town on Saturday and cannot be here to attend the Temperance meeting on the 12th inst. I wish, however, every degree of success to the cause in which you are engaged, and which I think you have taken the right method to promote. I see no cure for the evil, but in voluntary abstinence and zealous co-operation.

I am sir, faithfully yours,
W. C. BRYANT.

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The Murphy Signal.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY

MURPHY SIGNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

LOGANSPORT, IND., AUG. 14, 1878.

Published in the Interest of the Murphy Temperance Movement.

Subscription price, Fifty cents per year.

All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay portage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay no postage.

"EDITORIAL" AND "LOCAL."

WE storm the Fort:

ROYAL CENTER is all right.

SEND in your subscriptions.

ATTEND the meeting to-night.

THEY are doing well at Shiloh.

SPRING CREEK reports good meetings.

THE SIGNAL is looming up, and the people want it.

BRO. WARREN will start the work at Goodland soon.

THE work is progressing all over the United States.

TWELVE MILE is holding some very interesting meetings.

MORE subscribers since the last issue than ever yet in the same time.

The "Miniature Murphys," of the West Side, have elected permanent officers.

BRO. MURRAY, Burnettsville, is attending school at Delphi. He will study medicine.

SEVERAL contributions are crowded out of this issue. They will appear in the next.

BRO. GRABLE, Thomasborro, Ill., writes that the movement is still doing good work there.

"GEMS OF SONG" are selling fast. It is the best Murphy song book published anywhere.

BROS. VIGUS and Ivans are holding meetings at Young America, and in the edge of Carroll county—this week.

Arrangements for Sunday meetings in the grove are being made. It is a splendid idea and will attract large crowds.

WE believe Cass county has more earnest working Murphys and better organizations than any other county in the State.

BROS. IVINS and Vigus held a meeting at Plank church, Carroll Co., Monday evening. Thirty-four signed the pledge.

"NO ONE can be a sound temperance man who does not vote for temperance men and temperance measures."—*Blue Ribbon News.*

WE thank the San Francisco Call for a complimentary notice of our little SIGNAL. We appreciate it from such a high source.

BROS. WARREN and Parish held a meeting in Bethlehem township Sunday afternoon. They secured twenty-seven signers, and had a good time.

WE solicit temperance news and original articles upon every phase of the temperance question. We want a correspondent in every State in the Union.

BROS. IVANS and Vigus held two successful meetings at Young America last week. And the blue ribbon roll has 123 more signatures. Report your meetings.

SEVERAL members from this city held a meeting at Center church, Washington township, Sunday evening, and report an excellent start. Seventeen signed the pledge.

WE want temperance news of general interest from all parts of the the Union. Please write briefly; a postal card will do, for at present our space is limited. Let us have the news.

REV. STETSON's sermon last Sunday evening at the Baptist church, on "A Christian's Duty as Regards Intemperance," is spoken of as being among the most "solid" delivered. We will publish it in the next issue, if possible.

"ELEVEN Years a Drunkard, or, The Life of Thomas Doner;" is the title of a work just received. The author having lost both arms through drink wrote the book *with his teeth*. It is a deeply interesting work, and already has a sale of fifty thousand copies. Send for it. Price 25 cents. Arnold Bros., Sycamore, Ill.

THE Home Guardian comes to us this week looking little but good.—*Urbana Republican.* Perhaps friend Snyder does not know that fine goods are usually done up in small packages.—*Home Guard an.* And now you mean us again, do you?

BROS. WARREN, Parish and others, were at the meeting at Zion church, Harris n township, Sunday evening: The interest at this place is likely to become intense, if meetings are properly managed. A meeting will be held Thursday-a-week, and officers will be elected.

THE wife of our worthy contributor, Bro. Jos. Cadwalader, of New Albany, was recently buried. We regret our brother's sad affliction. The lady is said to have been an exemplary christian and an earnest temperanc worker. The ladies of the N. C. T. U. attended her funeral en-masse.

WE always hate to hear of men breaking their pledge. We know it takes true grit for a hard drinker to quit, but thousands of them quit and are quitting. Some men it seems want to be coaxed and begged and pulled, while there are hundreds of good men with appetites equally as strong who do stick to their pledge like true men, and don't want any petting and coaxing for it.—*Monitor.*

ALF D. DUNCAN, formerly a Logansport boy, was recently installed Worthy Chief Templar of Hope Lodge No. 195. I. O. G. T., at Stockton, Cal. His brother, Geo. W., who left this city some three weeks ago is secretary of the same lodge. We are pleased to note the honors conferred upon the boys as they are worthy of it. Earnest and zealous the temperance cause will be the better for them having engaged in it.

PUBLIC opinion is better pronounced on women's virtue than upon any other subject. It consigns to oblivion all who have made a single false step. No matter how pure she may have been before, she must go down never to rise again. While the man, whose victim she was, promenades Broadway or Main street with our young and innocent daughters! Burns, Byron, Daniel Webster, and Chief Justice Marshall were libertines! Oh that American women would demand the same code of morals for men that they do for women.—*Home Guardian.*

WITHOUT doubt THE SIGNAL is the neatest, positively the best and cheapest temperance paper published. It is an earnest desire of the publishers to place it in the hands of every family in the State. The subscription is not the main object. The subscription list should sustain it, but only those who are able are expected to pay for it. It will be sent, willingly, free to any who desire it, and are unable to pay the small sum of 50c. Can you, dear reader, aid its circulation? You will get triple your outlay in return. Send your subscriptions and that of your near neighbor who can afford it.

WE must insist upon it that in the saloon or about a saloon door is not a suitable place for a reformed man to while away his leisure hours. If business calls you to such a place attend to that business and be off. Dont stop to loiter—to toy with temptation, if you please, for that is just what it is. If you have been a drinking man, and hope to remain free from the blighting influence of intemperance, never throw yourself in the way of temptation. The chances are that you will fail if you do. Don't countenance a saloon so much as to grace it with your presence. They are sink-holes of perdition. Keep away from them.—*DeWitt Observer.*

THE LAKE CICOTT PICNIC—The rain or damp weather prevented a great many from attending and enjoying the picnic at Lake Cicott last Saturday. However those who did "stem the storm" expressed themselves highly entertained by the good people of Jefferson. Six or seven hundred people were present. Addresses were made by Bros. Stetson, Warren, Streeter, Vigus and others and were of a most interesting and entertaining character. The choir from Burnettsville furnished most of the excellent music, and, of course, used "Gems of Songs." The Lake is a most beautiful place to picnic. Mrs. John Buchanan, with her usual hospitality, prepared her friends one of the most excellent dinners it has been their fortune to have set before them for many a day. Notwithstanding all drawbacks the picnic was enjoyed and a success.

RESIGNED.—Mrs. Miller, being about to remove from the city, resigned the superintendency of the Murphy Sunday-school, recently. Bro. T. B Louis was elected to fill the vacancy. Bro. H. C. Mehaffie, was elected as chorister, *vice* T. B. Louis. The school will meet at the hall every Sunday at 3:15 p. m., and will be carried on with the best possible motives in view. You are invited to attend and participate.

GILDED GUZZLING.

HELL ISN'T HALF AS HANDSOME, BUT MORE DESIRABLE BY FAR.

"KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE," BUT THE "FAVORITE" "KICKS THE BUCKET" ON THE FIRST INNING.

AND THE "TIVOLI," JUST OPENED, WILL SOON FOLLOW ITS DECEASED PREDECESSOR.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"KIND words can never die."
Ha, ha, ha.
But the saloons can,
And the Favorite did,
And was buried.
Its remains were resurrected.
Only to be re-buried soon.

We are pleased to chronicle the fact that an overdose of Murphy-blue ribbon-common sense-ism has caused the decease of our "Favorite" trysting place.

It was buried on Bridge street, and its friends are now dancing over the remains.

Let them dance.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

It is night.

It is Tuesday night, the 6 h;

The moon and stars are shedding a pure radiance, etc., etc., etc.

Especially the etc.

All nature should be wrapt in the arms of morpheus.

But it isn't.

* * * * * * *

"A fit subject for the lunatic asylum," as the pharos would say, might have been seen wandering down the rough side-walk on Bridge street.

Nature was not hushed.

Neither were the voices of revelers.

The ringing sounding in the still night air like the wailings of the eternally doomed.

* * * * * * *

It was the occasion of the "opening" of the "Tivoli."

The handsome apartments were beautifully illuminated by brilliant gas jets——and blooming noses.

The "Tivoli" is the remains of the "Favorite."

The mourners were present.

They were many.

We weep.

. . . . . .

Three minutes have elapsed.

Free lunchers were present, likewise.

And partook.

The "best lunch ever set in the city" consisted of a baked bean and shadow soup.

The bean was relished.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

We moralize,

The "Tivoli" is a costly ornament.

Young souls is the price the people pay—their boys' souls.

It is handsome, and dangerous.

It has no merits.

It is a fight between 15,000 people and two saloon keepers.

The 15,000 people will win.

And the two saloon-keepers will "wink."

For peace and harmony's sake we say, "Let them wink."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

We have no war to make.

It will war itself to death.

It will eat itself up.

Our people are not fools.

Nor gilded guzzlers.

And in a few days will leave it grandly alone.

Fourth-class hurdy-gurdy music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast.

Nor anybody else's.

If it had we would suggest that the "Tivoli" take a tour with Spotted Tail's "Only and Unrivalled Pachydermatous Collussus, or Native Hair Lifters."

'Tis better than soothing syrup.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Two months have passed.

Come where the "Tivoli" lies dreaming.

Tread gently—disturb not its slumbers.

It waketh.

It panteth after the nickles like the heart panteth after the water-brook.

But nary nick.

(The next chapter is a sad one.)

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

Three months have departed hence.

The mourners are again assembled.

They are few.

They are two.

"Death lingereth near."

THE END.

PROHIBITION—We receive several prohibition papers, and are pained at the feeling they generally express toward the Murphy movement. We believe in prohibition earnestly and sincerely—absolute prohibition, but we can't permit our Murphy work, which has been attended with so much good, to be derided by papers to which that movement gave existence. With us the Murphy movement is first, last and always. Prohibition is desired very greatly, but we cannot allow Murphyism to be beaten and trampled upon by indiscreet political aspirants. Moral suasion is the first and *only* thing that will or can prepare a State or corporation for the adoption of prohibition principles. Moral suasion, properly administered, has saved more souls in the past twelve months than prohibition has in the past twelve years. But why will the two not work together? Is it necessary to beat down the one to emulate the other. Can the two not work together harmoniously and do the work more thoroughly? Illinois and Missouri are entering a campaign in which they will be ignominiously defeated. They are not prepared nor properly organized for a prohibition fight. Their defeat, which is as certain as the dawning of a day, will cripple their party for years, and perhaps forever. Because a few of the hot-headed are ready for the fight is no reason that the voters are. Indiana will prohibit ere long, but when it undertakes the task it will be so determined, and its plans will have been so thoroughly laid, that nothing can stand against it. We wish the people of Illinois and Missouri success, but we do not desire them to build themselves up at the expense of the movement that has given them, *and will sustain*, their life.

LOOKING TO THE END—Some drinking men say, "Yes, I think the Murphy movement a good thing. Its avowals are good. I intend to join it, but not just yet. I want to see what it will terminate in." And these men do not seem to realize that if it terminated in the very depths of perdition it could be no worse than the principles they are following. Suppose it does "run into politics," or quarreling, or jealousies, would the result be as bad as to have its members die drunkards? "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God," and you cannot get around it. It is the worst punishment given to man for any crime. Do you want to run the risk of missing Heaven, for the sake of an inhuman passion? Better throw aside prejudice, and join the Murphys, who need you, and whom *you need*. Your are not safe unless total abstinent, and you may as well know it at once. Suppose Murphyism does lead into politics, which we deny, is it as bad as whisky, which leads a man to commit theft, arson, murder, and every crime on the catalogue—and which invariably leads to perdition? You are *not* safe, brother, and if you do not realize it now, you will when called upon to give an account of your good and bad deeds.

THE PLEDGES.—The following is the pledge taken by those of red ribbon or Reynolds' faith:

"Dare to do right. I, the undersigned, for my own good and for the good of the world in which I live, do hereby promise and engage, with the help of Almighty God, to abstain from buying, selling or using alcoholic or malt beverages."

Following is the Murphy pledge:

"National Christian Temperance Union. With malice toward none and charity for all. I, the undersigned, do pledge my word and honor, God helping me, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and that I will by all honorable means encourage others to abstain."

Following is the "triple," or "Band of Hope" pledge:

"Touch not, taste not, handle not. I hereby promise, by the help of God, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, including wine, beer and cider, as a beverage; from the use of tobacco in any form, and from all profanity."

THE FAIR PROGRAMME—is the title of an advertising sheet that will be published by Mr. George W. Rigler during the progress of the coming county fair. Mr. Rigler, whose experience in advertising dates back many years, intends making this Programme the most neat, novel and attractive ever issued—printed in book form, on heavy colored paper, with reading matter on each page. It will be distributed free. Advertisers will do well to patronize this scheme as we feel confident it will repay them ten fold.

WALTON—Meetings were held at Walton Saturday and Sunday evenings— August 3d and 4th. Bros. Warren, Parish, and the writer, were present on the first named evening. The interest manifested was of an earnest nature, and everything passed off splendidly. Twenty-four signed the pledge, most of them men. The meeting of Sunday was also attended with good results—eighteen signed the pledge.

"29."

Harvey Meek sells 10,000 of the best 5c cigar in the city—"29"—each week.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.

HIMMELBERGER'S SCHOOL HOUSE.

To the Editor:

THE Murphys had a good meeting, Saturday evening, at the above named place. House full, and everything passed off in a quiet manner; finding no prominent speakers were present as promised, Walter Lytle and Uncle James Layton gave us good short speeches. After which your humble servant done the best he could to explain the beauties of temperance, and the benefit we can be to society if we are temperate men and women. Six took the pledge, making altogether fifty-four that have joined at this place. Our next meeting is set for the last Saturday night in August; and we say to you temperance men, in language of Holy Writ, come over and help us.

Yours in this great cause.

FRANK HIGHT.

Walton, Ind., Aug. 12th.

WEST SANDRIDGE.

To the Editor:

IN compliance with previous announcement the people of West Sandridge met at 7:30 p.m., to have their temperance meeting. Mr. J. E. Johnson called the house to order, and Mr. John Dean read a short Scripture lesson, after which he lead the audience in prayer.

Very interesting remarks were made by J. E. Johnson, Walter Long, M. C. Dill, W. C. Thornton, and others. Messrs. Johnson and Dean appear to be very zealous in the work, and I hope they may attain many good results. They report having a very good meeting an August 3d, as quite a number were present from the Shiloh organization, who made speeches and aided in the singing. They also made arrangements to secure two dozen of "The Gems of Song." After some arrangements in regard to the work of the futue, we adjourned to meet Saturday, August 24th, 7:30 p. m.

M.

Noble township, August 10th, 1878.

WALTON.

To the Editor:

THE Murphy organization here under the direction of Pres. Benefield is prospering finely. The meeting on last evening was well attended. Mr. Brown delivered a short address, full of good sense and logic, after which remarks were listened to from several members of the society. Nineteen persons donned the blue, eleven of whom were boys below the age of fourteen. Every member of the society will help to keep those lambs in the fold, and we hope they may grow to be useful citizens. The people of Walton appear to be awakening to a sense of their duty, and in the not far distant future we hope to see the saloon building standing only as a monument of the vices gone by and the proprietor gone to Congress or the State Legislature. May success attend you in all your labors of temperance, and may your monitor, "THE SIGNAL," be a welcome visitor into every household, and be read by every "MURPHY."

Walton, August 5th, 1878.

BURNETTSVILLE.

To the Editor:

Thinking you and the many friends of temperance would like to hear from us at this place, and to know how we are succeeding in the work, would say that at present we number about three hundred signers to the pledge. Our meetings are held each Friday night at the M. E. church and are full or interest to all who attend. We have had quite a number of interesting speakers from abroad, besides others from this place, who have addressed us; and among others of recent date were Messrs. Ivans, Vigus and Rev. Stetson, of your city. The last named, was with us Friday evening, July 26th, and delivered quite an interesting address. We have also been addressed at different times by Prof. Irelan, Rev. Dooley, Rev. Jackson, Mr. Murray and others of this place. Also Jas. Hitchens and T. N. Waterbury have been present and added very much to the interest of the meetings. God speed the cause, and may the time soon come when the curse of intemperance shall be driven from the land.

W. T. MARVIN,
Secretary N. C. T. U.

Burnettsville, August 1st, 1878.

PLYMOUTH.

To the Editor:

I LIKE your paper very much. It does good. The temperance cause in this county has and is doing wonders. Persons who said one year ago they did not believe in miracles now say they believe in them, and that since this Murphy movement began here there has been a revival of them, and it will take all eternity to tell what good they have done. We were afraid the hot weather would wilt us, but it has not and cannot. Three weeks ago, when the weather was so hot, we made a proposition at our weekly meeting that the ladies should conduct the meeting on the next evening, and the brethren would hands off, and it would have done your soul good to see the crowd that met at the church, and to see how well it was conducted. They furnished their own speakers and music, and had a grand time. The I. O. G. T. honored them with their presence, in full regalia. Old men, old women, young men and maidens, and little children turned out to hear and see. The point is now settled about our final success. If our brethren should falter, fail or die in the battle, our sisters are able and can and will Hold the Fort. Yours for the triumph of truth.

H. B. PERSHING.

Plymouth, Ind., Aug. 7th, 1878.

AT CROOKED CREEK CHURCH.

To the Editor:

AT about 4 o'clock p. m., the good people of the vicinity of the Crooked Creek church assembled themselves at the above named place to assist in the Murphy temperance meeting that had been previously announced.

It was agreed that the programme that had been arranged for the previous meeting should be carried out, as the time of that meeting had been occupied by C. J. Kern and D. B. Graham. G. R. Dill being first on the programme spoke at some length from the national statistics in regard to the number of paupers, lunatics and criminels caused by the use of spiritous liquors.

J. E. Johnston illustrated to a certain extent the bad influence wielded by the temperate man who would not come out on the side of temperance and use his influence in that direction.

Mr. George Bayliss spoke quite awhile, assuring us that although he had not yet signed the pledge, we might depend on his assistance, sympathy and influence.

Mr. M.C. Dill made a few remarks showing how wrong it was to induce young men and and boys who had not been in the habit of frequenting such places to go into saloons and drink, when the enticer knows himself that it is contrary to the wishes and desire of his victim's parents.

E. C. Meade made a very short speech but it was said to be the best of the day. The meeting was generally enthusiastic. And after singing "join the Murphys," with considerable vim, he meeting adjourned to meet August 25th. 4 p. m. M. C

Harrison township, August 11th, 1878.

CONSISTENCY.

To the Editor:

CONSISTENCY is a jewel. "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come thy will be done in everything but voting, for we must keep up our party lines because to the victor belongs the spoils. Our Heavenly Father thou knowest we love our children and our neighbors' children, but the party we belong to must be kept in power, therefore, we pray the give us our desires, O! God, we beseach the to put an end to every influence that is calculated to interfere with the sales of rum and beer, for that is our grand lever to hoist our candidates into office, and if the prohibitionists should go into power it would be the cause of stopping every distillery, brewery, and wine press, and the thousands that are employed in making and vending strong drink would be thrown out of employment, and all the stealing, quarreling, murdering and drinking would be stopped; so that our papers would be in great want of items to interest their readers. Oh, our Heavenly Father, we beseach the to aid us in filling our jails, poor-houses, State prisons, and continue the flow of tears, from our dear mothers and daughters; for thou O! God, knowest that a flow of tears often gives relief to the troubled breasts of many of our dear mothers and sisters and many of the houses of ill-fame would be closed and thousands of our precious officers would be out of employ. Oh Lord thou knowest that it is a great pleasure to administer to the wants of the poor, and if the saloons are all closed nearly everybody would have plenty and our desire to exhibit our gifts to be seen of men, would be realized."

There is quite a number of our exemplary people in their daily walk in other matters that vote one way and pray another, and in order to be consistent I would advise such to adopt the above copy; this thing of going on your knees one morning and asking God to remove every clause that hinders our people from coming to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ, and rise up and walk up to the polls and vote for men that they know if elected will do all they can to perpetuate the rum traffic, which they well know is the greatest curse that ever afflicted any nation or people. Shame on such mockery and accursed hypocrisy, may the Lord in mercy speed the day that our people will occupy a loftier position and say indeed, and in truth, sink or swim, live or die survive or perish, "I will do right." Then God's blessing will attend you, and your example and labors may be instrumental in the hands of God in saving many from drunkard's graves.

JOS CADWALADER.

New Albany, August 6th, 1878.

EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

To the Editor:

What is intemperance? It is that which destroys health and happiness. It not only affects the person who indulges in strong drink but it inflicts ruin on the innocent and helpless; it degrades the wife, the mother, and innocent children.

How must that mother feel who sees her child on the road of ruin? Intemperance spreads woe all around it. It destroys the vigor of youth, the strength of manhood. It breaks fathers and mothers hearts. How many fond mothers have been brought to the grave by this great evil—intemperance. Did intemperance ever bring honor? No, nothing but deep-lyed shame and misery. Intemperance scorns virtue and honor. Intemperance causes man to forget God, to forsake all mankind but those whom he thinks are his friends. But are they his friends? I should answer in the negative. It is liquor that blights the energy of the soul. How many happy homes are made desolate by this indulgence in strong drink. Let me say to those who would elevate their higher nature, do not drink, for the most wretched of human beings is the man who has drank intoxicating liquors so long that he curses it, but still he clings to it. It drags him down and down until he has reached a drunkard's grave. What a terrible thought! It is computed that every year sixty thousand drunkards go down to a drunkard's grave. What an army destroyed, body and soul! Is this all? No, for as soon as this vast army has passed away another takes its place and passes on to ruin. But why bring up this sad picture? surely there is no satisfaction in enumerating the number of lives destroyed, the sorrow, poverty and brutality occasioned by the liquor traffic. Rather it is brought up to direct public attention to this great question.

Is there not a great work for all to do? Then let us move ourselves to a sense of our duty. The work of reform is up stream—the tide is not always flood, and sometimes the waters back.

Let us do our duty to fallen man. R. A. B.

Jordan Society, Marshall Co., Aug. 10th.

Smoke '29" cigar.

Conrad & Beamer, wholesale and retail bakers and confectioners. Corner Broadway and Fourth streets.

Call at the Murdock barber shop for the best shave in the city. The bath rooms are complete in every particular.

Isaac Shideler, the Market street clothier, sells more goods than any dealer in the United States. Give him a call and be convinced.

J. D. Ferguson has constantly on hand a choice line of cigars. His bread and cakes, have a national reputation. All the children visit him for candies.

Bemiss & Swigart, bakers and dealers in confectioneries, candies, cigars, etc. Farmers should lunch with them. They merit patronage. Cor. Market and Fourth.

Everybody likes greenbacks, but nothing cures and keeps cured all kinds of ague and chills, and keeps it off, like Liebig's Ague Cure. Sold by druggists. 11-2t

Hick's Restaurant; Fruits of every kind; Lunch and Warm Meals at all hours; candies, cigars, tobacco, lemonade, etc. Patronize the boys. On Broadway, west of Fourth street. Fruits a specialty.

"HE that is not with me, is against me." Those cristians who fancy they can be neutral in the war with rum, will find themselves in the great day about as Kentucky did at the close of the war. She had been run over and fought over till destroyed, and both sides speak of her citizens who affected to be indifferent with derision and contempt. O, you can't do anything, satisfied thousands. Suppose we can't! Our duty is just as plain and imperative as daylight. But we do accomplish something, every blow tells. Victory may not be so far off as it looks. Get off the fence and put yourselves in array with God who is marching on!—*The Vim.*

Screens.

SCREENS at the door of any business house means mischief. No legitimate business needs to be concealed from public view. Screens at the door of any place of trade are a warning to honest men not "to go in," for it looks fearfully suspicious. There may be robbery or murder, or both committed in there; it is safer to keep away. All crimes are sought to be perpetrated in the dark, behind screens. Screens are at the doors of saloons, where drunkards, paupers and criminals are made. No wonder that "blinds" are put between the darkness and the light. But screens at the doors of whisky saloons are there for two purposes. The first is to shelter the social dram-drinker from the observation of passers by. Why do these wish to be screened? What a concession of the wrong and meanness of whisky drinking, is this hiding business, behind the screens. The second reason for screens, is not to hide the blush on the cheek of the tap-tender at the bar, for he never blushes for his crime of whisky-selling, he has a license, but it is to conceal himself from the view of witnesses when he passes the bottle to habitual drunkards and to minors, against the law. He wishes to be screened from fines and imprisonments. It would be a waste of time to go into proof that this is not done by all the groggery keepers in the city, for both minors and drunkards are seen going into these places of debauch every day in the week; Sundays not excepted. There could be but one errand there. What a burlesque upon consistency is it, for the common council to charge the licensed saloonists not to sell intoxicants to minors and habitual drunkards, and then counsel them to keep their screens at the door so that they may not be detected when they do it. Shame!—*Western Banner.*

Your Duty as a Murphy.

There must be deep friendship existing between the members of this movement, and we must sympathize with each other, and encourage all who have signed to stick to their pledge. Do not make signing the pledge your only move, but go out among your fellow-men and try and elevate them. Do not, after signing the pledge, absent yourself from the meetings; and such things as do meet your approbation do not make it your business to go into public places and denounce, and if any one does or says anything that you do not consider right, do not hold the organization responsible for it. We should be cautious about injuring the feelings of those who have not yet signed the pledge and joined us in the work. Remember, that in a work like this; kind words do more toward winning people than anything else. When you meet a brother, greet him with a smile of brotherly love, and make no distinction between an inferior or a superior—

"A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour."

And if in any way you can assist a brother, do all you can, and do it cheerfully. If a brother is out of employment, and your influence will assist him in procuring work, lend it, you will never regret it; you do not know how soon it will be returned to you multiplied tenfold. It is your duty to your fellow-man.—*Life Boat.*

NO MAN or woman can ignore the great responsibility imposed by the great giver of life in reference to their relations to society. The duties incident to such responsibility can only be discharged by incessant labor in the cause of humanity. The natural life is sustained by constant labor to obtain that which is necessary to meet the demands of nature. So must we always labor, night and day, if needs be, to keep vital and active the functions of moral, virtuous and spiritual life. No one can be healthy within himself, or useful to society, without seizing every opportunity to labor for the good of humanity, and the cause of the Divine Master. Why is it that many professedly temperance men and women will not go to the field and zealously labor to "rescue the perishing."

Our pathways all through life are strewn with wrecks of humanity, the results of intemperance, which "call loud and long" on every true heart to labor incessantly to save the fallen and rid the country of the fell monster, strong drink.—*Blue Light.*

IT is a fact that to make, sell, or use strong drink is the great sin of the age. It is a fact that strong drinks do no good, but must harm when they are drank. Why, then, use them? It is a fact, that if one will take and keep the pledge, it will save from a great deal of harm and woe. Now, try it, and thus be safe.—*Life Boat.*

PLEDGES By mail, postage paid, 40c. per 100. Address THE SIGNAL, Logansport, Ind.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, AUG. 14, 1878.

GENERAL NOTES.

Michigan has 300,000.
Louisville has 26,000 pledged.
Baltimore has 40,000 Murphys.
Illinois claims 585,000 Murphys.
Nebraska has 32,000 ribbon-men.
There are 8,000 Good Templars in Virginia.
There are 1025 distilleries in North Carolina.
New Hampshire has caught the Murphy fever.
At Dallas, Texas, 1,000 have donned the blue.
One thousand dollars for a license in Nebraska.
The emperor of China will not license liquor shops.
Jackson county, Indiana, has twenty red ribbon clubs.
McKelvey, of Maine, is doing effective work in Iowa.
Exeter, Neb., is five years old and has never had a saloon.
Meetings are held four times a week at Columbus, Ohio.
MRS. RUSSELL has been at Peru, Bunker Hill and Kokomo.
Archbald, Ohio, a town of 400 inhabitants, supports seven saloons.
Queen Victoria has donated £5,000 to the cause of temperance.
Mr. Drew has secured 100,000 signers to his iron clad pledge in Iowa.
Screens are not allowed in front of saloon doors in Des Moines, Iowa.
They have a colored Murphy club of 456 members, at Calloway, Mo.
A majority of the police force of Louisville, Ky., have signed the pledge.
The blue ribbon movement is fast spreading over the Southern states.
Edwards county, Ill., has not had a licensed saloon for twenty-five years.
It costs a saloon-keeper $10,000 to take out a license in Northwood, Iowa.
The Turks have had a strict prohibitory law for more than twelve centuries.
The Keokuk Packet Co., have abolished the sale of liquors on all their boats.
Hughes and Ward expect to commence the temperance work in Chicago soon.
Leavenworth, Kansas, has 120 saloons. They cost that city $500,000 per year.
In Alma, Ark., every voter in the corporation has put on the blue, except four.
Milwaukee is represented at the Paris Exposition by a lager beer brewing company.
The Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Iowa meets at Waterford, August 27, 28 and 29.
Eureka, Ill., with 2,000 inhabitants, has never had a billiard hall, saloon or gambling den.
There's nothing boisterous about the love for whisky—its a still affection.—*Temp. Monitor.*
The city council of Wilton have passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of ale, wine and beer.
The Sunday liquor law is being vigorously enforced in many of the country parishes of Louisiana.
The colored people of Tennessee have an order called True Reformers, similar to the Good Templars.
Encouraging news comes from England in regard to the introduction of the Murphy movement there.
There are now ten papers supporting the Prohibition party movement, to where there was one, a year ago.
In Liverpool, England, an overwhelming vote was recently given in favor of closing the saloons on Sunday.
The Murphy organizations of Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin rally at Geneva Lake on August 20th.
The temperance meetings recently held at Lake Bluffs, near Chicago, were successful, accomplishing much good.
"The Blue Ribbon News," Davenport, and "The Blue Ribbon Gazette," Des Moines, Iowa, have consolidated.
According to reports, an average of seven women are committed to prison daily in San Francisco for drunkenness.
A law of Pennsylvania makes it unlawful for the proprietor of any place where intoxicating liquors are sold to employ women.
The beer men of the District of Columbia are petitioning the President to appoint three commissioners acceptable to them.
The superintendent of public instruction of Virginia says that $19,000,000 are consumed annually in alcoholic liquors in that state.
Lafayettes Murphy club rooms were opened in grand style last Tuesday evening. Mace Long, and Hughes and Ward were present.
The s.-k's of St. Louis are required by the Saloon-keepers Association to keep their saloons open on Sunday, in violation of the law.
The ladies of Fountain county have petitioned the directors of the county agricultural society to forbid the sale of liquors at the next fair.
There were five celebrations in Jackson county, July 4th, and not a drunken man was seen in the county. So says the Temperance Monitor.
In Dundee, Scotland, when a drunken man is locked up, the saloon keeper who sold him the liquor is compelled to pay the fine and costs.
The managers of railroads in Ireland now affirm that nearly every railroad accident in that country is attributable to the sale of intoxicating liquors
A little girl in New Orleans, sent by her mother to get whisky, fell down and broke the bottle containing it. For this accident the inhuman parent beat the child to death.
It only cost Vineland, N. J., a city of 20,000 inhabitants, $100 during the year 1877 for expenses. It is unnecessary so say that intoxicating liquors are not allowed to be sold there.
A grand temperance rally will be held at Round Lake, N. Y. Francis Murphy is to take charge of the camp meeting, which is to commence Aug. 6, 1878, and continue eight days.
The oldest Presbyterian minister in the world is Rev. Dr. Ingham of Unst Free Church, Shetland. He has always been a total abstinence man and said never to have tasted intoxicating liquor.
A grand national temperance camp meeting will be held at Bismark grove, near Lawrence, Kan., from August 30 to September 9th, 1878. President Hayes and cabinet, the governors of the different states, and eminent statesmen and temperance workers are expected to be present.
During a temperance demonstration at St. Cloud, Minn., the saloon-keepers hoisted a blue flag, wore blue ribbons, and drove a wagon through the streets with foaming glasses of beer in their hands.
Said a New York alderman to a Brooklyn alderman: "Where's Hall?" "What Hall?" said Brooklyn. "Alcohol," replied New York. "Oh," said Brooklyn, "he's with John." "What John?" said New York. "Demijohn," said Brooklyn. And then both crawled into the hold of a canal-boat and died.
Two thousand arrests are made each week in New York city, and nineteen out of twenty are the result of liquor, Number of policemen employed, 3,000; wages of policemen, $1,200 per annum, or $3,600,000 for the entire force. Revenue from licenses, $1,000,000. Is it economy to license the liquor traffic?—*Temp. Monitor.*
Barnum says: "I tell you, as a showman, you can't make animals drink whisky. They know better." The showman is mistaken. We once heard a woman call out of a second-story window to an object that for nearly an hour had been trying in vain to unlock the front door: "Drunk again, you old hog, are you?" And if a hog isn't an animal, what is it?—*Norristown Herald.*

A Spiritual Joker.

AT a recent trial of a liquor case which occurred not a thousand miles from Worcestor county, the witness on the stand was under examination as t what he had seen in the defendent's domicile, which he said he had visited "a number of times."

"Did you ever see any spirits there, or anything you regarded as spirits?" asked the presiding judge.

"Why, yes—I don't know but I have!" was the reply of the witness.

"Do you know what kind of spirits?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I kinder smelt it."

"Well, now," said the judge, straightening himself up for the convicting answer, which he supposed would be given, "will you please tell me what kind of spirits it was?"

"Spirits o' turpentine!"

The explosion of mirth that followed the answer fairly shook the court room, and as soon as it subsided the witness was at once discharged—the opinion being that his testimony was not to the point.

A Few Rifle-Shots.

WERE sixty thousand of our citizens slain every year by the invasion of a foreign army, the nation would be roused to a vigorous resistance.

Liquor-sellers among us do this work of murder, and we are asked to give them a license.

A dollar sunk in the sea is a dollar lost; but a dollar spent for intoxicating beverages may cause the loss of many more.

When one means to shirk a duty he is apt to hide under a "but."

Those are many who say they are opposed to intemperance; "but"—

Some think it is right to vote a prohibition ticket; "but"—

The politician always has a "but" that controls him.

The timid man hides behind a "but."

The selfish and stingy man is completely environed in "buts."

If the families of drunkards average five persons, the drink traffic carries untold misery directly to more than 1,500,000 people, a large proportion of whom are women and children.

It sends two hundred thousand to the poorhouse.

In the State of Ohio, for each man, woman and child is paid annually about seventy-five cents per head to support ministers, and about one dollar per head for school-teachers, while recently sixty dollars in a single year per capita was passed over the bar-room counters. We do not take into this account the additional cost of supporting paupers or punishing criminals, the result of the traffic.

Is it not time to vote the traffic down?

The moral suasion of a ballot lasts all the year round.

Does a man "throw his vote away" when he casts it for a tippling politician?

Or is it only when a man votes to remove the temptation and save the man that he is charged with grave error in this respect?

Prayers are profanity unless ballots are right.

The man who goes into his field with team and plow and seed, and prays all the time yet neither plows nor plants, not only prays in vain, but insults his Maker.

Prayers cannot be made a substitute for voting.—*J. A. Spencer, in Nat. Prohibitionist.*

THE rum-selling establishments of the land ar killing men for gain, as certainly and steadily as if they were absolute retailers of the plague, or of pestilential disease. They know that they are killing men. Every glance at the results of their traffic demonstrates, terribly, the destruction they are making of their neighbors. For what is murder? According to Blackstone, an eminent legal authority, it is "the sacrifice of human life from mere sordid love of gain, supreme selfishness, recklessness, or any wicked state of the heart." Think you, does not the drunkard-maker's occupation come within the compass of this definition? Let the graves of the victims, and the sad faces of living survivors, answer.—*Delaware Sivord.*

Dr. DeHart's Dental Parlors are open from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. He intends putting in a fine piano. He will be pleased to see all his old friends. We take pleasure in announcing him to the public as he is strictly reliable.

10,000

"29" cigars sold every week by Harvey Meek.

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL.—DOCTOR YOURSELF and save money, by using Liebig's Ague Cure and Liver Tonic, in liquid or pills. Cures all malarious diseases, chills, fevers, torpid liver, poor blood, neuralgia, debility or loss of appetite. Sold by druggists. 11-2t

"WE STORM THE FORT."

BLUE RIBBON TEMPERANCE

"GEMS OF SONG!"

THE BEST MURPHY TEMPERANCE SONG BOOK EVER PUBLISHED!!!

THIRD EDITION—THIRTIETH THOUSAND.

Contains, besides **thirty familiar, soul-stirring Murphy songs**, a condensed history of the movement, its principles and purposes, how to conduct meetings, modes of action, etc., etc.

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CONTENTS:

Title.	*Tune.*
The Grand Jubilee,	Old Lenox.
It Will Come,	In the Sweet Bye and Bye.
Come On, Boys,	Hold the Fort.
Come and Join Us,	Let the Lower Lights be Burning.
Wearing the Blue,	Marching through Georgia.
What Shall the Harvest Be,	
Our Cause is Marching On,	John Brown.
Happy Homes,	Home, Home, Sweet Home.
Join the Murphys,	Come to Jesus.
Rescue the Perishing,	
Rise to Nobler Manhood,	Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys go Marching.
Cold Water Forever,	Battle Cry of Freedom.
Crowding Awfully,	
Stand Up for Temperance,	The Morning Light is Breaking.
Youth's Fountain,	America.
Marching On,	Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.
The Temperance Ball,	Rosin the Bow.
Each Effort,	
A Plea,	Balerma.
Hail Worthy Murphys,	Greenville.
Natal Day Song,	Red, White and Blue.
Thy Neighbor,	Coronation.
Temperance Glee,	Away, Away, in Early Day.
They Come,	Yankee Doodle.
Taste Not the Wine,	Beautiful Star.
What Can the Matter Be,	
Dare to Be a Murphy,	Dare to Be a Daniel.
Doxology,	
The Result,	

ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

It is neat and handsomely printed and bound, and has been sold in nearly every state. Every Murphy union that is alive to the work should use them. Sample copies, by mail, 6c.

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Means exactly what he says--that he is "old business" in all he undertakes to do for the Murphy cause, as it has done him good, and he can do work at painting in his line as good as ever. Give him a call for papering, calsomining, etc. He will please you.

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THE MURPHY SIGNAL.

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE AND HUMANITY.

VOL. I.—No 13. LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 11, 1878. CIRCULATION 1,500.

ANGEL MOTHER, WATCH FOR ME.

BY MARY ANN BROWN.

On that bright and shining shore,
Just beyond the waters dark,
Watch for me, sweet angel mother,
When the boatman lands his bark.

Watch for me, for soon I'll come,
With the boatman pale and cold;
Watch to catch the first faint g'eam
Of the sail's white fluttering fold.

Wilt thou be so dazzling bright,
Robed in heavenly garments fair,
That thy child will know thee not,
Know thee not though thou art there?

Oh! among that countless throng,
Just beyond that darksome sea,
When the boatman lands his bark,
Angel mother, watch for me!

Bright and lovely is that land,
Where God's ransomed people be;
There upon that shining shore,
Angel mother, watch for me.

THE PLEDGE-PURSE.

"GEORGE, dear," said Mrs. Prescott, looking up from her basket of mending, as she and her husband sat by the fireside one winter night, "has it ever occurred to you that it is time our boys were signing the pledge?"

Mr. Prescott tossed aside his paper with a laugh.

"There you go my dear; and realy, I expected it. The wonder is you havn't caught the fever sooner."

"What fever, George?"

"Why, this temperance fever that seems to be crazing everybody just now. The town's full of it; every second man I meet wears a gay rosette in his button-hole, and every church is converted into a temperance hall; but the thing won't last—such spasmodic movements never do."

His wife's bright eyes grew wistful, and a cloud crossed her pretty, fresh face. She was a happy little woman, the mother of three promising boys, always busy and full of plans for the comfort of her family.

"It is a good movement George," she continued. "I trust it will be more lasting than you think; and it would," she added with spirit, "if the known men of the town, the strong, reliable men like yourself, George, would take hold of it."

"Much obliged for the compliment, my love," laughed her husband; "but I don't think I'm in any danger of becoming a drunkard."

"Nor do I, George; but you are not a temperance man, and there's always danger in having aught to do with sin."

"Why, Lizzie, how much in earnest you seem. You've caught the fever without doubt. You always had a weakness for running after fashions. But, really, child, I'm in no danger. I'm not a total abstinence man, I'll admit; ever since can remember I've had my drink or two a day but I never was intoxicated in my life, and I never expect to be."

"I trust not, George, but you have sons, and there's no telling into what errors your example may lead them to."

"Why, Lizzie, do you mean to say that I set my boys a bad example."

"No, George, there never was a better husband and father than you are, but you teach your boys to drink intoxicating liquors. We have wine on the table occasionally, and almost every morning the boys have their toddy."

"And you have always mixed the beverage, my dear, and shared it round to us."

"I know it, George, but I shall never do it again. In the first place, it is a waste of money. The liquor used in this house costs every cent of a dollar a week."

"That's not much, Lizzie."

"No; but it counts up. And how much does your private drinking amount to, do you suppose?"

"Bless my soul, Lizzie, what has come over you? Ten cents sometimes, never more than a quarter."

"Each day?"

Yes. You don't grudge me that trifling amount, do you?"

"I grudge you nothing, George, that will make you and your boys happy," cried his wife, her eyes filling with tears; "but I wish you could see this matter as I do. Let me give you an illustration. The Ashford boys were here an evening or so ago, and they wore their blue temperance badges on their jackets.

"Larry, why don't you fellows sign the pledge? It so awfully jolly," said one of them.

"Our Lawrence laughed, just as you laughed at me a minute ago, George. He is his father's own son, my handsome Larra, and it would break my heart to see him do wrong.

"'It's jollier to drink your social glass, and have your hot toddy when you feel dull,' he replied. My father thinks the pledge a humbug, and so do I.'"

"Did Larry say that?" asked Mr. Prescott.

"Those were his words, George, and they cut me to the heart. Now, husband, you have never denied me anything since the day you made me your happy wife—don't deny me this. Let's banish all sorts of intoxicating drink from our house, and do you take your boys by the hand and make them sign the pledge. As their father does they will do willingly." And the little woman put by her sewing, and crossing to her husband's chair, took his head in her two hands, and laid her cheek against his face. "Now, George, dear, surely you'll not say no to me for the first time, will you?"

There was silence for a minute, and then the husband drew the pretty face down and kissed it.

"I couldn't say no, Lizzie, if I wanted," he said. "No man could withstand such a witch as you are"

On the following day Mr Prescott and his three sons signed the pledge, and the boys took great pride in their gay badges.

Intoxicating drinks were banished from their home, and no one seemed to be a whit the worse for it. If the boys had a cold their mother administered hot mullen tea, and she found the remedy even more efficient than the toddies used to be. The boys seemed more speedily relieved and had fewer attacks.

Three months went by. Times were hard, and money scarce, and Mr. Prescott's business was dull. To make matters worse, he had a long spell of sickness, and a heavy doctor's bill.

"I can't see my way out of it," he remarked, sitting in his arm-chair, one evening, his pale face seamed with lines of care, the building association stock will have to go, and I do hate that tremendously."

"What it is George, dear? Maybe I can help you."

The sick man smiled at the little wife, ever so ready with her help.

"No, dear, you can't help me in this; I wish you could," he said. "It is a note which must be paid before the tenth."

"And to-day is the eight. What is the amount, George?"

"Three hundred and fifty dollars, and I have not fifty to spare. If it hadn't been for this confounded fever—"

"Hush my love. Wait till I bring my pledge purse," and his wife darted from the room.

In two minutes she was back, a heavy purse in her hand,

"This is my pledge-purse, George."

"Your pledge-purse? What do you mean?"

"Why, you see," and the little woman's face fairly glowed as her boys left their lessons and crowded round her, eager to hear, "the day you and the boys signed the pledge, George, I made this purse, and I called it my pledge-purse. Every day I have put in ten cents, and every week a dollar, because that much used to go for nasty intoxicating drink, that did my boys and their father more harm than good. Sometimes when I had a little spare change, I threw that in too. Larry my boy, sit down by your father and count over the contents. I hope there may be enough to pay that troublesome note.

Larry obeyed with alacrity, his father looking on with eager eyes as he assorted the dollar notes and piled up the quarters and dimes. When all was told, the amount was four hundred and sixty-five dollars.

Mr. Prescott looked at his wife, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Why, Lizzie—why, little wife, what can I say?" he began.

She caught his head to her bosom.

"Say nothing, George. I kept my pledge purse for an hour of need, and that hour has come. Pay the note that troubles you dear, and then get well and strong at your leisure.

Her husband was silent, but the three boys leaped to their feet, and shouted, "Hurrah for the pledge!" "Hurrah for the blue ribbon!" Hurrah for the Murphys!" until the room rang.

A Chance for Clerks.

GRADUALLY merit is winning promotion as it surely must. It is the clear head, the quick work he correct doing, that is now in demand. The beer drinkers, the wine bibblers, the muddled brain of the debauchee, the unnerved limb, the trembling hand, the unsteady work and purpose of a drunken man—young or old—none of these are in demand.

Could a drinking or a drunken man have performed the duty required by the distributing clerks in the New York postoffice recently?

In Scribner's Magazine for May Edward Eggleston has a valuable and interesting article which ought to be read by all young people. Bearing upon this point, Mr. Eggleston says:

"The clerks who are distributing matter in the mailing department were recently required to place correctly 2,200 cards, containing the names of all the postoffices in Ohio, in a series of pigeon holes labeled with the names of the counties in that State. One man succeeded in making the distribution in two hours and twenty minutes with only thirteen errors. The best man at the New York table was yet more remarkable. He put the whole 2,840 cards bearing the names of the post offices in this State into their proper counties in one hundred and five minutes, with but a single error. A while ago, there was a competition for the vacant chief clerkship at a table, and the lowest man of all, by sheer excellence, took the place."

REMOVALS.

Of course drunken men are not wanted in the postoffice. Where are they wanted? Is it any recommend to a young man to say "he drinks?" In the New York postoffice out of one hundred and four removals which have been made in five years, eighty were for drunkenness. This vice at one time made sad havoc among the rank and file of employes; but there is at present an efficient postoffice temperance society, and there have been some remarkable reformation, while a sentiment in favor of temperance has diffused itself through all departments of the office.

Drunkenness always and everywhere unfits men to do their duty. Let us close up the saloons and stop this prolific source of ruin.—*National Prohibitionist*

Much Beer and No Bread.

THERE are many men who exclaim loudly against the monopolies which burden the poor, and yet are every day encouraging and supporting the greatest and most unscrupulous monopoly of our country. They cry for bread for their starving families and drink beer and whisky by the barrel. Every Sunday in our large cities these men with their families crowd the beer gardens, and swill down their beer by wholesale, thus contributing to the enormous profits of the brewers and saloon-keepers. 'Tis folly to argue with such persons; but it is well that the industrious and temperate should know that the communistic element is almost entirely composed of this class of people, and a blow at intemperance is a strike at the root of this whole evil. We are suffering the legitimate fruits of a legalized liquor traffic, and we must continue to suffer until we remove the cause.—*Western Banner.*

When your money is gone the saloon keeper wants you to be gone.

The day we celebrate—the day a brother signs his emancipation from bad whisky.

If you are not strong enough to conquer your appetite for stimulants, ask for help from the Lord, "and ye shall receive."

How many times do you suppose you will have to have the seat of your pants half-soled while you are lounging around a saloon waiting for a job.—*Western Banner.*

Selected for THE SIGNAL.

DO NOT MARRY A DRUNKARD.

BY KATE THORN.

GIRLS, whatever else you may do, do not marry a drunkard!

No matter how deeply in love you may fancy yourselves to be, do not marry a man who drinks intoxicating liquors.

It is better to be an old maid, and miss the desired Mrs. from your tombstone. It is better to go on through life single and alone, to keep a cat, and make aprons for the heathen children, than to be a drunkard's wife.

Young men addicted to taking a glass now and then will doubtless laugh at you if you call their habit a vice, or hint that is in any wise dangerous. They assure you in a lordly way that they know what they are about! They wonder what you take them for! Haven't they control enough over themselves to take a social glass, now and then, and then stop there? Why you talk as if they were common drunkards!

And so they are liable to become. There is no safety in playing with poison. He who touches pitch must be defiled. The first glass makes room for the second. The appetite for strong drink grows with what it is fed upon. The man who drinks a glass of brandy, or whisky, to-day will want another to-morrow. If he is not strong enough to abstain from the first glass, how is he to put away the second?

Young women beware of him! Shun him as you would one infected with the plague! You had better cut your own throat and have done with it than marry a drunkard, or on the road to drunkenness, for in a dozen years from now he will be likely to cut it for you, or break your heart, which is quite as bad.

A drunkard's home is a hell upon earth.

God pity the woman who is doomed to breath its polluted atmosphere.

God pity the children who must be reared in its pernicious shelter.

Oh, young girls, fair and pure, and loving, think of what lies before you! Think of the moral contamination, the miserable degradation which hang around the drunkard, and forswear the young man who drinks! Think of your unborn children, and tremble for their future if you give them a father who drinks!

Smile no more upon this deadly sin of wine-drinking! Scorn it! Never give its practice your sanction in ever so remote a degree.

Oh, that the women of our nation would turn their faces, as one woman, eternally from the man who drinks! Oh, that the mothers would close the doors of their houses against the wine-drinking young men as against the lips, and let society understand that no embryo drunkard will be received as honored and respected into ranks.

How is it now? Society smiles upon the young man of good family who drinks a little now and then. It offers him wine at its social gatherings. It virtually tells him that he is just as good as if he did not drink. It turns out the bloated sot, but receives with open arms the poor young wretch, it is helping reach to the sot's ultimate condition.

Far be it from us to despise anybody. We would lift up the fallen, wherever they may be found. We would encourage the drunkard to reform. We would take him into our respect when he has shown himself worthy of it; but God forbid that we should give countenance to the man who persistently tells us that he drinks and knows enough to stop when he has got enough.

Ten to one he will yet fill a drunkard's grave!

Call us radical, or fanatical, if you will—it matters not; we are bound to stick to the belief, born with us, that no man is safe who takes the first glass of liquor! For if he takes the first glass he may want the second, but if he never takes the first he cannot take the second.

And again we say to you, young girls, beware! No matter how handsome, or fascinating, or wealthy the man may be, if he drinks turn away from him, and save yourself from becoming that most miserable of all women—a drunkard's wife.

Conquer yourself.

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The Murphy Signal.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY

MURPHY SIGNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

LOGANSPORT, IND., SEPT. 11, 1878.

Published in the Interest of the Murphy Temperance Movement.

Subscription price, Fifty cents per year.

All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay portage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay no postage.

X ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

"EDITORIAL" AND "LOCAL."

JOIN the ranks.

ATTEND the festival

FESTIVAL Friday night.

SEND in your subscriptions.

ATTEND the meeting to-night.

SHOW THE SIGNAL to your friends.

BRO. DRAKE, Walton, called last week.

WALTON Murphys picnic next Saturday.

MEETING was held at Woodling's, Sunday.

WE mean business, and sometimes talk plain.

WE publish the most news items, and the best paper.

BRO. ED. WARREN is at Goodland conducting the work.

BRO. JOHN STOLL has been working faithfully for the last week.

BRO. G. A MURPHY, North Judson, is attending school at Valparaiso.

EXCHANGES that copy articles from THE SIGNAL will please give proper credit.

MISS IONE REED of Chicago, is visiting her father, Mr. Wm. Reed, of this city.

THE SIGNAL is the neatest, positive the best and cheapest temperance paper published.

WAS there ever a man convicted of crime who could trace his downfall to total abstinence.—*Ex.*

THE blessings of one reformed man's family offset the sneers of a thousand saloon-keepers.—*Exchange.*

PLEASE remember that THE SIGNAL advertisers are reliable men, and we hope readers will profit by the inducements they offer.

WE are a christian nation, and yet we only have 50,000 ministers, teachers, while we have 400,000 saloon-keepers.—*Temp, Monitor.*

SHOW us a minister who does not favor the temperance cause, and we will show you a coward or a man who drinks secretly or openly.—*Ex.*

PLEDGE the children against whisky and beer, against cider, against all that intoxicates. Pledge them against tobacco. Pledge them against profanity.—*Ribbon Review.*

"AVOID all appearance of evil," which maxim applied to temperance means—if you are an abstainer keep out of saloons. You can have no business there.—*Saturday Mercury.*

WE want temperance news of general interest from all parts of the the Union. Please write briefly; a postal card will do, for at present our space is limited. Let us have the news.

THE law is thoroughly enforced, and the state of Maine is prospering more than any other state in the Union. The intelligent people of Maine see it and glory in it.—*Nat. Temp. Advocate.*

J. E. JESTER, ESQ., of Sweetser, after examining "Gems of Song" says, "your book is exactly the thing we need." And he is right. It is the book every union should have. See advertisement and send your order.

THE National Prohibitionist accuses THE SIGNAL among many other papers of copying its articles without giving credit. Please produce proof. Evidently that sheet wants a free advertisement and takes this way of getting it. Anyhow, its accusation is false.

"DON'T be afraid to acknowledge yourself a temperance man—a total prohibitionist. The times are changing; you are both respected and feared. The world honors a fearless and outspoken advocate of any cause. Let your light shine, throw dway your bushel."—*Ex.*

WE license and make a business respectable that annually thrusts 60,000 men and women into drunkards' graves; 100,000 into jails; 200,000 children into charitable institutions. 90,000 women are made widows; 600,000 human beings are made inebriates and paupers.—*Temp. Monitor.*

A PROMINENT Murphy said to us the other night. "I think THE SIGNAL is the best temperance paper out. By the way, my wife thinks so too, for I never get to see it until she has digested every particle of it. Send me another copy. We need just that many to keep peace in the family."

FROM drunkenness to temperance; temperance to respectability; respectability to prosperity in this life, and a hope of immortality in the world to come; these are the stepping stones to which we would guide your wandering steps, you poor and tottering one.—*Sat. Mercury and Temperance Advocate.*

THE verdict of a coroner's jury over the body of a dead child in Winchester, recently, read thus: "Killed by the overthrowing of a buggy, which accident was caused by the carelessness and drunkenness of its father." What a news item for that father when sobered up and just home from the funeral.—*G. T. Advocate.*

BOSTON, with open grog shops, has decreased in valuation of property millions of dollars within the past five years. New York with her overwhelming liquor trake, has done the same, while Portland, Maine, the great city of prohibition has increased millions. As it is with men, so it is with cities—temperance builds up, while whisky pulls down.—*Life-Boat.*

A MINISTER of the gospel said to us recently: "I wish you great success, but have no time to devote to the temperance work." How strange that men whose calling it is to save society from its sins have no time to engage in a special warfare against an evil which is doing more to empty our churches, throng our prisons and crowd our penitentiaries than any other—yes, than all others combined.—*G. T. Advocate.*

SAYS an exchange: "If all the temperance people would be as true to their principles as the rummies are to their appetites, honesty would rule this land. Let us, who claim to be teetotalers, see that we support no man who is in any way, shape or form identified with the liquor traffic. Teach your children to act from the principle that it is wrong to vote to uphold an evil, even if thought necessary by so-called moralists."

AN EXCELLENT LECTURE.—One of the finest temperance lectures ever given in the city, perhaps was that of Prof. T. Harrison, A.M., on the evening of the 1st. We could not do the gentleman justice by attempting to give even a synopsis of what was said. He is thorough and practical. He is conversant with the temperance question in all its phases, and considers it in a scientific, moral, physical, and practical light, and is sound and logical in every sense. His audience listened with rapt attention to the inspired utterances for over an hour and even then were not satisfied. His recitation of "Beautiful Snow," by a fallen woman of Cincinnati, was simply grand. Mr. Harrison has been in this country about forty-five years. At the time of his embarkation from Europe he had the choice of two ships—one a temperance ship, and another on which rum was sold. He, of course, preferred the former, and landed safely on American soil. The whisky ship was wrecked, and every soul on board perished. The Professor has "taught school" for thirty years but has concluded to give up this profession, and devote himself to lecturing in future. He gives science, religion and temperance special thought, and his lectures will be based upon these subjects. He is a gentleman in every respect, a thorough scholar and a brilliant orator. Every one that hears him will like him.

A NEW UNION—Bro. Vigus and the writer organized a union at Center church, Washington township, on the afternoon of the 1st. The following are the officers: President, Frank Bachman; Vice President, John Ganglove; Secretary, Silas Storer; Treasurer, Andrew Lotts. The officers are all quite young—almost boys, but this should not cause a disparaging thought as to their sincerity, earnestness, or enterprise. Under their management and the assistance of the many good people in the vicinity, we predict for the union a life of longevity and usefulness. May they do well. A meeting will be held next Saturday night.

RICHMOND'S WORK—The Murphy movement at Richmond, Ind., has been most effectual. When the work was begun they had nearly seventy-five saloons. They now have between twelve and fifteen. Few towns can show a better record. We could stand the same reduction and be better off. Shall we reduce their number. YES, WE WILL.

LIFT HIM UP—We do not ask you to place yourself on a level with the drunkard, but we *do* ask you to lift the drunkard up to a level with yourself. Won't you do it?

PICNICS—The picnic at Twelve Mile was not as well attended as was expected, on account of the threatening, damp weather. In the forenoon an address was made by Bro. J. H. Ivans, and after an excellent repast, Messrs. Vigus, McKee, Leedy and Graham spoke. Signers were called for, and the list was increased 105 names The day was very pleasantly spent and enjoyed Dr. McKee presided with the best of grace.

THE picnic at Walton, on the 31st, was postponed on account of the constant rain.

AT Young America last Saturday no better time could be wished for. The day was a beautiful one and the people turned out in large numbers to enjoy it. At 11 o'clock, select singing, led by H. C. Cushman, opened the exercises. Prayer was offered by Rev. Cummings and a scripture lesson read by Bro. Johnson. Bro. J. H. Ivins was then called upon, who delivered an excellent address of a half hours' length. And after which all retired and refreshed the inner man by the good things only provided by the country people. At 2 o'clock the large assembly was again called to order, and was addressed for an hour by W. H. Leedy. Bro. Grant followed with a brilliant and happy fifteen minute speech. Singing and signing was then carried on for an hour or more. At night the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and fully one-half that desired could not gain admission; speeches were made by Messrs. Cushman, Goff, Roach and Leedy, after which many signed the pledge. The day will long be remembered as a pleasant one, and the picnic as a grand success in every particular.

WHY?—"One of the most notable facts in connection with new converts to the temperance cause is, that they think they know more about the temperance work in a minute than all the old experienced radical workers do in a life-time.

We say, all right, go ahead, and if you find a shorter, quicker, better way, through some patent method, we will only be too glad to adopt it"—*Nat. Prohibitionist.*

And if those "old laborers" are so near perfection in their modes of action, we would like to inquire the cause of the constant increase of drunkenness, and drunkards, and crimes? The Murphy movement has reduced all in every section of the country which has been blessed with it If we must pursue the old way we are lost, with our country. Call it "patent," or what you will, Mr. Demagogue, but we insist that you "old" workers have not been doing your duty or your methods *are failures*, and you can not deny it. Adopt it! Adopt anything that bears on its face a vestige of hope, but drop the old hulk which has born fruit for the devil, or which to say the most, has done little for the right.

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.—"We admit that prohibition is right, and we want it, but the people are not ready for it yet. And to look over the country and see the hundreds of club rooms and other institutions all owing their existence to reform movements, and to see the amount of good they have accomplished, and then say that ribbon movements are failures, only proves to us that the author of such an assertion is not only opposed to temperance, but has plenty of room in his upper story where his brains ought to be."—*Temperance Monitor.*

Shake again, friend *Monitor.* THE SIGNAL assumes the same ground, and intends to stand by it. We said so at first and we say so still. Murphyism and prohibition together; if separate, give us Murphy sm forever!!!!!!!

"SUNDAY SLOP SELLING"—Considerable slop was disposed of on Sunday, the 1st, by the dealers—or at least some of them—who have become so degraded that they regard no law. The "roughs" spoken of so often, who "filled their skins with fire water and prepared to make a day of it," are gentlemen in comparison to the kid gloved dealer who made them "roughs." We do not defend roughs under any circumstances, but we desire it distinctly understood that those who get drunk on such occasions and "raise Cain generally," are no worse than the persons who would sell them the liquid that makes them such. We are sorry the city is cursed as it is, and hope the day is not far distant when Murphyism, and peace, and hap- will reign supreme in our city. *Prohibition* and Murphyism will work well together in this case.

WHAT THEY ALL SAY.—"The 'Murphy Signal' is a jolly good temperance paper, published at Logansport, Ind.—*Temp. Monitor, Seymour.*

This is not a case of "tickle," but we want to remark, confidentially, right here, that we consider the *Monitor* one of the jolliest of the jolly good papers, and will always welcome it.

THE COLORED PEOPLE—The colored people of this place, Kokomo, Peru, Marion, and a few from Indianapolis, pic-nicked here last Thursday. The occasion was a very pleasant affair. In the afternoon Mr. Geo. Jackson, of Peru, is said to have made an eloquent temperance address. In the evening a festival was given at Murphy Hall, and a dance at Dolan & McHale's Hall. Both were well patronized. Few cases of intoxication were noticed.

"GOD BLESS YOU."—Do not refuse the fallen the blessing of a kind word and look. The effort costs you nothing, and it is *so* precious to them. Oh, that every man could love his neighbor as himself. We would have no saloon-keepers, or whisky-distillers, or drunkards, then. Let us work to bring the day about, when each man can take another by the hand and sincerely say, "God bless you, my brother." How pleasant it would be, and how many homes would be made brighter, and how many burdens would be rendered lighter! God speed the day.

GREAT MEN ARE NOT SECURE—Alexander the Great, who conquered the whole known world, and who wept because there were no more world's to conquer, is said to have died a drunkard. Other great men have fallen, and yet young men will tell us they are safe. Such is not the case, and every man, woman or child that tampers with rum are likely to fall.

AND YOU DARE NOT DENY IT.—The candidate who undertakes to purchase his way into an official position is prompted by no honorable motive. He will get his outlay back in some way if he has to steal it. We have particular reference to the candidate who would damn a man's soul with whisky for his vote.

HA! HA!—"One saloon-keeper of this city boasts of one hundred and seventy-five dollars received on last Sunday."—*Journal.*

And of course the s.-k. don't expect people with even half sense to believe such an enormous lie. And is he a law-abiding citizen?

WHAT'S THE REASON.—Our mayor may have a reason for not demanding that the saloons be closed on Sundays, as they should be, but we cannot imagine it. How easy it would be, and yet how improbable it will be, until a change is affected in that office.

FESTIVAL.—One of the most pleasant festivals ever known in the city will be given at the Hall next Friday evening. Oysters, ice cream, and every delicacy will be served.

MACE LONG—This tip-top boy attended the great national temperance convention at Lawrence, Kansas last week. His book—biography—will be issued from the press about the 10th. He promises Logansport another visit soon.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

The Favorite cigar, made by John W. Markley, is sure to suit any smoker who loves a fragrant cigar. For sale by John W. Cost.

Dan. J. Woods, the Blacksmith, desires the public to know that he is "sticking close" to his business, and will be pleased to wait upon them.

Al Hicks has purchased and will conduct personally the popular "Hicks Restaurant." Everything in season. Lunch and warm meals at all hours. Give him a call.

They can talk about buggies selling cheap, and may auctioneer them off, if they wish, but Patterson & Tomlinson sells the best at lower prices than any one else can. Agricultural implements of every description.

The "Little Daisy" is stopping with John W. Cost, Lee W. Redd, Harvey Meek, Bemiss & Swigart, Al. Hicks and Cy. Myers. Make inquiries into its merits the next time you want to smoke.

M. C. Wade, the trank manufacturer, has built himself up a large business by strict attention to his duties. He manufacturers and keeps on hand trunks and valises of every description, which he sells at reasonable rates.

H. C. Eversole is not only the leading jeweler, but he keeps a stock of music which is complete in every respect. He also sells the Henry Russell's songs, the great American composer. Sheet music now at half price. Give him a call for anything. "Gems of Song" also on sale.

Sebastian Bro.'s are about to remove their cigar and tobacco store to 310 Fourth street, Michael's old stand, where more room will be afforded. The boys are affable and gentlemanly, do a square business, keep the best cigars and tobaccos, and deserve the patronage of the public.

J. Becker & son, importers of Scotch Granite monuments; also manufacturer of Foreign and Domestic Marble Monuments. Statuary a specialty. 46 Bridge street, between Broadway and Market street. Logansport, Ind.

H. B. Peters, the Book man, who is ever alive to his interests, will soon remove his store to the room formerly occupied by him, opposite Murphy Hall. The room will be remodeled and improved in every way possible. Mr. Peters keeps everything in the book and periodical line School books a specialty.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

National Christian Temperance Union.
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CONTRIBUTIONS.

A WORD FROM BRO. ABBOTT.

To the Editor:

* * * * * * * *

THE work goes bravely on. What was once called a Murphy wave, is now, thank God, an institution—a living, permanent organization, surrounded by a rampart of as earnest, faithful hearts as ever throbbed for any cause.

No heroes ever followed a nobler flag to victory than the blue banner of our organization. "Peace hath her victories LO less renowned than war."

But I must close this very hurried letter, I receive THE SIGNAL every week. Allow me to say I regard it as one of the best among the list I receive. I wish it success.

Remember me kindly to the friends in Logansport, and accept the assurance of my best wishes and most kindly regards. In haste.

Very truly yours,
L. C. ABBOTT.

Eaton, Ohio, August 3 , 1878.

BRO MACE LONG AT THE GREAT CAMP MEETING.

To the Editor:

I HAD the honor of receiving an invitation to take part in this, the greatest temperance meeting ever held in America. Every state in the union is represented. They have nominated Col. I. P. St. John for governor. He is the president of the State Temperance Union, and he will be elected by 40,000 majority. Tell the good people of Logansport to keep up courage, that our State has a good record in this meeting, and by the grace of God it shall keep it. I expect to be with you one night in the near future, when I can tell you of this meeting better than I can write. The excitement is so great that I must close; they expect 100,000 people here on Sunday. I leave for home on Monday.

Yours fraternally,
MASON LONG.

Bismarck Grove, Kansas.

WALTON.

To the Editor:

THE "Murphy boys" at this place are steadily marching on, with numbers increasing daily. Our ranks have had a valuable acquisition recently in the person of Mr. Streeter, formerly of Logansport. Mr. S. is a man who has "been there" himself, and knows just how to tell what he has to suffer at the hands of the demon of intemperance, in an effective way.

Preparations for the picnic to be held here on next Saturday, Sept. 14th, are being made to a considetable extent. We expect to see a goodly number of our Logan brothers with us on that day.

It has been our privilege to attend several meetings held at Lincoln, four miles south of here, and we must say that for energy and real live working they are not surpassed by any organization of their strength in the State. They organized three weeks ago, with forty-seven members, and hey now number over one hundred, with very few drones among them. They propose to turn out en masse next Saturday.

A MURPHY.

Walton, September 9 h.

FROM A YOUNG LADY.

To the Editor:

WHY is it that this dreadful curse has been sweeping over our land, and dragging millions down to utter ruin! Why will people touch the intoxicating cup, when they know not whether they will stop at that, or die a drunkard! They have different reasons. Some drink to please their friends or those whom they consider their friends, but I think it is no friendly act to offer a person that which may cause him to be a drunkard. Some, when small, have had it given to them by their parents. Even after they have become men their fathers have urged them to drink. Oh, parents, who do this, stop and consider what you are doing. But persons who drink are not satisfied with destroying themselves alone, but must take some one with them. Why will anyone refuse to sign the pledge when this may be the means of saving some friend? There is not a person living who has no influence. Then why not join our temperance band, and use that influence? Intemperance covers the land with idleness, poverty and crime; it produces sickness, not health—death, and not life.

Make the vow at once, dear friends, whether young or old, and keep it forever, to eschew the wine-cup in any way it may present itself.

Though wreathed in flowers, pressed to the lips by beauty, do not yield to its seductive charms. In the days of prosperity you do not need it; and in the hour of adversity it will only multiply your sorrows, and plant additional thorns in the pillow for your aching head.

Do you think you can drowned trouble in the wine-cup! No, you can no more do it than you can drowned a fish in a brook.

How foolish, if a man should feel troubled about his business, that he should deprive himself of reason by intoxication, at a time when, of all others, he needs the clearest judgment to save him from the threatened destruction. This strange infatuation, that a man should admit an enemy at his mouth that will steal away his brain, strangle his conscience, murder his children, and destroy his own soul!

Fellow-workers in the cause, let us ever stand by our colors. A YOUNG LADY.

Jordan Society, Marshall county, Sept. 5th

THE MEANEST OF THEM ALL.

To the Editor:

MY attention for years past has been turned toward the drug store whisky traffic and I learn that many of our men that would not go into a regular deadfall would go into a drug store under pretense of getting tobacco, cigars or drugs, and soon their appetite would be formed for strong drink to that extent that they would go into a regular murder mill to quench their thirst. The meanest, lowest-down groggeries in many towns are kept by druggists that pretend to be respectable men, and I believe the devil will give them a hotter place than a man who openly sells grog poison in the lowest pitfall in all the country. I think our best plan now will be to show them up before the world that our people may be on their guard, a certain wink or motion of the hand indicates how heavy a spike the customer wants in his lemonade or soda water; others keep finely pulverized white sugar, that they call quinine for a blind. What is too mean for a man to do that will make use of means so foul to poison our boys. If I had to accept one or the other I would rather every barrel of rum or whisky was rattle snakes emptied into our streets; the damage would not be one hundredth part as great as their contents in poison, such as they are clandestinely dealing out to our people.

Wm. Baxter, of Richmond, Ind., in a letter to me stated that 65 per cent. of all the money paid into our treasury was caused by the rum traffic, and his estimate is the lowest of any one in our State. My careless brother if your taxes are one hundred dollars would you not be well pleased to pay it off with thirty-five dollars, and at the same time stop the flow of tears, the murders, fights, empty the blind, insane, and poor asylums, bring together the man and wife long separated on account of drunkenness, cause the little loved ones to run to meet papa after the days work is done, instead of running from him as they would from a wild beast. JOS. CADWALADER.

New Albany, Ind., Sept. 3, 1878.

A DARK INHERITANCE.

To the Editor:

AMONG all the causes of the prevalence of intemperance at the present day, none is more apt to be ignored by the mass of people, nor more fully recognized by the thoughtful, than the *inherited* taste for alcoholic stimulants. In some persons this taste is fostered from earliest childhood, by surroundings and example, and with such any effort on the part of others to release them from this cruel bondage seems vain. "God visiteth the sins of the fathers upon the children," and if He reaches out His hand to save these sorrowful victims of His just, but most severe law, there will, but man seems powerless. But there are others who have this same inheritance, but whose training has been such as to leave dormant this taste, and to this class there are two paths in particular to a descending road, which are most deceitful, and therefore most dangerous. First, in this practice of "treating," clinking glasses at each other's expense, at hotel bars, and in those terrible sinks of iniquity, those elegant "sample rooms," and also the custom, now happily on the wane, of ladies offering to gentlemen guests at parties, and their callers on New Year's day, the seductive beverages, which would perhaps never be accepted from other hands, and which act like flame to tr when brought into contact with this inherited taste.

Second. As the custom which for years has been established, of physicians prescribing alcoholic liquors in their practice, it is very easy for our friends, the M D.'s, to say to a patient suffering from some obstinate or complicated disorder, "you need stimulant, take beer, use whisky, take a little regularly, you will find it will tone you up." But who shall say whither the door thus opened shall lead? through what rayless depths? what desolate homes? over what broken hearts? Let physicians hesitate before they assume such responsibility, lest in that great day they be confronted with one of these miserables, and because of him find all their good deeds of no avail. I often wonder what must be the dreams of the rum-seller; does his imagination ever picture in sleep scenes more horrible than he sees portrayed in daily life? If so, God pity him, he knows full well the cause and sorrow he is bringing on humanity, when he places the sparkling glass before these poor deluded ones, who cannot conquer their inherited taste for the accursed poison.

This is a subject so vital that it is awakening the attention of all classes of society, and every side of it will be exposed to rigid examination in a moderate, but fervent spirit; and let us hope that with the light of knowledge there will come to all nations, wisdom to see, and power to apply the only possible remedy, a law to prevent entirely the manufacture of intoxicating liquors.

MRS. LOUISE GOFF.

FLOATING LODGES OF GOOD TEMPLARS ON THE HIGH SEAS—GOOD TEMPLARS IN CALIFORNIA.

To the Editor:

THIS is no doubt something new, at least it is perhaps, to people of the States, but there is everything to be seen here that can be found in the east and a good deal more probably. But until Friday evening, our regular weekly meeting night of Ray of Hope No. 195 of this city, I had never heard of such a thing as an organized lodge of Good Templars on board a vessel. W. W. Cowell a prominent worker in the temperance field, and Lodge Deputy of Ray, of Hope in a brief speech and reading, informed us of the workings of a floating lodge of I. O. G. T. Having been honored as secretary at our recent election of officers I have the brothers remarks descriptive of a meeting which I will give: The lodge referred to is on board the goodship Gryfe, of her Majesty's merchant marine, which recently entered San Francisco harbor from Australia. The name of the lodge is very appropriate. "Gryfe to the Rescue" its No. is not known on account of it being organized afloat, being without means to ascertain the proper numeral. Special Deputy R. W C. T., W. Simpson, of the English side, organized and instituted this lodge on board the Gryfe in latitude 30 degrees south, longitude 171 degrees east, on June the 20th last, with a charter membership of fourteen: since then it has increased nineteen, and thus the good work goes on not only on the continents, but also on the broad and deep foaming ocean, the work of reformation is being carried, sobriety and temperance. In fact it is being promoted and advanced in most every conceivable way. Bro. Simpson is said to be a lively worker and ever ready to help advance the grand army of temperance.

The lodge opened in ritual form with some thirty or forty brothers and sisters of the several city lodges that were gathered in the ante-room to be admitted to pay their English friends and brothers a fraternal visit. Entering they found the lodge regularly manned and in order, and guided by the marshal were introduced as visiting members to a temperance crew, and held a meeting in proper form and wearing their own regalia which was made by them on board the Gryfe. This, however, was changed for the regalia belonging to the city officers. It seems that it would have been more appropriate and better fitting for the occasion had the sailors worn that of their own make of brilliant colors which is a peculiar fancy in sailors dress.

The marshal retired at the proper time to ascertain if any candidates were in waiting to be initiated, and duly reported one. This young man belonged to the ship's crew. Our greatest hope and wish is that these beautiful lessons of total abstinence may be so deeply impressed that they may bear exceedingly rich and abundant fruit to the honor of Good Templarism. Just think of it! Good Templars sailing on the broad ocean, carrying with them the divine principles of Faith, Hope and Charity and their beautiful temperance flag floating in the breeze of the broad expanse of the deep—and the wide, wide world! And above all, the many sorrowing hearts that are made to leap with joy in consequence of the good accomplished by Good Templarism. How many dear mothers and sisters that will smile and thank us! The grand lodge of California has special jurisdiction over the State of Nevada and Territories of Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, and also the Sandwich Islands and Japan. Yokohama has a lodge of Good Templars; and thus the strong arm of Faith Hope and Charity is extended round the world. The total number of lodges in the State of California alone will exceed five hundred; there is not a town of importance, or a county without its lodge of Good Templars. But on account of the wine-producing vine-yards and wine and brandy interests this State is consequently much more difficult to work. From this reason the local press in some instances is very energetic in putting forth their views to promote the wine and brandy interests. It is true that the grape and peach are good in their natural state, but like anything else when they are decomposed and made unnatural, they are not.

A local option petition is being circulated throughout California, which will be presented to the honorable body of the Constitutional Convention, of this state, which will be held at Sacramento. It reads as follows:

"We, the undersigned, respectfully petition your honorable body to insert in the new constitution of this state a clause similar to that now in force in the state of Texas, to-wit: 'Sec.—. The legislature shall at its first session enact a law whereby the qualified voters of any county, voting precinct, town or city, by a majority vote from time to time, may determine whether the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be prohibited within the prescribed limits.' "

[Here follows signatures.]

Two copies of the above petition have been circulated in every lodge in the state; also to each minister of the M. E. church, the United Brethren in Christ, and the Presbyterian church. There will be copies sent to ministers of all denominations. It will be thoroughly circulated, and it is the opinion of a great many persons that some saloon-keepers will be hunting decent and respectable, and honorable employment ere long.

Yours, in F., H. and C.
GEO. W. DUNCAN.

Stockton, Cal., Aug 31.

MAGNITUDE OF INTEMPERANCE.

To the Editor:

WHAT is intemperance, and what the extent and magnitude of its evils?

Of these we all know something. We know how it diseases the body; how it disturbs the equilibrium of the intellect; how it poisons the springs of generous affection in the heart, and lays a ruthless hand upon the whole moral and spiritual nature.

What drunkenness does to its poor victim, and to those who are bound to him by the closest ties, you all know. All know, did I say? Let us thank God that few of you can know, or are likely to know, the inexpressible horrors which fill the soul of the inebriate, or the gloom and anguish of heart which are the portion of his family. You know enough however to feel that where this sin enters, there a blight falls on happiness, virtue and even hope.

Look at the palpable shame, and misery, and guilt, which collect within and about one drunkard's home: and multiply their dreadful sum by the whole number of such homes which, at this moment, can be found in this christian community, and you will have an accumulation of sin and sorrow, even at your doors, which no mortal arithmetic can guage, but which is sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, and move to sympathy the coldest charity.

But whence does this vast and hidden evil come? To you as a jury of inquest, standing over the victims it strikes down, I appeal for a verdict according to truth and evidence. Can it be said that they who are now cold in death, with a drunkard's shame branded on their memory, "died by visitation of God" God sends no such curse even upon the guiltiest of his creatures.

He may send pestilence and an earthquake. He may send blastings and mildew; but he commissions no moral plague like drunkenness to carry desolation to the souls as well as bodies of men.

This evil, also, is self-invoked, and self-inflicted and how do men rush deliberately, and with full purpose of heart, into such an abyss! Is there any one so lost to self respect, to all prudence and duty, so devoid of every finer instinct and sentiment of our nature, that he can willingly sink down to the ignoring and woe that are the drunkard's portion? I tell you nay. Every human being recoils with involuntary horror and disgust from the contemplation of such a fate. He shrinks from it as he would from the foul embraces of a serpent, and feels that he would sooner sacrifice everything than take his place beside the bloated and degraded beings who seem dead to all that is noble in our nature or hopeful in our lot. These are victims that have gone blindfold to their fate. Gentle is the declivity, smooth and noiseless the descent which conducts them, step by step, along the treacherous way till suddenly their feet slide, and they find themselves plunging over the awful precipice. M. S. B.

Lake Cicott Sept 3d, 1878.

Don't waste your time—industry is the mothe of sobriety.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, SEPT. 11, 1878.

GENERAL NOTES.

Laconia, Ind., has 200.
Newton, Kansas, has 500.
Missouri, has 5,922 saloons.
Troy, Mo., is without a saloon.
Davenport, Iowa, has 186 saloons
Des Moines, Iowa, will soon jubilate.
Temperance is gaining ground in Texas.
Murphyism still progresses at Springfield O.
In New Hampshire the temperance fever is epidemic.
Luther Benson lectured at Waynetown recently.
The pledged are gradually increasing at Lafayette.
Ft Wayne's lodge of I. O. G. T. numbers sixty members.
Missouri spends for alcoholic liquors yearly $29,600,000.
The interest is on the increase at Upper Sandusky, Ohio.
The Olive Branch will be printed entirely at home hereafter.
Murphyism has broken out afresh in several Kentucky towns.
In Ohio the prohibitionists are more zealously at work than ever.
The Massachusetts prohibitionists hold a State convention to-day.
Increased interest is being taken in the meetings at Vincennes, Ind.
At a rally at Pilot, Kankakee county, Ill, held on the 25th, 136 signed the pledge.
Mt. Pulaski, Ill., has "prohibited", and no more murder mills will be allowed.
Crawfordsville sports a beer garden. It is pronounced a curse, as is every other one.
John W. Drew begins a two weeks' campaign in Sioux City on the 18th of next month.
By the Ribbon Review we note that the work continues without cessation in Chicago.
The Governor of Rhode Island presided over a recent temperance meeting in that little State.
Wine-bibling and beer-bibling is a universal habit in France, Germany, Switzerland and Belgium.
On Aug. 27th there were only thirty-four men in Leave worth, Ind., who had not taken the blue ribbon.
"We've Left the Barrel," and "Hurrah for the Pump," are the titles of two popular English temperance songs.
Crawfordsville has an active lo ge of I. O. G. T. New recruits are constantly entering from the blue ribbon ranks.
The Grand Division of the sons of temperance of Illinois meets at Chicago, October 22d holding a three days session.
Toronto, Canada, drinks everything, and intemperance is charged with ninety-eight per cent. of all the crimes.
The directors of the Lexington, Ky., fair, which is now in progress, forbid the sale of intoxicating liquors on the grounds.
In Athens, Greece, a city of 50,000 inhabitants, only forty-two deaths have been occasioned by strong drink in ten years.
"The Fire-Place" is the name of a saloon in Chicago. Any one can get warm by it for ten cents, or red-hot for a quarter."
The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America convened at Indianapolis last week, and considered important subjects relative to its work.
Baron Liebig, the great German chemist, declared there was more nourishment in a teaspoonful of flour, than in nine quarts of Bavarian beer.
Thomas Kelso, a wealthy gentleman of Baltimore, died last week, and among other charities left $3,000 to the Maryland State Temperance Alliance.
For making fools, idiots, madmen, murderers, thieves robbers, paupers, orphans and widows, use Essence of the Devil. For sale by all saloon-keepers.
The Cincinnati Daily Gazette says: In this city hard as times are $6,000,000 would not pay for the whisky, wine and beer that are drank by the glass in a year.
At the temperance camp meeting at Crystal Springs, Mich., on Saturday last, in the short space of one hour, Mrs. S. M. I. Henry tied ribbons to the coats of 250 persons.
In Marshfield, Mo., every saloon went down before a late temperance revival. The last one closed is now a reading-room for reformed men, and the ex-saloon-keeper is in charge of it.
John B. Gough arrived safe in England, had a grand reception given him in London, and then proceeded to Switzerland, where he will rest well before commencing his tour of Great Britan.

Our government receives $50,000 in revenue from the liquor traffic, an averrge of $500 per head for every drunkard who dies. Thus we are selling our people to the rum devil for $500 a head.

Indianapolis, Ind., receives annually an income of $28,500 revenue from her 285 licensed saloons. The civil authorities take this money to educate the children. Blood money.—*Temperance Monitor.*

Dr. Reynolds says that six hundred of the ablest physicians of the land testify that since they have stopped giving alcohol as a medicine they have had much better success with patients than before.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Indiana has issued a circular to the pastors and officers of the various churches of the State, asking them not to use intoxicating wine in celebrating the Lord's Supper.

"Whisky is your greatest enemy," said a minister to Deacon Jones. "But," said the Deacon, "don't the Bible say that we are to love our enemies?" "Oh, yes, Deacon, but it does not say we are to swallow them."

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars, of Wisconsin, has purchased a tent large enough to seat fifteen hundred people, and propose to send out an efficient corps of lecturers with it and hold meetings throughout the State.

Two young men empanneled on a Baltimore jury got drunk during an adjournment of the court, and the judge publicly discharged them and declared them hereafter ineligible to the position of juror in that court. Severe, but wise and just.

A customr Cincinnati liquor dealer applied to a for a letter of recommendation of a certain brand of whisky he had recently sold him. The customer wrote: "I have tried all sorts of insect poison, and find none equal to your old cabinet whisky."

An exchange tells of a slave to the beer mug who became so enraged at his twelve-year-old daughter—because the beer she brought him from the saloon was not fresh and good—that he brained her to death with a hammer. Yet beer is the "innocent beverage."

A grand temperance demonstration was made at Shelbyville on the 26th. A procession of fifty wagons, with banners and mottoes passed through the town, and created no little interest, it being unknown that such a procedure was on the tapis. Bills and posters had been circulated through the country exclusively, and the suprise to the city people was complete. A good time was had.

At a recent celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the first temperance society, held in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, ten thousand persons were present. It was said that day by the orator of the occasion that the majority of the 20,000 inhabitants of the county had taken the pledge, not a licensed dram-shop in the county, the poor house depopulated, and jails no longer the abode of drunkenness.

A young couple went to a clergyman to be married; but he, seeing the embryo bridegroom was tipsy, refused to marry them. They went away, but returned two days afterward, and the bridegroom again being tipsy, he again refused to marry them. "Why do you not come here when your beau is sober?" he asked the blushing girl. "Oh, yer riverence," said she, "he won't marry me when he's sober!"

I shall tell you how it vas. I drink mine lager; den I put mine hand on mine head; und dere vas von bain; den I put mine hand on mine pody, und dere vas anoder bain; den I put mine hand in mine hand in mine pocket, und dere vas nodding. Now dere is no bain in mine head, und der bain in mine pody vas all gone avay; I put mine hand in mine pocket, und dere vas dwenty tollars. So I shtay mit de demperance

---

The "Little Daisy," manufactured by John W. Markley, is the cigar for the smoker who can appreciate a fine cigar. It is hand-made and contains the finest Havana filler that can be procured: Try one the next time you smoke. For sale by John W. Cost, Lee W. Redd, Harvey Meek, Bemiss & Swigart, Al. Hicks and Cy. Myers.

Everybody likes greenbacks, but nothing cures and keeps cured all kinds of ague and chills, and keeps it off, like Liebig's Ague Cure. Sold by druggists. 11-2t

H. Meek, the boss cigar dealer, is ever at his post to furnish his customers with the best tobaccos, cigars, pipes, etc, for the least money. Red Front, Broadway, near Fourth.

Price Walker, Rauch & Co.'s Boots and Shoes. This old reliable house still stands and at the head: The best goods, the largest stock, and the lowest prices; they do no blowing; two doors east of post office.

George Ash, Upholsterer, and dealer in Furniture; handsome suites a specialty; All kinds of Uholstery work done to order; Broadway, south side, a few doors west of Sixth street; call and see him.

"WE STORM THE FORT."

BLUE RIBBON TEMPERANCE

"GEMS OF SONG!"

THE BEST MURPHY TEMPERANCE SONG BOOK EVER PUBLISHED!!!

THIRD EDITION—THIRTIETH THOUSAND.

Contains, besides **thirty familiar, soul-stirring Murphy songs**, a condensed history of the movement, its principles and purposes, how to conduct meetings, modes of action, etc., etc.

DR. J. E. MCFARLAND writes: "*It is just* THE *song book for revival meetings.*"

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Title.	*Tune.*
The Grand Jubilee,	Old Lenox.
It Will Come,	In the Sweet Bye and Bye.
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Come and Join Us,..	Let the Lower Lights be Burning.
Wearing the Blue,	Marching through Georgia.
What Shall the Harvest Be,.	
Our Cause is Marching On,	John Brown.
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Join the Murphys,	Come to Jesus.
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Rise to Nobler Manhood,	Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys go Marching.
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Thy Neighbor,	Coronation.
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What Can the Matter Be,	
Dare to Be a Murphy,....	Dare to Be a Daniel.
Doxology,....	
The Result,	

ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

It is neat and handsomely printed and bound, and has been sold in nearly every state. Every Murphy union that is alive to the work should use them. Sample copies, by mail, 6c.

Single Copies, 5c. Per Fifty, $2.00. Per Hundred, $3.50,

Address, W. H. LEEDY, or H. C. EVERSOLE, Logansport, Ind.

Mrs. Potter's Fall stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods, just received, is elegant; it cannot be beat in any particular; call and take a look.

Barnhart & Son sell the "Favorite" and the best stoves manufactured. Their stock is the largest and prices the most reasonable. You can get anything of them. A few doors east of post office.

Dr. Budd, the Dentist, is always on hand to answer calls of those who need anything in the dental line. New teeth made and warranted. Broadway, east of Pearl.

R. Strain, the druggist, sells an immense amount of drugs, paints, oils, glass, putty and patent medicines. He keeps everything in his line, and extends an earnest invitation to all to call. Cor. Broadway and Pearl streets.

Mary had a little lamp,
'Twas filled with kerosene;
She blew right down the chimney,
And van'shed from the scene.

Mr. S. L. Tanguy, of the firm of Tanguy & Barnheisel, is now in the east purchasing one of the largest stock of Dry Goods ever heard of. This old and reliable firm need no reccommend from us as to the quality and variety of their goods and the lowness of their prices. The people know them to be reliable.

Wilson & Son, Jewelers; they are adding to a stock of the finest jewelry; also clocks, watches, etc; and they are prepared to do all kinds of repairing by the most skillful workmen; Broadway near Fourth.

Charley Horning is celebrated for making boots and shoes, and has got a solid foundation to work upon—the latest styles of lasts, and as we all know he can accomplish good work.

Miss Mary Burns is just receiving her fall stock stock of goods, and will make a grand display. Please give her a call. Market street, three doors east of Fourth.

J. W. Fuller, 320 Market street, the well-known and reliable harness maker. He always keeps a large stock to select from: well made; can't be surpassed in prices.

Bemiss & Swigart have a nice supply of the finest oysters of the season. If a man wants to be well satisfied with a good square meal, that is the place he can get it. Corner Market and Fourth.

No man is strong enough to wrestle with whisky.

Before buying or renting a Cabinet or Parlor Organ, be sure to call at No. 225 Broadway, west side, and learn prices Mrs. T. B. LOUIS, Agt.

For Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.

Also, Agent for the Miller Piano.

LORD POTTER

Means exactly what he says--that he is "old business" in all he undertakes to do for the Murphy cause, as it has done him good, and he can do work at painting in his line as good as ever. Give him a call for papering, calsomining, etc He will please you.

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL.—DOCTOR YOURSELF and save money, by using Liebig's Ague Cure and Liver Tonic, in liquid or pills. Cures all malarious diseases, chills, fevers, torpid liver, poor blood, neuralgia, debility or loss of appetite. Sold by druggists. 11-2t

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SEWING MACHINE!

They are now conceded to be at the head of all, and are rapidly driving all other machines from the market.

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is so greatly improved that if you try it you will BUY NO OTHER.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Each Machine warranted for five years.

N. B.—We can fill your order for any Sewing Machine Lower than the Lowest. Come and see.

REPAIRING done and warranted.

Needles, Oils and Attachments of the best quality, for all Machines, kept constantly on hand

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AND REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTING AG'TS,

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THE MURPHY SIGNAL.

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE AND HUMANITY.

VOL. I.—NO. 14. LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 25, 1878. CIRCULATION 1,500.

THE BLOODY BALLOT.

REV. CHARLES WHEELER DENISON.

I.

"Father in heaven! Thy kingdom come;"
This is the prayer we christiane p ay;
And yet we vote the powers of rum,
Over Thy kingdom sovereign sway!

II.

"No drunkard ever enters here!"
Sounds forth from Heaven a fearful knell;
And yet our votes, from year to year,
Plunge hosts of drunkards down to hell!

III.

By votes we run the Devil's still,
By votes we waste God's living grain,
By votes the drunkard's cup we fill,
And doom him to eternal pain!

IV.

Who casts these votes? Thou, voter! thou!
Thy votes destroy these ruined souls!
Thy brother's blood is on the n now,
Dropped, red and reeking, at the polls!

HOW THEY WENT DOWN.

THE following four cases the writer, Rev. John Hall, of New York, knew intimately enough to describe them accur.tely, and the description cannot reach and agonize any kindred or friends. It may possibly sound a warning note in the ears of some who are in danger of going on the same road; for to fill the vacant places of departed drunkards there must always be a large number in course of preparation:

Dr. J—— was the son of a clergyman who felt a natural pride in giving him a good education. He studied in the institutions of his own and of another country, and stood well as a medical student. His father was a strictly blameless clergyman, but like most of the clergy of the country and the time, he used, when entertaining or being entertained, the usual stimulants. His son had no prejudice against them, and the medical students of that time were not total abstainers as a class. The young doctor came home, and took an easy kind of practice in the neighborhood. He had a home, and a horse, and a circle of friends in virtue of being his father's son. He did not need the patients in order to live himself. He was a most genial companion, and the better class of his father's parishioners, and the well-to-do people in the neighborhood, appreciated his good fellowship. His jokes were well-told, and still better, many of them were fresh. He did justice to a song, especially of the comic kind, and he had much information to give in a pleasant and chatty manner. He was too much of a gentleman and respected his father too much, to be seen in company vulgarly drunk; but he grew more and more fond of stimulants. His practice did not grow—was not, indeed, cultivated. His father died. He inherited what property was left. He lived a bachelor-life, occasionally receiving or accepting the invitations of his friends. The understanding came to be among his acquaintances that he did not wish to be visited but by invitation. His place began to wear a neglected look. His own dress became slovenly. He was not unkind, but he was often absent in manner. Then he was not well, but no one knew any particular disease. Then he was, while still a comparatively young man—and he had been fine-looking—partially paralyzed. Then his brain gave way so far that speech became incoherent and difficult Then reason gave way; not that he was violent or maniacal, but simply idiotic. His friends said: "Poor fellow! his mind's gone" So he lingered a few months in the care of a servant, and then dropped, little noticed, into the grave.

Some slight attention was paid to him for his father's sake; and it was common to say, "Is it not well he was gone before the doctor's ways changed?"

He went down by a regular, quiet, habitual indulgence in strong drink, than which nothing sooner weakens mind and body.

There was a great missionary gathering, and the feeling was deep, when a number of young men, who had creditably finished a good education, knelt down, and with prayer, and the laying on hands, were designated and devoted to missionary work in a heathen field. Old men wept; mothers envied the happy women whose sons had chosen such a career; boys in college who were round the galleries, felt the enthusiasm of the time, and looked with admiration on the young men going forth to conquests of a kind so noble. The present writer was one of those boys, and the Rev.—— was one of that conspicuous band sent out to a foreign field of labor.

After a lapse of twenty years, that missionary clergyman again came under the writer's notice. It was a rainy day in winter. He had no umbrella and no overcoat. His clothes were of the kind usually worn by British clergymen, but worn till they were threadbare and broken His hat was battered: his shoes were making no pretence of keeping out the rain, and his linen was like that of a man who had been sleeping on a bench outside for a week. He was begging for a shilling. He had been degraded from the ministry; sent home: employed for charity as a "hand" about a store, but was not steady enough to keep the place. He was a medicant who could not be trusted with sixpence—a fallen man—as distinctly immolated by his own folly as any victim of fanaticism under the wheels of juggernaut.

James——, Esq., was the son of wealthy parents, and had social advantages as well as means. He studied law, but it was not needful for him to satisfy the conditions of success at the bar—"living like a hermit and working like a horse." He had an office; he had apartments; he had some private means; he had friends. He attended church, and was reputable. His habits were those of a pleasant bachelor "man of the world," but not so as to offend the church. But his hours grew irregular; his mornings were not spent at his office; the little business he had did not get itself done; steady men began to beg off, and their places were supplied by a lower class. Prudent mothers who used to receive him, dropped him. He went to a distant city, married a young wife, who soon found out the misery she had wedded She could not keep him from drink. He disgraced her among her friends. They retired to a quiet country village. She hoped the absence of company and excitement would leave him. It was a vain hope. He would, when allowed out alone, smuggle bottles of brandy into his own home and hide them in out-of-the way places from the wife of his bosom, and be drunk when he could not go out. He died miserably in delirum tremens. His wife's brother took her heart-broken daughter and her children.

Mr. J—— was a quiet, plain-looking, apparently industrious and well-to-do business man. His store was unpretentious, but thriving, and from his unpretentious ways, he was thought a particularly "safe man." He attended with so much regularity and took so much work in his church, that he was choosen an officer in it, and stood well in the general community. No object of general charity was passed over by him; and his manner of doing his good works gave an impression of quiet, discriminating benevolence He was suddenly reported ill of brain fever; then wandering; then unconscious; then dying; then dead. It was so startling, sudden, and apparently gratitous, that investigation was deemed necessary; and it disclosed the fact that he died of mania potu, that he went to bed regularly under the influence of liquor, which at length killed him. So he went down.

Young men—aye, and young women—of America! You can do without stimulants. No one pretends that they are necessary for health or happiness. You are free in every sense now. Keep free. And that you may keep free from the beginnings of this indulgence which so soon prizes the very organ by which you receive and weigh the words of man or of God.

Boys and girls of America! This country this war begins its second century of liberty. But now how many slaves we have in our poor-houses, lunatic asylums, prisons, and private houses, to whom no liberty can be given; for this cruel and treacherous monster has its grasp upon appetite and brain! Be it yours to keep so far from his grasp that you may be free always, with hand and heart, with muscle or with brain, to serve your country and your God.

The Temperance Wave Onward.

THE Sunday morning meeting in Temperance Hall was fairly attended. Dr. Wilson the president of the club, made some telling remarks on the need of consecration to the work of reform. Rev. Mr. Montgomery followed in an earnest appeal in behalf of the young people of our city.

The great interest of the cause being centered in the early Sunday evening meetings on the dock, we have taken especial pains to give below the points of Mr. Montgomery's address there last Sunday. It will require but little imagination, for the reader who is accustomed to the reverend gentlemen's appeals, can easily amplify these points in his own mind into an eloquent and stirring address.

The question being often asked, "What does Montgomery mean?" he took the occasion to answer at length from the following points:

He means to have law and order prevail in Norwich.

He means clothing and shoes for hundreds of ragged, barefooted children.

He means hope of comfort instead of places of retcheiness.

He means education for many children now growing up in ignorance and crime.

He means happiness and good cheer to many crushed and broken-hearted women and wretched men.

He means low taxes, a more active trade and better times.

He means to save half a million dollars per annum of wasted wealth in Norwich, and put it into the pockets of honest laborers and legitimate business men.

He means to have a pure ballot in every department of the city and town governments.

He means to break up a destructive liquor traffic, the scramble for the spoils of office, and prostitution of politics which is so ruinous to the country.

These are the ends for which he aims, and with God's help he means to bring them about.

Then we plead with you for the sake of reformed men who are in our city.

We plead for thousands of young men who are starting on the road to drunkenness.

We plead for families that are suffering for what is spent at the saloons.

We plead for wives and children broken-hearted.

We plead for fathers and mothers going down to the grave in sorrow for sons ruined by the influence of rum.

We plead for the cause of Christ, which the gin mills obstruct and dishonor.

We plead for a Christian commonwealth whose good name is more to us than all the criticisms of men

God grant the day soon to come when the world will be redeemed from this curse.—*The Vim*

Murphy Movement.

WHY will some of our exchanges fight against the Murphy movement? Let it alone. Don't beat down a sister organization that has enlisted hundreds of thousands of men, women and children in the great work. It has done good, and there are States that have been thoroughly revolutionized on the subject of temperance by this powerful movement. Some as good men and women as can be found on the continent are laboring earnestly, faithfully and honestly for this movement, and the good results are apparent to all who have in the least watched the efforts without prejudice. It is a powerful uprising of public sentiment in a manner and from a direction unexpected, and by a great many undesired. But God has blessed the work and the land has been so moved on the subject that it is almost natural as the movement approaches a town for the moral class to take courage, and liquor men to array themselves together to offset the influence created by the movement. Let it go on, brethren; God is in it.—*Star of Hope.*

GOLDEN WORDS.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

Have not thy cloak to make it begin to rain.

A fox sleeps, but counts hens in his dreams.

On slippery places take short steps and slow.

Small griefs are loquacious—great are dumb.

Without the rich heart wealth is an ugly beggar.

If you act with a view to praise only, you deserve none.

Renunciation remains sorrow, though a sorrow borne willingly.

The destroyer of all success is ill timed apprehension of danger

The contented man is never poor, the discontented never rich.

We can hardly learn humanity and tenderness except by suffering.

The heart is a crystal palace; once broken it can never be mended.

Napoleon True wisdom in general consists in energetic determination.

We seek to control others, yet how few of us are masters of ourselves.

Macaulay: Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things.

One must leave certain minds in undisturbed possession of their idiosyncracies.

Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow; your last speech is the one remembered.

Knowledge, when possessed by only a few, has almost always been turned to iniquitous purposes.

It is easy to pick holes in other people's work but it is far more profitable to do better work for yourself.

There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the way, for such wisdom is wholly wasted.

We appreciate no pleasure unless we are occasionally deprived of them. Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment.

Give a little to those who ask, even though you suspect them to be imposters. It may not do good to them, but it will to you.

Good-nature, like a bee, collects its honey from every herb. Ill nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flowers.

Neal Dow's Speech.

The Hon Neal Dow of Maine, said: "Years ago the men of Maine concluded that the suppression of the liquor traffic could alone remedy the evil of intemperance. They addressed themselves to the people, and showed that the traffic was injurious to their interests. We went to the State Legislature with the bill on Friday, the day before adjournment. We desired certain members to be appointed on a committee to report immediately the bill. It was done. They were afraid to do otherwise than obey. When we had gone there the year before, they had laughed us to scorn as lunatics. Through popular sentiment and the ballot-box, we turned out all the men who voted against us. Now the Legislature was only too happy to be of service. The packed committee reported the bill unanimously. We had it printed that night, and it was enacted by both Houses the next day. The Governor approved it on the following Monday, June 2, 1851. The bill which entirely outlawed liquor went into force. What has been the result? It has been successful. Liquor has absolutely vanished from three-fourths of the State, in the country districts. It lingers a little in the dark places of the city among the foreign population. Maine, before the law, consumed annually $13,000,000 worth of liquor. It now expends less than $1,000,000 a year for liquor. The sixty-eight distilleries no longer exist. The effects can be seen in better homes, better farms, and better living? Maine has not felt the panic as you have. Its real estate valuation has risen, against a depression in other States. Maine calls on the other States to follow her example, and they will find safety and protection from the liquor traffic."

Friends of temperance, christian workers,
Let your glorious standard wave;
Up, and arm yourselves for conflict,
Fired with zeal and courage brave,
Touch not, taste not, be your motto,
And your watchword in the fight:
God will give you strength to conquer;
[illegible] you in the right.

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The Murphy Signal.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY

MURPHY SIGNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

LOGANSPORT, IND., SEPT. 25, 1878.

Published in the Interest of the Murphy Temperance Movement.

Subscription price, Fifty cents per year.

All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

Murphyism and prohibition together; if seperate, Murphyism forever.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay portage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay no postage.

X ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

"*EDITORIAL*" AND "*LOCAL*."

ORGANIZE.
SHAKE again.
ORGANIZE now.
READ every line.
TALK temperance
WE mean business.
WHERE do you stand.
LET joy be unconfined.
LESS liquor—less feuds.
HAVE the children sign.
THE fair is in progress,
HELP the *whisky* sufferers.
MEETING at the Hall to-night.
ORGANIZE everywhere NOW.
LESS liquor—more education.
MORE Murphyism—less taxes.
MORE Murphyism—less crime.
ORGANIZE in every school house.
IT does not pay to be a drunkard.
MORE Murphyism—fewer tramps.
SEND us reports of your meetings.
MORE Murphyism—fewer paupers.
ARE you doing anything to aid us?
ORGANIZE for the winter campaign.
SHALL we organize a county union?
SEVERAL new subscribers since our last.
HAVE you signed? Sign now and keep it.
MORE Murphyism—less misery and destitution.
THE net receipts of the festival were about $50.
CASS county has about twenty Murphy unions.
DO AWAY with whisky and you do away with taxes.
WE publish 3,000 copies of THE SIGNAL this week.
THE Murphy work should be carried on everywhere.
THE Lincoln union is working hard, and doing reat good.
BROS. WARD and Ivins held a meeting at Frankfort last week.
BRO. JIMMY VIGUS went to Flora last night, where he is a favorite.
THE saloon-keepers boast that the officers are theirs. We are sorry.
A UNION was recently organized at Bethel church, Clay township.
Alcohol, when pure, will produce death as quickly as prussic acid.
THE person who is not a temperance man can lay no claim to Christianity.
W. K MOORE, president Adamsboro union, is recovering from a severe sick spell.
THE man that takes whisky home invites his whole family to become drunkards.
"I WISH you would get them to sign the pledge they have been 'broke' for a month."
TEMPERANCE indeed is a bridle of gold, and he who uses it rightly is more like a god than a man.
THE moderate drinker is the one that builds a foundation for the rising young drunkard to stand upon.
ALCOHOL occasions more than two-thirds of the cases and diseases found in the hospitals in cities and elsewhere.
THE temperance man who is afraid some "person will find out he favors those principles" is a moral coward.

BROS. WARD and Ivins held a splendid meeting Sunday night at Plank's church. Eleven signed the pledge.

BRO. L C Abbott, Eaton, Ohio, made us a call yesterday. He spoke to an impromptu meeting at the Hall last evening.

IF you are not aiding temperance you are aiding intemperance. Come out boldly. "He that is not with me is against me."

THE SIGNAL is the organ of everybody that loves humanity, and wants everybody to be benefitted by its publication.

IT is no credit for any man to be a whisky guzzler He does himself injury, and we would glory to see him quit it.

HONEST people, remember that if you *drink* on Sunday you are *fined*, but those who *sell* you that drink go scot free. Remember this.

THE christian who is mean enough to close a church against a temperance meeting would open it for a saloon-keeper's convention.

WE value Prof. Harrison's estimate of the THE SIGNAL very highly. Our readers all pronounce it a live paper. Send your 50 cents.

WE hope that everybody will send for copies of THE SIGNAL to distribute among their friends. We delight to have our friends call for them.

TOMMY COURTNEY is one of the most gentlemanly little conductors we have ever met. We are indebted to him for unprofessional favors.

STOP the sale of whisky in Cass county and you close nearly every court—you reduce the taxes two-thirds, and you make everybody more contented and happy.

DON'T forget that you are here for a purpose and that purpose is to do good. Do it, by aiding the intemperate to become sober —Starving families to be fed and clothed.

THE winter months are nearly here and there should be a Murphy Union in every district. Organize at once. Let us know and help will be sent at any and all times

IF you haven't 50c, or never expect to have send your name and address and get THE SIGNAL. It must be in the hands of everybody. Get your wealthy neighbors to subscribe.

MURPHYS work as you never have before, Never let your enemy beat you back. Buldozing should not effect. Fight for your lives and those of your neighbors. Never give up.

LAW abiding citizens, keep in mind the fact that every front saloon door is open every Sunday and whisky is sold. Also, that the officers will not speak the word that will close them.

JOHN R. MOORE, Esq., said to the editor yesterday, "I have read Mace Longs' life which I bought of you and I think it is a splendid book." And you will all say the same thing when you read it.

DRUNKENNESS is becoming more frequent, and the saloon-keeper who "loves temperance and believes it to be a good cause," is becoming very jubilant. This is no time for play or parleying. WORK is the only thing that will counteract the Devil's influence. WORK, WORK, WORK.

WOULD you have your son be a drunkard? Would you have your daughter marry a drunkard? Would you have your friends drink of drugs that would fit them for perdition? Do not set them the example. Please do not run the risk of injuring so many to gratify only a personal wish. Think.

THE L. C. & Sw. Ry. is fortunate in having one of the most courteous and gentlemanly Superintendents that ever occupied such a position on any road. We refer to Mr. W. G. Brinson. The travelling public are assured that everything that will add to their comfort, or render their transit easy and pleasant, will be done cheerfully.

WE are willing to think well and speak well of any saloon-keeper that is willing to quit his detestable business and live an honorable life. We are trying to kill their business and we make no secret of it. We don't want them to sell a dollar's worth a month, and if energy can prevent it their sales will not be larger in the future.

THE election which has proved such a curse, will soon be over. We cannot utter words strong enough to express our contempt for those who have blasted many persons lives and their hopes for eternity, by giving them liquor for their votes. They are brothels and eyesores unfit for any public trust. The people who are interested ought to condemn them in every sense and make them feel that their existence is distasteful and annoying.

TAKE IT HOME.—The s.-k.'s will not keep a man in their employ who drinks to excess. They know their business will suffer, not that they care for the individual. Take this fact home with you, boys, and think of it. It does not pay to drink, and those to whom you are now paying so much will kick you out when you are without means.

ALL GOOD MEN DO NOT DIE DRUNKARDS.—In a speech in the Hall Sunday night, Bro Murray made a few assertions which we in a friendly way would take exceptions to: "That only the generous, and kind hearted drink, or die drunkards." We feel that the advocacy of such a doctrine would injure a great deal more than it would do good. There are sufficient causes why we should attempt the rescue of the drinking man, without taking into consideration their goodness and greatness. It would reflect upon every man who had been temperate all their lives, and it would teach young young men and boys to drink when they otherwise would not. We believe that it is just the reverse True a great many good, generous, loving souls perish by the use of rum, but the majority of those who drink are selfish, and only care for a personal gratification of an unnatural appetite. It is the discreet, the thoughtful, who never touch it. Can a man be said to love his wife and family as he ought, when he spends the last cent for strong drink which they sadly need to clothe and feed themselves. The man who does not drink is prompted by a more noble purpose than "stinginess." He is taught by principles instilled years before; he is taught by all moral teachings, he is taught by the beauty of his present situation. The fact that his financial condition would not admit is *prudence* and not stinginess.

The man who drinks, three times out of five, is mean and sulky, and whisky makes him worse.

Show us a man with a pleasant coutenance, and we will show you a man generally who is always sober.

Because some temperate men are mean is no reason that another is.

Because some drinking men are good and have noble impulses is no reason that they all have.

We have not been commenting upon what Pro. Murray said, altogether, but his remarks called forth the thoughts. We want to see every man sober and temperate, because we believe many of them will make good men and the remainder will be better men than they were when drinking.

MURPHY AND DOW—"Francis Murphy, the temperance revivalist, mentioned his willingness to go to New Haven for $150 per week and the best board for Christ's sake. The text of this letter was published, and some over sanguine friend, doubting that he had penned it, asked him. This was his response: "I did write that New Haven letter, I generally get $200; but they are poor down that way. Yours in Jesus, Francis Murphy."—*Temp. "Reformer"* (?)

And what of it. Francis Murphy is a poor man. He gives every cent above his actual expenses to the poor and needy. Can you say as much for Dough-headed Dow? Did he ever give a cent to the poor? Not one. Murphy's services are invaluable. Two hundred dollars or five thousand would not begin to remunerate for the actual good he renders. And a word for Dow. He would accept wages, all he could possibly get, "for Christ's sake." He is willing to sacrifice himself as governor of Maine "for Christ's sake." He would even accept a road supervisorship "for Christ's sake." If Dow will show some of his good works it would satisfy us a great deal better than his abuse of a man whose good is known and felt in almost every house in the United States. The prohibitionists, if they are sincere in their professions and love their principles, will romove from the field at once all such men as Dow, their cause will prosper better. We believe in prohibition, absolutely, but if it must rise at the expense of Murphyism and at the hands of such demagogues and political aspirants as Dow, we say we will never advocate or vote it. One villian is as good as another, and a hypocrite is worse than the man who makes his honest convictions known as his mind dictates.

THE STATE UNION—We have received a card from officers at Indianapolis stating that the "State Christian Temperance Union" would convene in that place on the 2d of October, and that Logansport was entitled to five delegates. It is not probably that many delegates will be sent from any place. The conventions of this kind held in that city are usually so unsatisfactory to those from other places that it is not likely they will want to be represented. Without doubt, however, the convention will be held. "All visiting temperance men," and especially those of that city will be voted delegates, and the wishes of *Indianapolis* will be carefully considered. Of course John W. Ray, J. E. Crain, D. B. Ross, "Capt." Johnson, and a few others will push themselves to the front, and secure a "fat take," in the way of a recommendation as "reliable temperance workers." Logansport union does not recognize a State union, and until steps are taken by more reliable and earnest persons than are heading the above named union it will have no voice or wish in their deliberations. We now speak for every delegate outside of Indianapolis which attended the convention last spring.

TO "RANK" PROHIBITIONISTS—How do you expect to make prohibitionists, by moral suasion, reason and common sense, or by kicking, knocking and brute force?

Do you expect saloon-keepers to vote the prohibition ticket?

Do you expect the whisky drinkers to vote the prohibition ticket?

Do you expect the friends of the saloon-keeper or of the whisky drinker to vote the prohibition ticket?

Do you expect the "indifferent" to vote for the prohibition ticket rather than that of their own established party?

Do you expect the millions of Murphys to vote the prohibition ticket while you are abusing them as you are?

You answer "No, but we'll educate them." How? by this knocking method of yours or by *moral suasion?*

The Murphys are making more truly prohibitionists than are you with all your avowed fidelity to that cause.

Moral suasion is the only suasion that will make men *vote* right, and you will find it out next election day.

If you find the vote has increased, give the Murphys credit for it.

Remove from the head of your movement political aspirants and demagogues. Place in their stead solid, substantial citizens, who use their brains more than they do their mouth.

Remove Neal Dough and B. Gratz Brown.

A PECULIAR CHARITY—Two or three of the saloon-keepers have given "a days' receipts" to the aid of the yellow fever sufferers. We do not believe it is done in charity, but with a purpose of emulating themselves, and making their business less obnoxious in the eyes of the public. And even if it were given with pure intentions, they could benefit the people more by *closing* their saloons a day, or a week, or forever, and, while they would not aid yellow fever sufferers a little, perhaps, they would aid WHISKY SUFFERERS beyond comprehension, Whisky-seller, if you want to aid the needy, *aid those whom you have* MADE SUCH. It is the height of inconsistency for you to aid those thousands of miles away, when you have brothers, and relatives, and neighbors, and friends, at your own door, who need your assistance as badly. Their souls are in jeopardy. Those down south have a hope of Heaven. Those who drink your drugs have a hope for nothing. Please look at this reasonably, and quit a business which is making annually a million sufferers in the United States.

POOR DOW—Dough-headed Dow, in a letter to the Washington Anvil, severely abuses Francis Murphy, the reformed drunkard, who has taught him such a lesson in temperance work. He apolgizes for his letter thusly:

"I feel a great repugnance in dealing with this matter at all, and it is only under a pressure of circumstances that I feel compelled to do so."

The "pressure of circumstances" spoken of means that the demand for Murphy's services is so much greater than for Dow's, that he feels "something must be did" or his "occupation will be gone" We sympathize deeply for Dow, and if he will come to Logansport will try to get him a position husking corn, or working roads. He will do better at that than as a "reformer."

BOYS, DIDN'T WE SAY SO.—A prominent saloon-keeper said to us the other night. "I have several fellows down there. I wish would sign the pledge; they have been 'broke' for a month." We can give you good proof that this assertion was made. And we have told you, time and time again, that with all the s.-k.'s fawning and professions of friendship, he only wants your money, and is willing and will kick you out when that is gone. They are selfish and do not care what becomes of you when your money is spent. Keep away from them.

THANK YOU —"A big time at the Murphy meeting Tuesday night. Addresses by Messrs Kahlo and Leedy of Logansport, and a large number signed the pledge. A good deal of enthusiasm was displayed. Mr. Leedy seems to have given himself to the cause of temperence, and he works with all his heart. We wish him success.—*Fountain City Mirror.*

AN AGENCY—We have established an agency, and persons wishing any book published may procure it at publishers rates by ordering through this office.

CONSISTENCY—Arrest the tramp, but let the men that make them and do ten times more harm go free!!!

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

National Christian Temperance Union.
FRANCIS MURPHY, President, Pittsburg, Pa.
J. E. LETTON, Secretary, Pittsburg.
JAMES C. DUNN, Cor. Sec., Pittsburg, Pa

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"LOCAL" AND "EDITORIAL."

MACE LONG'S FIRST DRINK.—Trusting in the indulgence of the publishers we copy the way in which Mace Long was impelled to take his first drink, and also the effect it had upon him. How many others can tell the same story:

" * And about the same time I was failing in health, being troubled with an affection of the heart I applied to a physician and he prescribed whisky as a tonic. Previous to this in all my experience, I had never tasted a drop of liquor in any form, I went to a drug store, purchased the whisky, and began taking it out of a spoon, as medicine only. It had a stimulating effect upon me, and made me feel better. I was greatly strengthened and my appetite was restored. In less than three months I was drinking it out of a jug. I soon found an appetite for it; an appetite which adhered to me for for many years, but which I finally, through the grace of God, was enabled to shake off. * * "I believe that whisky benefitted me when I first took it, but that it ever after proved a curse to me.'

PROF. HARRISON'S LECTURES.—Prof. Harrison, who lectured here two or three weeks ago, and gave such universal satisfaction has a course of lectures on temperance, in which he treats of the subject physically, chemically, morally, intellectually, socially, and nationally. He has been working in the cause during the thirty years he has been teaching, doing a large amount of work gratuitously, but he is now devoting himself to the work constantly, lecturing on science, education and religion as well as temperance, and as he has no other income, he expects to live by his labors. He has not been in the habit of making charges, but has depended entirely on the contributions of the friends of the cause, and is still willing to pursue this method. He is a gentleman of the highest stamp, able and thorough and we feel that those who employ him in any one or series of his lectures will be fully repaid. The people to whom he may lecture may rest assured that he will meet every expectation, be it the most sanguine. His address is Kokomo, Ind.

HELPING THE HELPLESS.—We are pleased to note the fact that our city is not behind other cities in extending aid to the yellow fever sufferers. Private subscriptions and entertainments have swelled the sum given to hundreds of dollars, which will be used in the affected districts in hiring doctors and nurses, and in purchasing medicines. "God loveth a cheerful giver." In this hour of great need and suffering, this manifestation of friendship and love will no doubt narrow the gap, and render more amicable the feelings between the north and south. "God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," and perhaps this is a plan of His to make almost enemies friends. We hope so. We might mention in connection with this article that some of the saloon-keepers have given quite liberally to aid the needy, and if proffered with the right feeling none are more willing than we to give them proper credit.

THE WORK AT FLORA.—The Murphy people at Flora, Carroll county, are being blessed with Murphyism in full bloom. The meetings are unusually well attended by all classes, who seem deeply interested. The writer, who was present at their meeting on the 17th, was gratified to see some of the most dissipated in the vicinity sign the pledge and express a determination to do right. And also to notice the unselfish and generous encouragement given to the weaker and more needy ones. The most friendly and earnest spirit was manifest. Thirty signed the pledge. At the meeting a week previous twenty-three signed. Bros. Vigus, Ivins and Ward have made them speeches, and speak highly of the people's hospitality. The writer feels obligated to Bros. Stanley, Little and others for kindly attentions.

NO TRUTH IN IT—Severe charges have been made against Mr. Chas. Kahlo, candidate for State Senator, which we take pleasure in correcting: namely, that Mr. Kahlo was using the whisky influence to secure his election. He stated to us Monday evening, upon our inquiring into the matter, that any and all charges by papers and individuals that he was in any way using such influences were utterly false. He has been a member of our organization since it was first organized, and has been true to the pledge since that period. Mr. Kahlo vouches upon his word and honor of the untruthfulness of the accusation as first mentioned and knowing him as we have, we cannot doubt his word. He has been earnest in his advocacy of Murphyism, and perhaps there is not a man in Cass county that has aided it pecuniarily as much as has he. We believe that he will be elected, and that he ought to be. The Murphy element of Cass and Carroll counties should see to it that he is. The above is not a political article nor should not be considered in that sense. Mr. Kahlo is a Murphy, a member of our organization, and as such he merits our protection, as does every other Murphy.

A SAD SIGHT—A man who had lost both legs as a consequence of drink, came to town Monday and become thoroughly intoxicated. We saw him on the streets in his wagon in the evening, so much under the influence of drugs that he could not manage the team he was driving. A friend straightened things out and steered his gentle horses toward home, where it is hoped they arrived safe. The man we speak of had both legs frozen from the effects of "laying out" while on a debauch. He had a peculiar apparatus fitted upon the "stubs," and walked on his knees. We do not know, nor we do not care who sold him the whisky, but who ever did, knowing his condition and failings, which all are familiar with, is unworthy of the name of man. But what is to be expected of the men who carry on the business when such cases occur. Some of them *may* be good men, but after all they know, and see as much as they do every day they surely will not continue it long.

MACE LONG'S LIFE.—The biography of Mace Long, the converted gambler, giving a thrilling recital of the events of an eventful life, is now out. In it his life as a soldier, his sieges, battles, and marches; twelve years as a gambler; episodes as an amusement manager; adventures upon the turf; his almost miraculous escape from a life of intemperance, and his equally remarkable conversion. The book abounds in vivid descriptions and pertinent adecdotes, and does not contain a dull page. It is true, and will be pronounced by all a highly interesting volume. It contains 225 pages, is neatly printed and bound, and is sold for the exceedingly low price of $1 00. Bro. Mace is well liked here, and his book will have a large sale. Order through this office.

DO NOT FORGET IT—We do not intend to let the people forget that the city is officered by men who will not cause the saloon-keepers to observe the law. Those men have been *sworn* to see that the law is enforced. To break an *oath* is *perjury*. Perjury is a *penitentiary offense*. If they have broken their oaths should they not be sent to the penitentiary? Yes. They deserve such punishment a great deal more than the poor whisky sufferer who is caught stealing a loaf of bread to keep his family fro a starving. Honest people, please remember that no complaint is made of men who *sell* on Sunday, but the man who *drinks* on that day is fined the usual $9. *Honest people*, keep this in mind.

ABOUT ALL—The man with a "good mouth for whisky" is seldom fitted for anything else better than to use it. You will generally find him loafing around a saloon or the street corner complaining of high taxes, lack of work, and hard times generally. "Ill health" or "wages to low" is generally his excuse for not earning an honest penny. They are of little use. They make nice ornaments. They adorn a saloon splendidly and show his character, and the result of its traffic, but this is about all the usefullness that can be claimed of them. We hope the class will diminish with the rise of Murphyism.

BEER BOOZLING—Two or three wagon loads of our most expert beer guzzlers went to the woods on Sunday, and spent the day doing what they were best fitted for. The party consisted of men and women. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," has no interest for them, and the day is desecrated in the most unholy way. God speed the day when we will have no such citizens to disgrace the name of man.

A CONVENTION—Several counties in the State have organized county unions, and are combining the entire temperance force in this way. We believe such an organization would render great aid to all unions in the county, especially the weaker ones, and if "not out of order" we would suggest that a convention be called and a county union be organized in this county. What do you think of it?

OUR CHARLIE.—"Mr. Chas Kahlo, Republican candidate for State Senator, was in the city Wednesday. Charlie is making hosts of friends wherever he goes.—*Mirror, Flora.*

"WE'LL COME."—"Will Leedy, of the Murphy Signal, gave us a call Tuesday evening. Come again, Will, you are always welcome."—*Mirror, Flora, Indiana.*

PROF. HARRISON AND THE SIGNAL.

To the Editor:

I HAVE seen many temperance papers but yours is inferior to none—replete with general information, that is both instructive and interesting. You ought to have ten thousand subscribers. I hope the friends of the cause will labor earnestly for the circulation of your paper.

Respectfully,
T. HARRISON.

Kokomo, Ind. Sept. 23, 1878.

ADAMSBORO ALL RIGHT.

To the Editor:

The report that the Murphy's at the old Miami are all dead is a mistaken idea. We thought it best to postpone our meetings until after the October election, lest we should mix political matter with a more noble cause. The members are as earnest now as ever and are looking into the future with bright prospects for an ingathering of souls.

Yours in haste
W. K. MOORE.

Sept. 23 1878.

A full line of Seidenberg goods always on hand at Harvey Meeks, Broadway, 42.

Stull & Adair, do all kinds of sign-writing, calcimining, paper hanging, graining, house and all kinds of painting in the neatest and most satisfactory manner. All orders promptly attended to. Shop on Broadway, four doors below Fourth, upstairs. Give them a call.

J. W. Fuller, the saddler is constantly replenishing his stock. His harnesses are the best, repairing done promptly, and guaranteed. Farmers should remember him as he is a gentleman in every respect.

Selected for THE SIGNAL.

LED ASTRAY.

BY HARRY RAYMOND.

IT was the night before the election that I was passing along down the street, when a lady standing in the door-way of an old dilapidated frame building, hailed me, saying:

"You are a stranger to me, sir, but will you be kind enough to step in a moment? I would be so glad if you would, for I hardly know what to do, or what I'm about."

"Certainly, madam," I replied. "What is it that I can do for you?"

"Oh," she says, "my poor husband! Look!" pointing to a doubled-up form lying upon the floor in one corner of the room.

I did look, and never in all my experience have I gazed upon a more soul-sickening specimen of intemperance than there met my gaze.

The poor man had evidently been upon a "big drunk," and the reaction had now come. The false strength of nerve that whisky gives had left him. His eyes were glassy, his lips pale, and his limbs trembling. He was piteously begging for just one sup of the accursed stuff that had prostrated him, beckoning back the siren serpent that had poisoned him. And then in the next breath he cursed the demon rum with the most bitter curses that the lips of man ever uttered. In fact, he was verging upon the brink of delirium tremens, and to add to the sadness of the scene, by his side knelt a fair-haired little girl, her cheeks bathed in tears, and calling upon God to spare her dear papa, because, she said, "he has always been so good to her and mamma."

I turned to the bereaved mother, and in a husky voice, for the tears would come in spite of me, asked her if this was a common occurrence.

"Oh, no," she said, "he is not an habitual drinker; but you see, sir, it is drawing near election time, and they have *led him astray*"

Oh! shame upon you, city politicians! Shame upon you, American freemen and American voters, if you must come to this! Is there no other way to stimulate men to appreciate and support you? Is there no other way to reach their hearts only by the fiery darts of rum? Is there no other method of bridging the chasm of party prejudice than that of filling it to the brim with the tears of wives, and mothers and children?

In Heaven's name let us hope there is, and that a brighter, purer era in American politics is about dawning upon us.

One of the Results.

This is one of the results of the license system: Harder is now in jail, awaiting the penalty of the crime he committed while under the influence of licensed beer. He deserves the punishment he will likely receive, but are the people who voted for a license guiltless of the death of this man? Certainly not. They are guiltless in the eyes of the human law, but the higher court has an indictment against them. So long as the citizens vote for license, just so long may they expect tragedies to occur. This is but one of the many evil results that is likely to follow in the train of dram drinking. This is not the worst result that follows. The starving of women and children; the clothing them in rags; the ignorance in which families are raised, all because of strong drink, are results far more appalling than death of one man that is engaged in the iniquitous business Yet the business will be carried on until the people fully realize the folly of legalizing a traffic that brings in its train nothing but poverty, wretchedness, misery, want, woe, and often death itself There is not one redeeming feature in the liquor traffic. It is a curse to both dealer and consumer, and to the community. Has it not been tolerated long enough in this city? Does it pay the cost? The verdict returned finds the tramp guilty of murder, and from the evidence believes it was premeditated. Premeditated it may have been, but not until the stomach, blood and brain of the tramp was surcharged with licensed beer.—*Blue Ribbon News.*

Oh! Have Pity.

HE is beneath your notice; don't speak to him! —he has gone astray. Cold words to fall on a loving heart And is this the time to desert him? This the time to taunt him with words that roll like lava from your passion, and only sear his soul? No, he passes under clouds; be his light now; perhaps he has no other.

Many a true heart that would have come back like the dove to the ark, after its first trangression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt of the unforgiving soul. Be careful how you freeze the first warm emotion of repentance. Beware least those pleading words, unheeded, sting you in some shadowy vale of your future sorrow.

Repentance changed by neglect or unkindness, becomes like melted iron, hardened in the mold; trifle with it never. Be the first to meet the erring with outstretched arms. Wipe the tear from his eye, pour the balm of consolation on the wound that guilt has made. O, forgive the erring! Shield him from the contempt of grosser minds; make brightness and beauty where all was cloud and storm before in his sad life.

The Two Together.

MANY moral suasionists appear to labor under the erroneous impression that the course prohibitionists are pursuing is detrimental to the cause. They never for once seem to imagine that we can enter this great contest between right and wrong with a double-barreled gun—moral suasion for the drinker, and legal suasion for the seller. The days of petting saloon-keepers are numbered, and people are beginning to follow the divine injunction: "Cast not your pearls before swine." Let us be thorough and consistent in our work of reformation, and remove the stumbling blocks from before our weaker brothers Christ, whose mission on earth was one of love, did not hesitate to drive the money-changers from the temple, and we believe that should we, with the help of God, arise in our might, put shoulder to the wheel, and use every means available to crush this accursed liquor traffic.—*Western Banner.*

ANTICIPATIONS of serious trouble in Montreal in connection with the "Orange" parade on the 12th ult. called forth unusual precautions against the threatened trouble. "A long pastoral," says a Montreal telegram, "was read in the Roman Catholic churches" on the Sunday preceeding, which closed as follows: "I ask you in the name of God not to taste one drop of any kind of intoxicating liquor on the 12th, and I venture to request those who sell drink to keep their houses closed on that occasion." This is a significant recognition of the special peril involved in times of great public excitement, in the use and sale of intoxicating liquors. The caution thus administered by the Roman Catholic authorities in Montreal was wise and timely. It might with great propriety and profit be extended to every day and to everybody.—*Nat. Temperance Advocate.*

AGENTS WANTED
FOR
Minnie Harmon, or the Curse of Rum,
Embracing the Life and Works of
FRANCIS MURPHY
—AND—
DR. HENRY REYNOLDS
Address, J. W. Goodspeed, Chicago, Ill.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, SEPT. 25, 1878.

GENERAL NOTES.

Kewana union claims over 400.

Steelville, Mo , has voted prohibtion.

Iowa Good Templars are gaining ground.

Union county, Ind., is wi hout a saloon.

The Scandinavians are organizing in Chicago.

No license granted in Moniteau county, Missouri.

Joe Emmett is said to have joined a temperance society.

The clubs of Chicago are all increasing in membership.

Terrell, Texas, a town of 3,000, has voted prohibition.

The toper is now spoken of as the chap with a glass sigh.

Clarkville said to the saloon-keepers "quit." And they quit.

The United Friends of Temperance number 50,000 in Texas.

The temperance reform wave has reached the British army and navy.

"Yes," said he, as he raised the twentieth glass, "It is over work that kills."

Temperance meetings will soon be held in Chicago in the Holland language.

M. L. Hallenbeck has been holding successful meetings at Albion, this State.

When you treat a man to a glass of beer, you are brew-tally malt-treating him.

The first Temple of Honor was organized in New York City, December 5th, 1848.

Buttermilk festivals seem to be a popular feature of the temperance work just now.

Prohibition conventions in Ohio are reported to be more enthusiastic than ever before.

Any man pays too much f r his whistle when he has to wet it fifteen or twenty times a day.

In Toronto the Christian Temperance Union proposes to build a temperance tabernacle.

The Good Templars of Morrill Lodge, Los Angelos, Cal., are going to erect a block 50x100 feet, at a cost of 13,500.

G. S. Allen, of California, is traveling from place to place in that State, holding tabernacle temperance meetings.

In the city of Cincinnati $6,000,000 would not pay for the whisky, wine and beer that are drank by the glass in a year.

Hon. B. Gratz Brown is for a constitutional amendment that will prohibit alcoholic and malt liquors as a beverage.

In Lawrenceburg, Ky., the citizens recently decided at the polls that no more intoxican s shall be sold in the town on Sundays.

An agency for the sale of the publications of the National Temperance Society has been established at Dunedin, New Zealand.

Of twenty-three murders in one year, in Philadelphia, twenty came of drink. Of 75,642 arrests in New York city, 34,696 were for drunkenness and disorder.

Juvenile temperance work is progressing throughout the country. In California much attention is paid to this branch of the temperance work. Bands of Hope are being organized in all parts of that State.

A bar-keeper, having started business in a place where trunks had been made, asked a friend what he had better do with the old sign, "Trunk Factory?" "Oh," said the friend, "just change the T to a D, and it will suit you exactly."

The New York World prints a South Carolina letter excusing the illicit whisky distillers of that State, because they "cannot make a living by planting and selling corn." There are plenty of thieves in this city for whom the same excuse might with equal propriety be made.

Matt Carpenter received twenty dollars per word for a written legal opinion. The Detroit liquor dealers paid him one hundred dollars to study up the constitutionality of the Michigan liquor law. He studied and rendered the following opinion: "You can't break the law."

A huge temperance fete was held recently in the Crystal Palace, London, under the auspices of the Band of Hope Union, which embraces about 3,000 societies and a membership of nearly 500,000. It is estimated that nearly 60,000 persons attended the fete.

This is what the reform clubs in the country are doing: In New Hampshire a club consisting of 135 members met at the close of the year, and each man wrote on paper and handed in to a committee what he had saved during the year by being a temperance man, and on being footed up it amounted to $21,500.

During the great temperance revival in Evansville, Ind., last spring, Mrs. Evans, a wealthy good woman of the city, offered the red ribbon club a valuable and commodious site in the center of the city on which to build a temperance hall. The club immediately commenced work, and, notwithstanding the hard times, the hall is nearly completed, and when finished will be the finest temperance hall, perhaps, in the United States. It was dedicated on the 22d inst.

Mr. Gough's first public lecture will be delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, on Tuesday evening, September 24th, in connection with the National Temperance League, and during the succeeding five weeks he will deliver three or four lectures in Exeter Hall, and also visit Birmingham, Liverpool, Gloucestor, Plymouth, Bath, Leicester, York, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Leeds, Sheffield, Oxford, Norwich, Cambridge, Southhampton and Brighton. About the middle of October he will visit Scotland, to give a few lectures for the Scottish Temperance League.—*Temperance Record*

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

Smoke the 29's, at Harvey Meek's, the best clear Havana cigar in the Market.

George W. Seybold, Esq., has just returned from purchasing an immense stock of dry goods etc. No one can compete with him in quantity, quality and price. The Trade Palace is a place the people have confidence in, and his facilities enable the proprietor to sell to please everybody. Call and look.

J. D. Furguson, the baker, keeps on hand the choicest candies, cakes, confectionery, bread, pies and everything in his line. He makes a specialty of oysters, which will be served in any style. His immense trade speaks volumes as to his popularity and the manner he treats his customers. Call on him for a lunch or anything.

Craig & James, have just added to their large stock of merchant tailoring goods and are prepared to please the most fastidious who wish anything in their line. Fashionable suits made to order and satisfaction guaranteed. Market street opposite Pearl.

Lee W. Redd, besides keeping one of the largest and finest stocks of drugs, medicines, etc., in the city; also keeps the best cigars. All good brands on sale. You can do no better when wishing a good smoke than by calling on him.

John Winch, has just received a complete lot of the most celebrated lasts made, and persons wishing anything in the boot and sh e line should try this reliable boot maker. He guarantees satisfaction.

FIRE.—The public should understand that the fire which recently occurred at Mr. Chas. Hornings, did not affect the facilities for making the best boot and shoes. The "boys" are all at their bench and the public will promptly receive attention by calling.

Cook Taylor, Logansport's favorite butcher, keeps everything in the meat line. He has a reputation to sustain, and he feels the responsibility, and consequently nothing but the best is sold by him. He will do to tie to. Get your meats of him and you will have no reason to complain.

Hick's Restaurant: Fruits of every kind; Lunch and Warm Meals at all hours; candies, cigars, tobacco, lemonade, etc. Patronize the boys. On Broadway, west of Fourth street. Fruits a specialty.

Everybody likes greenbacks, but nothing cures and keeps cured all kinds of ague and chills, and keeps it off, like Liebig's Ague Cure. Sold by druggists. 11-2t

Conrad & Beamer, bakery and confectionery, cor. Fourth and Broadway, are always prepared to supply the public demand. Oysters in every style. Lunch and warm meals at all hours. Everything neat, and promptness attends every order. Give them a call.

Perhaps none are better prepared to supply the demand for drugs, paints, oils, chemicals, glass, putty, patent medicines, etc. etc., than is G. W. Hoffman, of the city drug store on Fourth street, east side. Call on him and you will be promptly waited upon by experienced druggists.

M. C. Wade, the trunk manufacture, claims that his business is increasing constantly, and we believe it is because he makes the best trunks, valises, etc., and sells them at a reasonable figure. School straps, 20 cents. Call on him when wishing anything in his line, Fourth street.

Needham & Keesling, keep one of the largest and most complete stock of drugs in the city. Also paints, oils, etc. The public will always find them courteous and attentive. Fourth street, west side, near Broadway.

Before buying or renting a Cabinet or Parlor Organ, be sure to call at No. 225 Broadway, west side, and learn prices Mrs. T. B. LOUIS, Agt.

For Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.

Also, Agent for the Miller Piano.

"WE STORM THE FORT."

BLUE RIBBON TEMPERANCE

"GEMS OF SONG!"

THE BEST MURPHY TEMPERANCE SONG BOOK EVER PUBLISHED!!!

THIRD EDITION—THIRTIETH THOUSAND.

Contains, besides **thirty familiar, soul-stirring Murphy songs**, a condensed history of the movement, its principles and purposes, how to conduct meetings, modes of action, etc., etc.

DR. J. E. MCFARLAND writes: "*It is just* THE *song book for revival meetings.*"

CONTENTS:

Title.	*Tune.*
The Grand Jubilee,	Old Lenox.
It Will Come,	In the Sweet Bye and Bye.
Come On, Boys,	Hold the Fort.
Come and Join Us,	Let the Lower Lights be Burning.
Wearing the Blue,	Marching through Georgia.
What Shall the Harvest Be,	
Our Cause is Marching On,	John Brown.
Happy Homes,	Home, Home, Sweet Home.
Join the Murphys,	Come to Jesus.
Rescue the Perishing,	
Rise to Nobler Manhood,	Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys go Marching.
Cold Water Forever,	Battle Cry of Freedom.
Crowding Awfully,	
Stand Up for Temperance,	The Morning Light is Breaking.
Youth's Fountain,	America.
Marching On,	Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.
The Temperance Ball,	Rosin the Bow.
Each Effort,	
A Plea,	Balerma.
Hail Worthy Murphys,	Greenville.
Natal Day Song,	Red, White and Blue.
Thy Neighbor,	Coronation.
Temperance Glee,	Away, Away, in Early Day.
They Come,	Yankee Doodle.
Taste Not the Wine,	Beautiful Star.
What Can the Matter Be,	
Dare to Be a Murphy,	Dare to Be a Daniel.
Doxology,	
The Result,	

ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

It is neat and handsomely printed and bound, and has been sold in nearly every state. Every Murphy union that is alive to the work should use them. Sample copies, by mail, 6c.

Single Copies, 5c. Per Fifty, $2.00. Per Hundred, $3.50,

Address, W. H. LEEDY, or H. C. EVERSOLE, Logansport, Ind.

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL.—DOCTOR YOURSELF and save money, by using Liebig's Ague Cure and Liver Tonic, in liquid or pills. Cures all malarious diseases, chills, fevers, torpid liver, poor blood, neuralgia, debility or loss of appetite. Sold by druggists. 11-2t

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SEWING MACHINE!

They are now conceded to be at the head of all, and are rapidly driving all other machines from the market.

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is so greatly improved that if you try it you will BUY NO OTHER.

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N. B.—We can fill your order for any Sewing Machine Lower than the Lowest. Come and see.

REPAIRING done and warranted.

Needles, Oils and Attachments of the best quality, for all Machines, kept constantly on hand

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THE MURPHY SIGNAL.

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE AND HUMANITY.

VOL. I.—NO 15. LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, OCTOBER 9, 1878. CIRCULATION 1,500.

LET YOUR WAR-CRY BE COLD WATER.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

LET your war-cry be cold water,
Every bright-eyed son and daughter,
Set your face against the slaughter
Of the fiend called Alcohol—
'Gainst the monster keep on praying,
And the whole truth keep on saying,
Thus may you assist in staying
Many a good man's fall.
Water cold, water cold,
In thy cause we are enrolled;
Water bright, water bright,
Under thee we fight.

For the sake of thousands dying.
For the sake of thousands sighing,
Let us crush the God-defying
Men who make a trade of rum;
Let us pray, and plead, and reason,
Always in and out of season;
Let inaction be called treason
Till the victory come.
Water cold, water cold,
In thy cause we are enrolled;
Water bright, water bright,
Under thee we fight.

"BE KIND TO THEM."

A TRUE STORY.

"'With malice toward none and charity for all.'

"A noble sentiment, Jack, a noble sentiment, and the speaker by the way, is almost as old as yourself. This way; make room for the young men. Ah, these temperance cards and blue ribbons are just the thing for this fast age, and brother Francis knew it."

"Yes," I answered, slowly, following my friend out of the crowd, "but what about the speaker? I must confess his lecture to be one of the most eloquent I ever heard. I infer that he is a reformed man himself."

"He is," answered the prosperous merchant at my side. "I will give you a sketch of his life. Twenty years ago in this city there was a certain wedding in high life—a fashionable wedding, all would have told you."

"There was a long line of elegant carriages at the church doors, a great display of flowers at the pulpit and chancel. The bride was a perfect vision of stately beauty, and the bridegroom a tall, handsome fellow, with culture and refinement written out plainly on his face. To tell the truth, I envied him when the grey-haired old father gave Marion away before the assembled guests, for Jack, I had sued for her hand six months before and had been rejected. She loved Charley Broughton best, and I did not blame her, for already he had earned fame and fortune by his talents and industry. And it seemed most proper that such a gifted, high-souled, and beautiful creature as she should be promising to love, honor, and cherish till death, this grand fellow whom the world could not fail to lift upon the highest pinnacle.

"There was a great flutter of silken robes, a flash of diamonds, a shimmer of lace and pearls, and the roll of carriages up the Mordaunt mansion Then there was a magnificent wedding-breakfast, the rattle of glasses, and the sparkling of wine.

"It was a brave wedding, for the Hon. Mr. Mordaunt was one of the city fathers, and half his immense fortune went with his only and beloved daughter. A few days afterward, Charley Broughton and his bride were skimming over the blue Atlantic, en route for Europe.

"I saw no more of them for thirteen years. Business had called me away from New York, and when I returned Mr. Mordaunt was dead, his handsome establishment sold out, and no trace of the family remaining. I was sorry, for I longed to hear of the gay young couple whose future had seemed to promise so much. They had probably settled in some fair eastern clime, where Charley was winning golden fame, and Marion growing more beautiful every day, as they walked down the flowery path together.

"As I was walking briskly down Broadway, one morning thinking of my little daughter's good-by kisses—for I was married and settled by this time—I was attracted by a little fruit boy just ahead, whose ill-clad form shivered in the wintry air as his thin, childish voice called out, 'lemons and oranges' to the passers by. I don't know why, I'm sure, but I stopped just there in the crowd, and beckoning him one side began to ask him questions. Such a handsome little fellow as he was, with such great black eyes, such a brave little heart, and cheery mouth. He told me his story readily. Mother was sick, father—well father was sick too—he had a good deal of business on his hands (my fruit boy, not his father), had to support the family selling fruit, etc. But when I asked him if his father drank liquor, a flush stole up to the edge of the shabby cap, and he bent to arrange his fruit; but I saw the bright tear-drop that fell plump on a yellow orange.

"My heart was touched, and I declare to you, Jack, I pitied the little fellow so that I determined to do a handsome thing by him. He took me to his home, going through the dark alleys and by-streets, and on the way told me, in a brave, cheerful voice, that did my heart good, that he earned fifty cents a day usually, and he intended to just brave it out for mother's sake till he grew to be a man, and then—oh! well, so many things were expected to come with the manhood—such as 'rooms up stairs, carpets on the floor, plenty of coal, etc.' His ambitious mind did not even stop here, but soared beyond, until it was lost in the vast extent. So brave and hopeful was his boy's heart that I decided within myself to rescue him from the hard, up-hill path he was sure to find leading to the far away heights that even now loomed their misty outline before that lad's unconscious eyes.

"He pushed open the door of a wretched cellar, and bounding forward flung his arms around his mother's neck. She turned, with a little cry, and oh! Heaven, did those pale, thin features belong to the once radiantly beautiful Marion Mordaunt? I could have fallen at her feet in shocked surprise, but as it was I only gasped out, 'In Heaven's name, how came you here?' She clasped her hands over her eyes, and trembled like an aspen.

"Ah, yes, the boy had confessed his father drank. I could see it all now. It needed no second glance to read the wreck and ruin Charley Broughton had succeeded in heaping upon this noble woman, whom he had dragged down to this.

"I turned my face to the wall; my tongue was tired, and my heart surging with deepest indignation, as I pictured thirteen long years of dissipation, of drunken revelry, of wasted talent, time and fortune. Oh, what days and nights of misery must have passed to turn the lovely girl into that bowed and haggard woman! And all the time that I had pictured them in sunny France or Italy she had been drinking the bitter cup of sorrow, breaking the crust of woeful shame and misery.

"There was a step at my side, and her sadly subdued voice was saying:

"'George, my dear old friend, pity him. He fell, as even the greatest fall, and through all this wretched, weary time he has never spoken harshly to me or our boy.'

"'Marion,' I cried, 'do not plead for him to me. I condemn him strongly—bitterly. I thrust him out from my heart with the deepest repulsion. He, a man of such master-mind, such honors, such a wife and such a son, to ignore all these, to recklessly fling away these pricely gifts, to plunge himself and you into a misery and poverty worse than death—ask me not to pity him. But why is it I find you here? Where are your friends? You have one left. Thank Heaven, you shall be saved from him who is so degraded that he is not worthy to look upon your face.'

"I had grown so terribly excited that I had forgotten all else in my indignation against him—my sympathy for her. My eyes flashed, and I was raising my voice to continue, when with a quiet dignity she held up her hand. I turned passionately upon her.

"'Do you still cling to him?' I questioned 'Do you still persist in sacrificing your life to that wretch groveling there in the most degraded stupor man could assume?'

"I pointed to the corner, where, on a pallet of straw, lay the semblance of a human being, in all the abandon of beastly intoxication.

"'Will you not flee to friends who will glory in protecting you?' I cried, in tones half pleading, half fierce, from the intensity of my emotion 'Will you not forsake this heartless monster, for the sake of your child, if not for yourself? He is a noble little fellow, he shall be my son, inherit with my own little daughter—shall be your comfort and pride, if you will but fly to my home, while you shall be a sister to my wife—a sister to me.'

"She raised her face upward, and Jack, I never saw in all the old paintings of the Madona an expression so reverent as that which glowed in her eyes, as clasping her thin hands together, she said, in a voice of solemn firmness:

"'I promised at the altar to love and cherish him 'till death. The vow was recorded in Heaven, and I shall never forsake him—never, never. All the wealth of the Indies, and the nearest and dearest friend on earth, could not induce me to forsake him now. Not even for the sake of my little son, whom I love better than my own life. But I shall continue steadfast, ever as now, loving, hoping, praying for his reform. I appreciate your kindness dear old friend, and I do not wonder at your words. I thank you from my heart for your noble offers of protection, but in reply I must say that none of these things move me from the resolution I have made to stay by him, to cling to him, to love him to the end.'

"She sank into a chair, and little Charley clasping his arms about her neck, besought her no to cry, because he would take care of he

"I stared in blank consternation, and then t was I noticed the figure on the straw pallet move for the first time. Gradually it arose and stood up. Blear-eyed, bloated, besotted, I yet recognized a faint outline of the talented young author who had borne away the queen-star of the city thirteen years before. He did not once look at me, but steadying himself against a chair, he finally reached the center of the room, and there he stood, his blood-shot eyes searching around the dismal apartment, his hands clenched, and his teeth shut.

"Marion's face was bowed on her boy's neck, and his eyes fastened upon her with an expression impossible to describe, Oh, what depths of agonized remorse shone out of poor Charley Broughton's eyes! Oh, what a fearful sense of shame sat upon his broad brow—what a weight of degradation seemed crushing the miserable, trembling form to the earth.

"But suddenly new strength seemed to spring within him. He drew himself up, threw back his head with an old open, frank gesture, and fixing his eyes on me, he spoke:

"'George, Morrie, I thank you. Some day, when I am worthy to say more, I shall say it. You have done me a great kindness.'

"Then he staggered a few steps, and, falling on his knees, he looked up at Marion.

"'My wife,' he gasped, and his voice was almost sepulchral, 'my long suffering, my patient, my faithful Marion. Ay, it is true you have been kind to me—so very kind, you have turned from the trusty friend, the pleasant home, to cling to me. Oh, Marion'—and the tears rolled down his cheeks—'if God can forgive as you do, then I am saved, for from this hour I shall never drink wine again?

"She gave a low, glad cry, as she raised her eyes to Heaven in a prayer; and I must confess to my own unsteady voice as I sprang forward, grasping his hand in a hearty grip.

"'Heaven help you, old fellow. A hundred pardons for my unkind words; you shall hear from me again?

"I turned and fled, for I was ashamed to show tears; but that night little Charley Broughton slept in a room with a carpet on the floor. And if you would like to make the acquaintance of his father, just call round to the store to-morrow and ask for the junior partner of Morris & Broughton; and a frank, genial-faced, middle-aged gentleman will step briskly over, his form unbent and his eye clear. And you might spy the plain private carriage outside at the same time, with Marion's face at the window. But Charley—tall, handsome Charley, confidential clerk to the firm—you will find him everywhere, distributing temperance cards, tying blue ribbons in shabby button-holes, lifting drunkards from the city gutters, or making love to my little daughter Minnie Morris. Come round and see our Charley in the morning; it will do your heart good. And if you should ask his father the cause of his success as a temperance lecturer, he will tell you that the power he possesses to touch men's hearts has been granted him by the Master whose loving injunction to those who would follow in his footsteps is embodied in the noble sentence: 'Be kind to them.'"

Questions for Liquor Dealers to Answer.

SEVEN months of the year have passed, over half of it gone. Look back, liquor dealers, and tell us how many heart-broken mothers and wives you have given consolation to by your life or your traffic?

How much return have you given for the money paid you for drink?

What benefit have you been to your customers, or to the community in which you reside?

How many heartaches have you cured?

How many disputes have you settled?

How many sick have you attended?

How many naked have you clothed?

How many hungry have you given food?

How many fallen have you lifted up?

How many wives and mothers have you made glad by the restoration of their husbands and sons?

What have you done for God or your fellow-men?

Go read in the great journal of life, and see what sentences are there inscribed!

The book is all black with spots, it is wet with tears, it is stained with blood, it is wrinkled and torn by palsied hands, and unfolds, in characters as black as hell, the record of your half years' work—thousands of weeping, heart-broken mothers, wives, and sisters, mourning the ruins of their dear ones, disconsolate and refuse to be comforted because of the irreparable ruin you have wrought, are recorded there.

Thousands in rags, poverty, wretchedness, and crime, because you took their money and gave them no return. Ah, yes; you gave them worse than nothing—you gave them poison, a soul and body poison.

You have ruined your customers, and brought them down from ease and comfort to penury and want, and have disturbed your community by inciting broils, quarrels, and wrangling, and imposed heavy taxes to support the police, jails, and penitentiaries.

Thousands of hopeless wives and naked children are weeping tears of bitter anguish to-day, because of the ruin your trade has brought upon them.

Talent, youth, beauty, manhood, and wealth have fallen beneath the terrible appetite your trade has nurtured, fed, and incited.

You have forgotten your God, sent thousands out into the world to blaspheme his holy name, and buried hundreds in drunkards' graves.

Rumseller, look upon these pages, and ask yourself, What is life? If no other motive will prompt you, for your own sake abandon this traffic, and remember that,

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

—*Tidal Wave.*

A MINISTER of the gospel stood in a reform meeting, and he was showing how that a man might take strong drink moderately and yet do right, and how the head of a family might have strong drink on his dining-table and yet do right in all this matter; and after he had made a powerful and eloquent argument, he sat down in the pulpit. Then an aged man arose in the audience and said: "I have a broken heart, I have buried my only son. He started life with beautiful prospects, He is to-day in a drunkard's grave, and when he was dying he told me that he started that awful habit at the table of a christian clergyman, and that christian clergyman is the man who just sit down in the pulpit!" Oh, may God keep us from ruin and keep us from taking others to ruin —*Dewitt Talmage.*

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The Murphy Signal.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY

MURPHY SIGNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

LOGANSPORT, IND., OCT. 9, 1878.

Published in the Interest of the Murphy Temperance Movement.

Subscription price, Fifty cents per year.

All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

Murphyism and prohibition together; if seperate, Murphyism forever.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay portage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay NO postage.

X ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

"EDITORIAL" AND "LOCAL."

Now sign.

WEAR your ribbon.

THE work progresses.

ATTEND the meetings.

REPORT your meetings.

Mace Long Friday night.

LOVE thy neighbor as thyself.

SIGN the pledge and be a man.

LESS WHISKY AND LESS TAXES.

"MORE bread and less whisky."

GIVE us water and give us peace.

THANK Heaven, the election is over.

BRO. Michael Daily is at every meeting.

BRO. ED. WARD always wears his ribbon.

LOOK out for the next issue of THE SIGNAL.

WE'LL take water straight, and keep straight.

Do not forget Mace Long's lecture Friday night.

JOS. HENDERSON was at the hall Sunday night.

IF you can "drink and let it alone," let it alone.

YOUR wife would rather see you a total abstainer.

BRO. CUSHMAN is a staunch advocate of the cause.

FIVE drinks of whisky will pay for THE SIGNAL a year.

REJOICE and be glad. No more free whisky for a while.

THE SIGNAL will be larger, and better we hope, hereafter.

Mace Long ought to be heard by everybody Friday night.

J H Ivins was at Galveston, Sunday. He held meetings.

BROS. VIGUS and Goff spoke at Flora last Tuesday evening.

Only 15c to hear Mace Long next Friday evening. Go sure.

LET "more bread and less whisky" be the warcry from now on.

MODERATE drinking lights the flame that burns to the lowest hell.

OUR long friend, David Middleton, makes a long speech, but a good one.

IF you never become a moderate drinker you will never be a drunkard.

A LITTLE rushed this week. Several communications came in too late.

BRO. GOFF went to Center church, Washington township, Saturday evening.

WE havn't had a minister at the hall for three months. What is the matter?

Give us whisky—and we give sorrow to all who have regard for our manhood.

A SURE cure for hard times is temperance, taken at all times and in all places.

THE election is now over and free whisky will not flow as freely for awhile.

A FEW sick men ask for whisky to quench their hirst. They prefer pure, cold water then.

OUR old friend, T C Diltz, is putting in some good licks for the cause in Washington township.

Hear Mace Long, the reformed gambler, at the Hall Friday night. Admission 15c to pay expenses.

WE hope every Murphy will don and wear the ribbon. Put it on if you wish to show your colors.

WE would rather be radically for temperance then radically abusive and mean from intemperance.

READ our advertisements and patronize our advertisers. It pays to advertise and it pays to patronize advertisers.

WE hope that the candidates who spent their money for whisky in the campaign, will be elected to stay at home

WE do hope that the friends everywhere will send us reports of their meetings. A postal card will do, but we *want the news.*

IT is not the smart one who can drink whisky and not be affected by it. Only those who have little brain to affect can claim this.

WITH malice toward none and charity for all, hit the rum business at every opportunity. "Vim" is the word. Show vim in every undertaking.

YOUR face is needed to make the circle complete. Attend the meetings. It is much better than moping away your time on the street corner.

WOULD you have your son follow the drinking habit which you are cultivating, Would you have your son die a drunkard. Please do not place before him the temptation.

WALTON MURPHY Union gave a "mush and milk," festival Saturday evening. A splendid time was had. Visitors from Young America and other places were present.

IF you have more dimes than you need give one once a week to the Ladies Aid Society, and they can use it to a blessing. Better do that than to spend it for that which invariably curses.

IF the high city official who has been running the county making campaign speeches, would stay at home, and examine this Sunday liquor selling business, it would please the masses better.

THE boys are all ready for business again, and the general expression is, "Let us to work." All right, boys, and "girls," to, for that matter. We are now ready to begin one of the most determined campaigns for right ever inaugurated. Be ready and join in the general battle.

WE again call attention to our list of books. We received several orders since our last issue and all purchasers express themselves well pleased. We call special attention to "Mace Long's Life," "Fifteen Years in Hell," $1,25; "Minnie Hermon, or the Curse of Rum," and the "Ribbon Workers," the latest book out. All are good books and should be in the hands of every temperance man.

EVERYBODY speaks well of THE SIGNAL, and we are glad to afford our friends the satisfaction of a good paper in their interests. We trust every one will send their 50c. Because man cannot live upon "wind" alone, you know. With the enlargement of our paper we will publish 2,500 copies each issue for awhile, a great many for gratituitous distribution in territory where the paper is not well known. We hope every person who reads this item will send for extra copies.

FULLY UNDERSTOOD — Henry Ward Beecher while dining at the Metropolitan hotel, Lincoln, Neb., ordered and drank ale, an act which is said o be habitual with him. We now understand why he entertains the belief he professes regarding future punishment.

AND YOU WILL FIND IT OUT—You are not in this age of the world, judged by the amount of rot-gut you can put yourself on the outside of, but by the sense you display in keeping it on the outside.

THE GOSPEL FOR IT—"Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringes of the borders a ribband of blue.—*Num. xv.:38.*

MACE LONG—Mace Long, the reformed gambler, will speak at the hall Friday evening by request of many of those who heard him on May 31st. He is a splendid speaker. 15c admission will be charged to pay necessary expenses.

ONLY TEN CENTS—The saloon-keepers get rich, drinking men, on ten cent pieces. Although this sum may seem small to you, can't you get rich by not spending it for that which brings you no return.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—We intend in our next issue possible to publish the name of every man, woman and child whom we see wearing a ribbon, Put them on.

LITTLE JIMMY—"James M. Vigus, Flora's favorite temperance speaker, was in town Tuesday evening accompanied by Mr. Goff."—*Mirror.*

POLITICAL.

A FEW SCATTERED THOUGHTS ON WHAT MOST CONCERNS MURPHY WORK.

WE were surprised to see, during the political campaign now closing, Murphy men advocating the election of candidates to office who are avowed enemies of the temperance movement. Our "malice toward none and charity for all" will not permit any action of this kind. Neither will any part of the pledge. We are not only to abstain entirely ourselves, but by all honorable and consistent means induce others to abstain. This vow is not fulfilled when we aid those who aid our opposition. In truth it breaks that pledge, and the man so doing, after having pledged his *word and honor*, surely does not fully realize his vow, or admits that he does not possess honor, and his word is worthless.

The excuse may be made that county and city officials have no voice in the enacting of laws, and consequently their election would not affect the temperance work.

Who have worked more persistenly and doggedly against us than a portion of these officials?

Who rudely closed the court house against the Murphy meetings, one dreary, rainy night, but a county official? And for what other reason than that the meetings were successful, and consequently hurting the business of those who elected him to office?

Did this help the work?

When the work had just been started in this city, and had just seriously affected the rum trade and made it unprofitable, the city council, true to natures and professions, to relieve the financial depression of the worthys, reduced the license one-half, and prolonged the curse's existence.

This was not done to help the Murphy cause.

The saloons are open to access, every Sunday, and on all illegal occasions, but the Mayor, the puppet of the whisky element, and the Marshal, who have power to stop this crime, by their silence say, "Go in, lemons, its all right with us. We don't care what these temperance fools have to say as long as we hold the strings." And the crime gets worse instead of better.

And the cause is not better by this state of affairs.

Yes, there is reason to vote as you talk in this temperance matter even to the office of least consequence. We can entertain no excuse that will vindicate anyone for aiding the rum business by the course we have mentioned. We hope that this matter will be more carefully considered, and that no such mistake will be made again. We believe now, as we always have, that temperance is far above politics, but there is no reason politics should be so low, and if it cannot be lifted to a higher level, it will advance all moral works.

Do not misunderstand. We do not want you to enter every political campaign, but if you do, enter in the interests of those who are likely to advance *your* interests. Little good from either party now in the field is to be anticipated—that is, good that directly concerns us. Prohibition will remove the obstacles to prosperity and happiness, and we trust that not many years hence we can enter this field with everything necessary to make a complete victory.

READ AND REFLECT—The farmers will consult their interests by advocating temperance in its most radical sense, and in every way opportunity may present. Perhaps it is a secondary consideration, but the reduction in taxes alone will fully repay for all outlay, and the benefit it would afford to the rum-afflicted can not be imagined. Prohibition will relieve the hard times and cause people to be prosperous. More labor would be afforded, and more laborers would add to the wealth of the country. If working people could keep constantly in mind the fact that they are keeping and feeding saloon-keepers and their kind, and do not receive a particle in return, evidently they would not be as indifferent as some are in this regard. We trust every thinking man and every influential man will give this matter serious thought. Intemperance has wrought nothing but wretchedness, and misery, and want. Temperance can do no worse. Then let's try the other side awhile and learn to our own satisfaction the benefits of a sober nation. Let's try prohibition.

UP AND AT IT AGAIN — The election is over, and the "country is saved," and now let us to work and save fallen people. Politicians have no further interest in farming and manufacturing, and their voices will not be heard above the "wild winds." There are no offices to give out for awhile, and their money will not be spent as freely to curse the people and the cause we espouse. Every Murphy man should labor with renewed vigor, and as the field is clear, there is no reason why the work could not be made effective. All hands on deck. Let us commence the winter's campaign with a determination to win. Drop prejudice and personal feelings, and join in the grand work of reformation.

WILL IT PAY?—Will it pay the poor man to pay a much needed portion of his earnings to support the s. k. and his family in luxury and ease, while his own are barefoot and in want?

Will it pay the labering man to spend his time and money in saloons when the same effort and outlay would put him in possession of a nice comfortable home?

Will it pay any one to drink that which likely will take from them manhood and honor and leave in its stead the most degraded and ghastly skeleton?

Will it pay the christian to pray "remove from us all evil," and on election day vote for the worst evil that ever cursed the nation?

Will it pay to support saloons when they are directly responsible for seven-tenths of the crimes, and the desolation, and taxes; the paupers, criminals, tramps; bankrupting homes and fortunes; degrading the young men and boys; making the old unfit for anything; and when they are known to be the curse of curses, the hells of earth?

Never.

And shall we stand idly by and see them prosper at our expense?

Never.

LOAFER?—A loafer, according to the s.-k.'s dictionary, is a person who chooses to visit saloons and who has too much sense to spend his money for "forty-rod."

A loafer is a person who is out of work, and consequently out of money, having spent it all in saloons, and who likes to wait upon such places for old association sake? according to the s.-k.'s version.

A loafer is a person whom the s.-k. abhors, detests, because he has no money to spend for rum.

A loafer is the outgrowth of saloons, and the ward of the tax payer.

Boys, don't become a loafer. Few persons ever become such unless they patronize saloons.

Keep away and you are in little danger.

BETTER YET—Political parties have had a hundred years to make prosperous the people and the times. Neither are better to day than they were at the beginning. Why? Because the parties have failed to fulfill their promises. Prohibition promises as much, and guarantees the fulfillment of, as all the parties have. It will do more. It will rescue thousands who are unable to grapple with their enemy. It will not only make the people prosperous, but it will place in the hands of starving families substantial sustenance. It will drive tramps and saloon-keepers to honest labor. Try it.

ENLARGEMENT—After this issue THE SIGNAL will be enlarged to a five column folio, twice the size of this paper. The generous patronage of the people justifies us in doing this, and we are determined to give a good paper. The paper is the organ of the poor man, and consequently the price will remain within the reach of every one—50c per annum. We hope our friends will aid us n securing an actual subscription list of 10,000. Send your 50c and get your friends to subscribe.

BREAD—WHISKY.—Co-working Murphys, from this time push forward. Work with every energy we possess. Let "more bread and less whisky," be the battle cry, and sound it all along the line simultaneously. Let no one falter. Stand by your principles. Let no family in Cass county suffer for want of bread and clothing during the cold months, which, likely, are coming, and whisky be the cause.

THE TWO TOGETHER—

WINE - - - - - - wisdom

WISDOM - - - - - - wine

Wine and wisdom are seldom found together. Where there is much wine there is little wisdom. Where there is much wisdom, the supply of wine is very small indeed. If you would be wise leave wine to itself.

WHY WILL PROHIBITION PAY—Prohibition will cut down the taxes seventy per cent. and prosperity will follow in every department of life. The men who are now laying around saloons selling and drinking whisky will go to work and their labor will add to the wealth of the country. Prohibition will pay for these reasons if none other.

TIME WILL TELL—Political parties and political aspirants have met and "wheressed" and "resolved." They have made promise after promise. Election is now over. Will those promises be kept? We will see. If they are not try prohibition, which will relieve the country as nothing else ever did.

WHY ARE TAXES HIGH—Some of the candidates spent hundreds of dollars for whisky during the political campaign just closed. The tax payers will have to pay this bill if such candidates are elected. This is one reason why taxes are high.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

National Christian Temperance Union.
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J. E. LETTON, Secretary, Pittsburg.
JAMES C. DUNN, Cor. Sec., Pittsburg, Pa.

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R. A. STEWART, Secretary.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

ALIVE AT GALVESTON.

To the Editor:

WE are up and doing in the Murphy work. Closed two saloons last week, and have our druggists' word pledged to sell only for medical purposes. At our meeting last Sunday we organized a stock company, $1,000 is our subscribed stock, which will be used to advance the temperance work. I know we hold the fort. Trusting that success will crown your efforts, I am yours in the work C. F. T.

Galveston, Ind., Oct. 3d.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

To the Editor:

Who hath sorrow? who hath woe?
Who hath babbling? who hath strife?
Causeless wounds, and fancied woes?
Reddened eyes, embittered life?

Those who tamper with the fatal poison, whose sting is death. That glittering sparkling cup which has a thousand treacherous flattering arts to lure the unwary. It deceives both young and old with its boasted virtues, and while it charms, 'tis like the deadly serpent, coiling round and round, binding its glittering deadly folds still more firmly round the heedless wretch, who secure in the fancied belief that he can "drink or let it alone" goes on and on, until at last he lies lower than the brutes, filling a drunkard's grave.

Young man if you can drink or let it alone, why will you not listen to the voice of reason? why will you not let it alone, before it weaves a chain about you, a chain so strong, and whose links are so closely woven, that fight as you may, you cannot break.

Oh, young man, stop where you are. You are on the verge of a frightful precipice, the rocks slowly crumbling beneath your feet. Turn before it is too late, before it robs you of all earthly happiness, and cheats your soul of heaven; before it makes you. 'Gods noblest work," worse than the meanest brute that treads the sod, and sinks you down to endless misery. Stop for your own sake, for the sake of the kind loving friends whose hearts you are so sorely wounding, for the sake of the fond mother who has watched over, and prayed for you in your infancy, weaving bright dreams of her boy's future. Come sign the pledge, we urge you, and will gladly welcome you. Seek the haven of safety; let the proved blue banner of temperance be a shield and protection to you. We want you with us and will assist you, knowing that instead of pain, and sorrow, it will bring you comfort, joy and happiness. Sign the pledge with a resolute will, placing your trust in Him who never fails to help, and you will find a brighter and nobler future opened before you, and bless the day that you triumphed over the tempter, and make yourself once more a free man.

MRS. LOUISE GOFF.

SOUND SENSE FROM BRO. CADWALADER.

To the Editor:

IT seems to me that a man that thinks more of 50c than THE MURPHY SIGNAL and the present and future prosperity of the human race, has not finished his education; it was well worth 50c at first, and has improved at least 50 per cent, and is a great bargain at the price, and it is the imperative duty of every man to take a good live, outspoken temperance paper like THE SIGNAL. One of my neighbors during a conversation yesterday, observed to me that if every man would raise his children as *he* did there would be no trouble about drunkenness. He raised his children right. One of his boys is bloated and near delirium, and the father thinks his boys are all right, and many other parents are of same opinion and will awake to the great evil only when their sons are brought covered with blood and dirt to their homes where happiness and contentment now is, but will soon be remorse, desolation, poverty and disgrace. I am more than three-score years old, have fought the rum curse forty-five years, been a close observer and know of many parents eager to add dollar to dollar, farm to farm, and not willing to pay out one dime for a religious paper, and their posterity were drunkards, thieves and murderers. Would it not have been much better for these parents to have furnished their children with religious and temperance reading even if it had taken all they could make over a living, and have the satisfaction of seeing their children exemplary and useful members of society? My brother, my sister, may I urge you to be profited by my long experience. If you can possibly afford it, send for several copies of THE SIGNAL, send them to friends or neighbors, that seem to be unable to pay for a paper. You may be instrumental by this very medium of saving many souls, and dot all over your eternal crown of rejoicing with stars that will never wear out. For many years I have been working for riches I can take with me, and I have gained in that kind of riches faster since I gave up half my time to the temperance work, than any time during my life, and do confidently expect to hear the word "Welcome." And when all that I have been instrumental in the hands of God of bringing to a knowledge of the truth and gathered at the judgment bar to hear a thrice welcome when my name is called, I can say, Lord, here is all this multitude I present to the as trophies of thy grace. This welcome is of more value than all the gold and silver, and cattle upon ten thousand hills; when we consider the vast multitudes of our people who are early filling premature, drunkard's graves, the flow of tears, the hunger, the misery, crime and ruin caused by the rum curse, how can we remain idle. May God in tender mercy help us all to go forward with full determination to do our duty toward God and man.

JOS. CADWALADER.

New Albany, Ind., Sept. 26th.

"LOCAL" AND "EDITORIAL."

MURPHYISM FOREVER—The *National Prohibitionist* still persists in ridiculing Murphyism and moral suasion, we observe, without any cause whatever. If the editor has the least reason or common sense, he knows that moral suasion *is* necessary in prohibition as well as Murphyism. He also knows that he expects to get support for his paper from the people this popular movement has made temperate. The man who is not willing to "God speed" every honorable method to advance morality is an enemy to it, and we shall so consider this editor and his paper unless he modifies his sentiments. There are many who have been saved by the Murphy movement who look upon an adverse movement with the most bitter feeling when it undertakes to override the cause of their salvation. So will it be in this case. The two can work together, and if they cannot it is surely time the temperance people need reforming. We say give us Murphyism and prohibition together, if separate, Murphyism forever.

SERVED HIM RIGHT—George Sprague, a rough character of Walton, returned from a distance and proposed setting up a doggery. The only room vacant was one for rent by Adam Surface, a U. B. preacher. They struck a bargain and Sprague prepared to commence business, when several citizens spoke so determinedly against it that the minister regretted his bargain and wanted to annul the contract. Sprague refused for some time to entertain such an idea, and threatened to sue Surface for $40 damages, but was finally prevailed upon to accept $10 without a suit. We are glad the minister was the loser. A man pretending to show the way of salvation should not provide means for the damnation of souls. The man who sells or who aids him is as bad as the man who drinks.

AT ATTICA—From a letter received from a sister in the cause at Attica we learn that the work is progressing finely in that little city Meetings are held every Sunday evening, alternating between the three different churches. and every Friday evening in the reading rooms of the association. Their reading rooms are very neatly, though not elegantly, furnished, and are very convenient, and productive of good results. We hope to publish reports of this work hereafter every issue. The following are the officers recently elected:

President—Harry C. Martin.
Vice Presidents—1st. Charley Schipp, 2d Mrs. A. A. Greenwood.
Secretary—J. C. Lebo.
Assistant Secretary—Miss Kate Zimmerman.
Treasurer—Miss Emma Wilson.

KEEP IN MIND—The man who drinks on Sundays and becomes intoxicated is jailed and fined. The man who sells on Sunday, and breaks the laws of God and man goes free. The authorities seem to say by their silence, "Well done good and faithful servant." Shall these things be thus?

MEETINGS AT THE HALL—The meetings at the hall are getting more interesting every week. Sunday evenings every seat is always occupied. The addresses are full of weight and generally convincing. All are invited at all times. Go and enjoy it as thousands of others do.

AT REMINGTON—From a private letter from Bro. Will J. Kelley, we learn that at Remington there are over three hundred signers to the blue ribbon pledge.

AT DELPHI—The work is not progressing very well at Delphi. It is probable some of our workers will give them a start soon.

Canon Farrar On Temperance.

THE Rev. Dawson Burns, in a late letter to the *National Baptist*, referring to Canon Farrar's great sermon in Westminster Abbey "Between the Living and the Dead," just published by the National Temperance Society, together with his "Reasons for Becoming a Total Abstainer," writes as follows:

"On Sunday week Canon Farrer preached an admirable temperance sermon in Westminster Abbey to an audience of three thousand, including the Crown Prince of Germany and his wife, our Princess Royal. It has since been published. Canon Farrar is one of the finest examples of that temperance revival which has happily visited the Church of England during the last few years His rare command of language is put to an excellent use in his denunciation of the apathy which permits the causes of our national drinking to continue, and to recieve the sanction of the highest classes and of the legislature itself. His boldness is startling to those who have never looked at the matter as more than a personal indulgence which they deem compatible with their own sobriety. There were thousands who could not get admission to the Abbey. Canon Farrar, like almost all the clergy of the Established Church, reads his sermons, though the reading is done without any apparent effort. If he could dispense with the manuscript, and the matter were as good, he would be an extraordinary orator. As it is, he is a phenomenon among his brethern for the fire he puts into his discourses and the energy with which he seeks to put it into the hearts of his hearers."

CHICAGO has for some time past been afflicted with a very bad type of city government: Among other pernicious results of such misrule has been a fearful increase of juvenile dissipation. The evil had reached such alarming proportions that about six months ago some of the best citizens came together and organized a league to prevent the sale of liquor to minors. It is said that hundreds and thousands of boys, many of them mere children, were daily found in the vilest saloons of the city. In addition to the law already on the statute book of the state, which forbids the sale of liquor to minors, the attempt was recently made by the League to secure a city ordinance to the same effect as an aid in suppressing the illegal and injurious traffic. The subject was brought before the City Council, when the proposed humane ordinance was rejected by a vote of nineteen to sixteen! So far as the Chicago City Council is concerned the saloon keepers may continue to sell intoxicating liquors to minors and children with impunity, and the "murder of the innocents" may go on. A more thoroughly disgraceful and criminal political subserviency to the liquor traffic has never been recorded in our shameful history of political corruption.—*Blue Light.*

Is It Right to License.

WE respectfully ask: Is it right to license man thus to mar the image of God in his brother man? Right to give him authority thus "to sell insanity" and deal out sure destruction? If it is right, why should any man be forbidden to do it? If not right, why should any be permitted? Why forbid all but "men of sober life and conversation" to do this, if it is right? Why allow "men of sober life and conversation" to do it, if it is wrong? Will the poison be less active or less fatal if it is dealt out with a steady hand? Will the buyer be the less a drunkard because the seller is a sober man? May this pollution be poured out upon society only by clean hands? Can that which always works private evil conduce to public good? Can that which is bad for all the parts be good for the whole? Can evil be converted into good by multiplication? Can wrong be legislated into right.—*John Pierpont.*

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

Donaldson's makes the best pictures.

The Favorite cigar, made by John W. Markley, is sure to suit any smoker who loves a fragrant cigar. For sale by John W. Cost.

Dr. Budd, dentist, office on Broadway, opposite Murphy Hall. All kinds of wark done satisfactorily and guaranteed. You will be waited pon courteously and promptly.

Everybody likes greenbacks, but nothing cures and keeps cured all kinds of ague and chills, and keeps it off, like Liebig's Ague Cure.

Call on A. N. Donalson when you want a good picture of any kind. Take the whole family and he will wait upon you courteously and promptly, and satisfaction in work assured.

Foley and Garretty make boots and shoes to order promply, and guarantee work to give satisfaction; repairing of all kinds done neatly and with dispatch; call on them. 300 Market street.

Wilson & Son, the Jewelers, are receiving one of the most complete stocks of jewlery, watches clocks, rings, etc., and every thing in that line, sold at the lowest prices, Broadway, near Fourth.

M. C, Wade, the Trunk manufacturer does not allow any one to beat him in quality and price. Making a business of this he is better prepared to give satisfaction than any other dealer in this city. Factory on Fourth street.

J. W. Fuller has been and is one of Logansports most enterprising citizens. His stock of harness and saddlery cannot be beat anywhere, Mr. Fuller is an old and reliable resident and will give satisfaction.

G. W. Hoffmam, dealer in drugs, medicines, paints, oils, glass, putty, etc. None can do better by you than he will. Give him your patronage. Fourth street, east side. City drug store.

John Turner has removed his barber shop next to Pryor's drug store, where he will be more convenient than ever. Give him a call when wanting a shave, shampoo, hair cut, or anything in his line.

A. N. Donaldson makes the finest photographs in the city. Every attention is given to the public. If you want a good picture of any description give Donaldson a call. Southeast corner of Fourth and Broadway.

Hick's Restaurant: Fruits of every kind; Lunch and Warm Meals at all hours; candies, cigars, tobacco, lemonade, etc. Patronize the boys. On Broadway, west of Fourth street. Fruits a specialty.

The "Little Daisy" is stopping with John W. Cost, Lee W. Redd, Harvey Meek, Bemiss & Swigart, Al. Hicks, I. N. Davys and Cy. Myers. Make inquiries into its merits the next time you want to smoke.

Frazee & Bro., have received their fall and winter stock of goods, and a glance at the immense display will convince that it cannot be beat. Examine there goods and prices, and you will be sure to buy. Next to post office.

D. Humphreys & Co., keep constantly both new and second-hand furniture of every description, stoves, and everything you can think of almost. Examine their excellent goods before purchasing elsewhere. Broadway, near Sixth.

D. E. Pryor sells the celebrated Louisiana ague pill, which has an established reputation for the cure of ague, chills, fever, etc. Also the best billious pills manufactured, and all kinds of drugs medicines, paints, etc. Broadway near Sixth.

Lew Kistler has resumed his old business which all his old customers will be glad ro learn. Market on Broadway, north side, east of canal, where he can be found at all times. All kinds of fresh and salt meats. Give him a call.

John Winch only needs a trial to convince his customers that he is one of the foremost boot and shoe makers in the city. Fine work given his personal attention. Repairing done neatly and promptly. Broadway next to Mrs. Potter's millenery store.

J. C. Cragin keeps fine honey in California sections which the public should try. It is the finest in the city. His stock of groceries, provisions, etc., is one of the finest in the city, and all who trade with him get the worth of their money. All goods at lowest prices. Broadway, east of canal.

The "Little Daisy," manufactured by John W. Markley, is the cigar for the smoker who can appreciate a fine cigar. It is hand-made and contains the finest Havana filler that can be procured: Try one the next time you smoke. For sale by John W. Cost, Lee W. Redd, Harvey Meek, Bemiss & Swigart, Al. Hicks, I. N. Davys and Cy. Myers.

THE Singer (the real old reliable Singer) office has been removed to the south side of Broadway, opposite former headquarters. This machine is known to be the best made, and those thinking of purchasing should examine it before buying any other. Do not mistake any other for this, but call direct at headquarters, where courteous attendants will take pleasure in showing you its merits whether you wish to purchase or not. Do not fail to get the Singer Sewing Machine.

Before buying or renting a Cabinet or Parlor Organ, be sure to call at No. 225 Broadway, west side, and learn prices. Mrs. T. B. LOUIS, Agt.
For Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.
Also, Agent for the Miller Piano.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, OCT. 9, 1878.

GENERAL NOTES.

Iowa has 10,873 Good Templars.

Good Templarism is spreading rapidly.

Hughes and Ward are working in Chicago.

Mrs. Russell is in the Southern part of the State.

Prohibition sentiment is growing rapidly in Michigan.

A good work for temperance is being done at Saratoga, N. Y.

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Kentucky meets to-day.

The Good Templars of Maine number 225 lodges with 17,000 members.

America has thirty-two institutions devoted to the cure of the drunkard.

Massachusetts held a state prohibitory convention at Worcester, Sept. 11.

Wilton, Iowa, bravely voted for prohibition and has banished all the beer saloons. Next.

The Frost brothers, of Maine, are holding a series of meetings in Connecticut, with great success.

The Republican nominee for governor of Kansas is president of the blue ribbon club of the state.

The official statistics show one thousand more retail liquor-dealers in the United States than one year ago.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, of Philadelphia, has been holding gospel temperance meetings in Toronto, Canada.

Detroit saloon-keepers said they would not observe the law. Before night they observed the inside of the jail.

Rev. J. C. Stoughton opened the prohibition campaign in Illinois with the war-cry of "More money and less whisky."

The W. C. T. Unions of South east Mo. will hold a convention at Fredericktown on the 23d and 24th of October, 1878.

Mrs. T. B. Carse has been elected President, and Mrs. E. P. Howell recording secretary of the W. C. T. U. of Illinois.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union, of Massachusetts, convene in annual conference at Worcester, October 23d and 24th.

A petition has just been signed by a majority of the tax-payers, protesting against the county court granting dram shop licenses.

David Tatman and wife, the well-known Quaker lecturers, will spend the fall and winter in Iowa, lecturing upon intemperance.

Cardinal Manning recently presided over a temperance meeting on Tower Hill, London, which was attended by 10,000 people, mostly Irish.

At a recent temperance rally at Bloomington, Illinois, where it was estimated that 15,000 people were present, Senator David Davis presided.

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars, which met at Fort Scott, October 1st and 2d, was the largest ever assembled in Kansas. It is strong for Prohibition.

The ten thousand grog-shops of New York City are busy on Sunday selling, "intoxicating liquors as a medicine" to the "sick folks" who crowd their bar rooms.

Both Houses of Parliament have just passed an act entitled, "Irish Sunday Closing Act," which prohibits the sale of liquors on Sundays, throughout Ireland, until 1882.

C. Bradford, Indianapolis writing to the National Prohibitionist says he "cast the only vote for Green Clay Smith, in this State, in 1876, I do not propose to be alone this year, however."

The third annual convention of the National Christian Temperance Union will be held at Decatur Ill., Tuesday Oct 22d continuing Wednesday and Thursday. Francis Murphy will be present.

Governor Anthony of Kansas says: "This State spends the entire amount of the State debt annually for beer and fermented liquors. which is one million dollars. The entire annual expenditure for strong drinks is three millions of dollars." Would Prohibition pay?

At Warrenton, Mo, Sunday night September 29 after church the ladies visited the seven saloons which were all open contrary to law. The ladies were well recieved by all the saloon-keepers except one. The crusade will be continued until the saloons are all closed.

Reader, How Can You Answer These Questions?

"1. HAVE you sympathized with all the moral suasion and educational efforts on the temperance question, including the woman's crusade and the Murphy movement? and have you by word and act given your support to the measures?

"2. Do you now wear the blue or red ribbon indicative of a pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages, including even native wine?

"3. Have you mingled in these temperance revivals, handling the pledges, and made personal appeals to the inebriate and grog-seller?

"4. Do you believe that in Maine and elsewhere prohibitory laws lessen drunkenness and crime?

"5. Do you believe that the people of most of the States are sufficiently educated to make a prohibitory law desirable?

"6. Are not the prohibitions of God's law far in advance of many of the people?

"7. Ought not the righteous temperance majorities in the several States to be protected by prohibitory, commercial, and penal laws, against the wrongs inflicted upon society by the wicked minority?

"8. Ought not a drunkard to be treated in many respects, as a maniac—a lunatic?

"9. Ought not the traffic of the grog-shops to be abated as a nuisance?

"10. Ought not the man who persists in dealing out the poisons to his besotted victims, thereby producing, directly or indirectly, misery, shame, theft, robbery, and even murder, to be treated as a felon?"

Can't Afford It.

HON. S. D. HASTINGS, in a letter to the Wisconsin Temperance Journal, speaking of "mean, stingy Good Templars," says

"The idea of a man claiming to be a Good Templar, spending on an average, as some do, 15 cents a day for cigars—$54 75 per year, or even 30 cents per day—$109 50 per year—and refusing to pay 50 cents for the organ of his own Grand Lodge, because 'he cannot afford it!' Out upon such hypocrisy! I am sick of such nonsense. Such persons are not Good Templars—they have no real interest in the cause, and can do it no good. And some of our sisters although they do not waste their money for tobacco and cigars, spend ten, twenty, fifty, and even a hundred dollars a year for articles they would be much better off without, and yet refuse to take the Journal because they can't afford it' Shame on such Good Templars!"

Such men neither support temperance or church organizations, but they are foremost among the grumblers and faultfinders.

Catholic Total Abstinence Union.

THE eighth annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America met at Indianapolis, August 28th, and continued in session two days. An address of welcome was delivered by Rev. H. Alerding, president of the State Union of Indiana, which was responded to by Father Cotter, of Minnesota, president of the National Union. About twenty States were represented by about sixty delegates. There were 598 local societies reported on the roll, situated in nearly every State in the Union, with 100,000 members. Reports were received from different States showing the progress of the work. The following despatch was received from Pope Leo:

Rome, August 29, 1878.

"*To the Right Rev. Bishop Chatard, Bishop of Vincennes:*

"The Sovereign Pontiff grants with great pleasure his permanent apostolic benediction to the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America which you have sought. L. CARDINAL NINA."

The Reformed Mason Long in Kansas.

IN its account of the temperance camp-meeting at Lawrence, Kan., the Standard of that city says: With no intention to underrate any of the good things said or done to-day, there is none which in the mind of the writer will outlive them all and that is the speech of Mason Long, of Fort Wayne, Ind. I have often heard J. B. Gough, but he never left a deeper impression on any mind than did this masterly effort. Welcome to Kansas, Brother Long, keep the cross of Christ prominent in your address as you have done here, and it will be to them that perish, foolishness, but to them that believe it will be the power of God to salvation.

The Perils of Wine Drinking.

THE New York Evening Post, in its "Foreign Echoes," relates the following:

"An awful scene occurred after the recent race-meeting at Beverly, near Sheffield. Twenty men broke open the bar in the grand stand and set to work to drink up the large store of wine contained therein. Eight of them were found by the police in the morning lying senseless on the scene of their orgy. One was dead. Six more were discovered stupefied in the neighboring villages."

PLEDGES By mail, postage paid, 40c. per 100. Address THE SIGNAL, Logansport, Ind.

'WE STORM THE FORT.'

BLUE RIBBON TEMPERANCE

"GEMS OF SONG!"

THE BEST MURPHY TEMPERANCE SONG BOOK EVER PUBLISHED!!!

THIRD EDITION—THIRTIETH THOUSAND.

Contains, besides **thirty familiar, soul-stirring Murphy songs**, a condensed history of the movement, its principles and purposes, how to conduct meetings, modes of action, etc., etc.

DR. J. E. MCFARLAND writes: "*It is just* THE *song book for revival meetings.*"

CONTENTS:

Title.	*Tune.*
The Grand Jubilee,	Old Lenox.
It Will Come,	In the Sweet Bye and Bye.
Come On, Boys,	Hold the Fort.
Come and Join Us,	Let the Lower Lights be Burning.
Wearing the Blue,	Marching through Georgia.
What Shall the Harvest Be,	John Brown.
Our Cause is Marching On,	Home, Home, Sweet Home.
Happy Homes,	Come to Jesus.
Join the Murphys,	
Rescue the Perishing,	Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys go Marching.
Rise to Nobler Manhood,	Battle Cry of Freedom.
Cold Water Forever,	
Crowding Awfully,	The Morning Light is Breaking.
Stand Up for Temperance,	America.
Youth's Fountain,	Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.
Marching On,	Rosin the Bow.
The Temperance Ball,	
Each Effort,	Balerma.
A Plea,	Greenville.
Hail Worthy Murphys,	Red, White and Blue.
Natal Day Song,	Coronation.
Thy Neighbor,	Away, Away, in Early Day.
Temperance Glee,	Yankee Doodle.
They Come,	Beautiful Star.
Taste Not the Wine,	
What Can the Matter Be,	Dare to Be a Daniel.
Dare to Be a Murphy,	
Doxology,	
The Result,	

ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

It is neat and handsomely printed and bound, and has been sold in nearly every state. Every Murphy union that is alive to the work should use them. Sample copies, by mail, 6c.

Single Copies, 5c. Per Fifty, $2.00. Per Hundred, $3.50,

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Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE.—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM.

VOL. I. LOGANSPORT, IND., OCTOBER 23, 1878.—SEMI-MONTHLY. NO. 16.

For The Signal.

BABY MINE.

[ED. SIGNAL:—The following is not a temperance article, but the writer believes in the motto, "Be temperate in all things," and that motto has been adhered to in the wild admiration of the song, "Baby Mine."—H. K.]

What is that which now howls with pain?
That kicks and yells and howls again?
That screams as we each corner turn
What is it man? Run now and learn.
Baby Mine.

What yells at us as we awake?
What tempts us to our heels to take?
What makes us wish that we were hung?
What sickens us as soon as sung?
Baby Mine.

What's that on every person's brain?
What is it that now cries again?
Upon the street, both far and near
What is it we each moment hear?
Baby Mine.

What shall we do with such a brat?
Kill it? No; we'll not do that.
What can be done as soon as said?
"Spank me, and put me straight to bed,"
Says "Baby Mine."

ON THE BRINK.

I HAVE known Arthur Grovely well and intimately. A part of his story came to my knowledge through my own observation, and a part he told me himself.

Arthur came of an old, well-defined and respectable stock, and with just enough of aristocratic pride inherited from his progenitors to give him refinement and self-reliance. At an early age he was left an orphan, and received most of his education under the care of an uncle. When he was one-and-twenty he was admitted to the employ of a banker named Vanderlain, and very soon took a position of trust and responsibility in the house. A year later he took for his wife Fanny Summerton—one of the fairest and sweetest of earthly treasures. He had loved her long and truly, and her love in return had been single and devoted. Thus was life opening for Arthur Grovely with bright and happy promise. He had friends whichever way he turned; his business prospects were of the very best; and his home was an earthly paradise.

One enemy, and one enemy alone, at this tim stood in Arthur's path. His wife did not see it then. She loved him so fondly and trustingly that she could not see a fault.

A few of Arthur's friends feared danger and one of them more bold than the rest, spoke to him warningly, but kindly; but he turned away from the warning with a sneer of derision.

The months and the years went on—from twenty two to twenty-eight.

Six years of married life; six years of blessing so far as the outer things of life can give blessing. In the bank Arthur had assumed a place very near to the head, and his salary was munificent.

From early youth Arthur Grovely had found the wine-cup among the symbols of life's social phrase. He had kept wine in his own house: he had used it upon his side-board and upon his table: and he had partaken freely abroad. In the earlier yea s it was wine, and only wine of the best and the finest. Later, stronger liquors were required to keep up the tone. At the age of eight-and-twenty, there had come an undue flush upon Arthur's cheek, and there were blotches in the eye which ought not to have been there. He now took brandy before breakfast, and through the day he was forced to supply fuel to feed a fire which else might have consumed all bodily comfort. As yet he had never been helplessly intoxicated. He was confident in his own strength.

Alas! for the man thus failing! He knows not that his power of understandt ing are dying out as the body fades and perishes.

At length, Mr. Vanderlain called Arthur into his private closet, and told him that he was going to suspend business.

"I have money enough," said Mr. Vanderlain, "and I know that my close application to business is wearing upon me. I am growing in years and need rest. I think of going to Europe."

"And of closing up your business?"

"Yes."

"But, sir, there is no need of that. If you will trust your bank under the guidance of some capable and responsible agent, with your name at its head, it might go prosperously on, and you could go away upon your trip at will."

A cloud came upon the banker's face, and he shook his head.

"It is too late," he said. "At some time I may tell you more."

Shortly after this, in process of closing up his business, Mr. Vanderlain sent Arthur to a distant city to make some important settlements. Arrived at his destination, the young man called upon the correspondents of the bank, and having made preliminary arrangements, he found himself with a few days upon his hands which he might employ in pleasure. On the very evening of his arrival he had fallen in with John Hatton and William Roberts, two friends and class-mates of earlier years. He was startled when he saw them. They were evidently going down hill—were drinking to excess. Yet they were gentlemen, and Arthur joined them. He spent a first and second night in their company. On this second night, for the first time in his life, Arthur Grovely drank to a state of helpless stupefication: He awoke on the next day feeling sad and humiliated. When he met his companions in a private parlor connected with their sleeping apartments, he found them with a bowl of hot brandy between them. A spirit of true friendliness came upon him when he saw the marks of the destroyer so deeply fixed upon the companions of his boyhood.

"Boys," said he, "this won't do. You are going down."

They regarded him curiously, and ask him what he meant.

He told them what he meant. They were in a dangerous way.

"You forget, old boy," said Hatton, "that you are in the same boat. If we took passage before you, it is no less sure that our route now is the same. Don't preach, Arthur. Try a bit of hot brandy."

There are moments in a life time—great crises—when the events of the past flash before the mind as upon a magic mirror—when a man, in a brief instant, recalls every salient point of his earthly career. Such a moment was the present to Arthur Grovely.

"Let it alone," he said, solemnly. "I tell you, Jack, and you, Will, that you are going down. You can't last much longer at this rate."

"Well," retorted Roberts, with an attempt to laugh, "it appears to me that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Hadn't you better try to let it alone yourself?"

"If I will try it, will you try it?" he asked.

"Will you try it?" demanded Hatton.

"I will if you will join me."

"DONE!"

And they did it. They joined hands, and promised one another that they would be true and steadfast.

A new surprise was in store for Arthur Grovely. He found upon cutting off his spiritous liquors that his body weakened and that his hands shook as though with palsy. He applied to a physician for help. Fortunately he applied to a man of sense and understanding.

"Can you give me something to steady my nerves and restore my appetite?" Arthur asked, after he had promply stated his case.

"This shows you, my dear sir," said the physician, "into what a dangerous state you had fallen. I can give you something to steady your nerves, but it would not help you in the end. If you will be brave and true you will come out all right in a few days."

Arthur said he should not go back. He wanted no stimulants—no more of that.

The trial was a severe one, and it may have been a blessed thing for Arthur Grovely that it was so. He felt more heroism in the conquest, and he also saw more clearly how deeply the evil habit had become fixed upon him. On the morning of the fourth day of his trial he awoke with an appetite for food, and was able to eat a hearty breakfast. He was a new man from this time forth. The physician had given him certain hygienic directions which he followed implicitly, and thus he held fast upon his health as it came back upon him.

And on this fourth day Arthur saw Hatton and Roberts. They had kept the faith, and had been unexpectedly prosperous. An excellent opening in business had been presented and accepted.

On the fifth day the business which had brought Grovely from home was concluded, and he set out on his return. And the last struggle had passed. His nerves had become steady; his appetite had started up as if by magic; his cheek had grown fair; and the white of his eye was growing clear and pearly again.

He reached his own city in the morning, and went first to the bank and gave in a return of his business. Mr. Vanderlain had glanced quickly and eagerly into his face when he first entered, and a wonderous change came upon the banker's manner as the business proceeded. Something outside the business in hand was evidently on his mind.

Arthur did not reach his home until time for dinner; but he had sent a boy from the bank with word that he should be there.

"Fanny!"

"Darling! O, I'm so glad to see you back!"

Something made the wife even happier than she had thought as she rested within her husband's embrace; but in the sudden joy she could not see it—she could only feel a great warmth, like the glow of heaven, as Arthur's kiss came, sweet and pure, to her lips.

As they entered the dining-room Arthur saw the decanter of wine near his plate.

"Take it away, Fanny," he said, smiling. "If you want it hereafter for medicine, keep it. For myself I shall not want it."

"Not want it—Arthur?"

"I have done with it forever!"

He spoke solemnly, with a manliness that was strong and reliant.

And the wife saw whence had come the great warmth to her heart—saw it in the pure cheek, and in the clear eye, as she had caught it in the sweet breath.

Arthur—my husband," she whispered, as though hardly daring to trust to her own senses, "is it true? Do you mean forever?"

"While I live, darling, God giving me strength and reason."

Fanny, was on the opposite side of the table. She tried to speak, but her voice failed her. She turned white—then she pressed her hand for an instant upon her heart—and then, as the crimson flood once more bounded on its course, she covered her face, and sank down weeping like a child.

Arthur was by her side in a moment.

"Fanny! My wife! What is it?"

"She looked up, and caught his startled gaze through her tears. With a quick movement she threw her arms around his neck, and pillowed her head upon his bosom.

"O, Arthur!—bless you! bless you! I could die for joy if I did not feel that I could find more happiness in living now for you!"

Here was a new revelation. Arthur Grovely now learned how his sweet wife had suffered without daring to complain—how the worm had gnawed at her heart,—saw it all the more clearly because he saw in this present time her surpassing joy and ecstacy.

Not many words were spoken. This was not the time for such a heart-moving theme,—and as they eat the meal Arthur told of the trip to that distant city.

After dinner Arthur went out to carry a budget to a neighbor, and when left alone, Fanny sat down and cried again for joy. And so Mr. Vanderlain found her. He had stopped in passing to do an errand.

Mrs. Grovely! What has happened? What is wrong?"

"Wrong?" she repeated, looking up. "O, sir, it is for joy I am crying."

And then she told him the source of the new happiness that had opened to her.

Mr. Vanderlain listened, and after a deal of thought he slowly said, with his hand upon Fanny's fair head—

"Dear child, you may rejoice without fear. If Arthur has pledged his honor to this new life, be sure he will keep the faith!"

Most of the afternoon Arthur spent at the bank; and as he sat at the table in the private office waiting for the banker, a feeling of sadness and regret came over him. It would be hard to leave the old place, and it might be a long, long time before he could find another so pleasant.

It was toward evening when Mr. Vanderlain come in, looking flushed and self-satisfied.

"I have kept you waiting, Arthur, but I have been busy. I have made a most important change in my programme."

"Ah! And are you not going away?"

"Yes—I shall go to Europe; but I shall not give up my banking business. I have found a new man—one safe, reliable, and competent—who, I think, will take my business while I am absent."

"Mr. Vanderlain," cried the young man frankly, "I am glad of this, for I know I shall be able to persuade you to let me keep my place in your employ."

The banker shook his head.

Arthur trembled, and started to speak.

"Tut, tut—not your present place, Arthur. Know that you are my new man. If you will take charge of my business, I shall not let it go from me; and I shall leave it in your hands, knowing that both it and you will prosper. What say you?"

"Mr. Vanderlain!'

"Ah! my boy, I have seen your wife. I found her crying for joy. And when she told me whence her joy came, I knew there was joy for me also. To the NEW MAN I give my entire confidence, and in HIS hands I fear not to trust my name and my honor."

It was Arthur Grovely's turn now to weep; and he could no more help it than he could have helped the great flood of peace and blessedness that flowed in upon his heart.

"My dear boy," said the banker afterwards, "I did not speak to you in the other times as perhaps I ought. I knew how you treated others who did speak, and I forbore. I had intended to speak, however, before I went away, and, if possible to get you a good place. But it is all done now. God bless and keep you."

And now, looking back, Arthur Grovely sees how near upon the fearful brink he stood. From his position of wealth and honor and love, he can see the dark pit from which he escaped, and he sees hundreds upon hundreds sinking into it yearly. He helps the falling ones when he can, and finds unfailing satisfaction in the work.

LET US ALL CROW!

CASS COUNTY SENDS TWO BLUE-RIBBON MEN TO THE CAPITOL.

HON. CHAS. KAHLO, SENATOR, AND B. F. CAMPBELL, REPRESENTATIVE, THE CHOICE OF A SOBER PEOPLE.

PUBLIC OPINION MOULDED AS THE BALL ROLLS ONWARD.

HAVE (OR WILL) THE PROHIBITIONISTS OF MISSOURI, IOWA, ILLINOIS, ETC., DONE MORE?

WE are pleased to announce the election of Bro. Charles Kahlo as Senator from Cass and Carroll counties, and of Bro. B. F. Campbell as Representative of Cass county. They are both staunch Murphys. This is a victory the people gained by non-partisan suffrage. They deserve the praise. We believe these gentlemen will meet every expectation of the people. We do not ask them to legislate for us, but for the people—and let public opinion guide them in every step.

A Little Too Fast, Mr. S.-K.

On the morning following the election, few returns had been made. No correct idea could be formed as to the result. The candidates who had been using whisky as an electioneering argument to convince the voters that "*they* were just the men for the office," previously had a majority of about 500, and of course felt confident.

Two saloon-keepers on Bridge street, having news quite favorable to their candidates, gathered a crowd around them and jubilated quite freely on the matter. "*Now* you can see what whisky will do, you bet," they would say, and they really felt quite happy.

The returns came in. Every whisky candidate was defeated by from 300 to 500 majority.

The s.-k.'s were not seen again for some time.

Stand Up Again, Mr. Mayor.

A COUPLE of saloons were raided by the police, on last Tuesday, and the proprietors arrested for selling contrary to law, election day.—*Crawfordsville Mercury*

All the remaining saloons were closed.

To our Mayor, Marshal, and police—most high-minded sirs:

Crawfordsville is in Indiana, U. S. of America.

So is Logansport.

Crawfordsville does not need an "affidavit" to maintain or enforce the law.

Logansport does.

And more: It needs officials who are not afraid to do what their oath compels them.

It wants fewer affidavits and more backbone.

Do you hear?

Two Good Recipes.

The *Scientific American* says:

"There is a prescription in use in England for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been assisted in recovering themselves. It is as follows: Sulphate of iron, five grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm; twice a day. This preparation acts as a stimulant and tonic, and partly supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows the sudden breaking from the use of stimulating drinks."

We are not a scientist, but we have a recipe that would do as well as the above, perhaps, although that may be a good one: Entire total abstinence. We know that to be a positive cure.

Ladies.

WE want lady agents for THE SIGNAL in every city and at every post office in thd United States. We will pay a higher CASH commission than any other paper or firm. Write for terms, and if we do not do this, we will send you the paper FREE.

Write at once, as we can make you this offer but for two months. Address all communications to THE SIGNAL.

"Our Bill."

Bro. "Bill" Murray, conductor on the L., C. & S. W. R. R., delivered a temperance speech at the Murphy meeting last night. It was one of the best speeches of the character we have ever had the pleasure of listening to, and we have heard Gough and many other leaders in the temperance cause.—*Mirror, Flora, Ind.*

Read! Read!

TO EVERY person who will send us four subscribers at 50c each, we will send as a premium the handsomely printed and bound volume of Mace Long's Life; 212 pages, splendidly illustrated, price $1.00. We make this offer for two months only. Send in the names and cash at once.

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The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

LOGANSPORT, IND., OCTOBER 23, 1878.

Published in the Interest of the Murphy Temperance Movement.

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All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

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50c.

NEVER let up.

SING and sign.

REVIVE NOW.

WE bow again.

MURPHYS to-night.

OUR work must continue.

HEAR Mrs. Russell to-night.

READ every line of this issue.

ATTEND the meeting to night.

MRS. RUSSELL stays all week.

WE are proud of our contributions.

How do you like THE SIGNAL now.

REPORT your meetings every week.

TAKE you friends to the meeting at the hall to-night.

THE prospect of a great revival this week is flattering.

BRO GOFF held a meeting at Bethel church, on the 13th.

BRO. VIGUS went to Flora Mondy evening, and stayed over last night.

THE contribution of "H. K." "Baby Mine"—in this issue is a timely hit.

GET us four subscribers and we give you the Life of Mace Long, price $1.

MISS MAUD MEGINNIS appreciates THE SIGNAL, and good literature in general.

BROS. IVINS and Pettit held a splendid meeting at Bethel church Sunday night.

WE must have 10,000 names on our subscription books within the next three months.

THE editor and Jas. Vigus will hold a meeting at Young America next Saturday evening.

TWO-THIRDS of the boys of Logansport can be benefitted by signing the pledge. The remainder have signed.

THE ponderous frame of Tyler A Mason, the lecturer, was ushered into our "august" presence, last week.

MR. J M. VIGUS held an interesting meeting at Center church. All were well pleased, and many signed the pledge.

THERE is no excuse for boys frequenting saloons. If they have the least refined taste they can find more respectable places.

SEVERAL persons have subscribed for two and three copies of THE SIGNAL, and more might do so. It aids the paper and the cause.

A SALOON-KEEPER at Crawfordsville shows fight as you will see by referring to contributors column. He will get the worst of it, however.

MEETINGS will be held to-night and tomorrow evening at Miami church, near Adamsboro. Jas Vigus and the editor will "go out" and help the boys if possible.

BOYS, if you would be men in every sense of the word, I tell you now, emphatically, you cannot do it and frequent rum shops. You will fall as surely as you now stand if you do not stop it.

ONE of the "sweet singers of the Tivoli," or squeaker, as you may choose to call them, was requested to take a walk by the sheriff of Miami county last week. He walked, and the town is rid of another scalawag.

WE wish it understood that the columns of THE SIGNAL are open for the discussion of any question of national public interest. The person who holds opposite views from us will be considered most charitably and his productions given space in our paper. THE SIGNAL does not hold itself responsible for the opinions of its correspondents.

OUT AND IN.

OLD OFFICERS STEP DOWN AND OUT, AND NEW ONES STEP UP AND IN.

THE WORK OF FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHTS—THE OLD RETIRE WITH A GOOD RECORD.

A STRONG FORCE ELECTED IN THEIR STEAD —GOOD PROSPECT FOR THE FUTURE.

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT W. H. LEEDY— REPORTS— FINALS AND INAUGURALS.

(From the Daily Journal, 19th.)

As per announcement, the Murphys met at their hall last night, and elected officers to serve for six months.

A large crowd assembled, evidently interested in the work before the meeting.

"Coronation" was sung, and prayer offered by Rev. A. W. Hawkins, who also read a scripture lesson.

After a song, President Leedy announced the purpose of the meeting, and the balloting for officers commenced, which resulted as follows:

President—William E. Murray.

Vice Presidents—First, H. C. Mehaffie; second, W. J. Potter; third, T. B. Louis; fourth, T. C. Barnes; fifth, G. W. Goff.

Secretary—Ed. Taylor.

Assistant Secretary—Charles Lumbert.

Treasurer—Charles Kahlo.

Trustees—Isaac Himmelberger, D. L. Overholser, J. C. Merriam.

W. H. Leedy has served the Union as President ever since its organization, eighteen months ago, and none has been more faithful. He was nominated last night but politely declined. He will devote his time to his paper, The Signal, hereafter, and as he has stood by this Union, the JOURNAL hopes it will stand by him, which it believes it will. He has made hosts of friends by his impartial ruling, courteousness and attentiveness to his duties. The Union will not lose his services, however, because of his inability to serve them as an officer.

The old officers have been true to their trust, and the association has prospered during their administration.

The new officers who take their seats to-night promise a successful future work.

(From the Sunday Journal 20th.)

A very reasonable audience gathered at the hall last night, to witness the installment of officers.

The meeting was opened with the usual exercises.

Mr. W. H. Leedy, the retiring President, delivered the following address:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

THIS night severs my connection with you as an executive officer.

Eighteen months ago, when you first saw proper to place me in this honorable position, I felt myself incapable of meeting the responsible requirements, and I fear that even now I cannot fully realize the magnitude of its importance. To-night in glancing over the past, I can contemplate with pride only a few of my official acts.

When first I entered upon the duties you assigned, I did so with misgivings and forebodings, and to-night they have been removed for the first time.

While a great many of us, probably, object to "third termers," I have to thank you for three successive elections. I assure you it is a relief to me to be permitted to retire to "private life," at this time, and were it not a privilege personal reasons would require it.

I feel that our associations have been of the most pleasant character, and I can fully appreciate the sacrifices you have made in your labor of love. I am truly pained to separate from those whom I believe have become sincere and life-long friends to me, but even if not to me, to the cause which we mutually love. And there may have been differences with a few that have led to unpleasant conclusions. I ask such, if any there be, to judge me charitably. May I impress you with the fact, that at all times, though my manner may have appeared harsh and unwise, I have been prompted by motives of the purest character. I have endeavored to keep prominently before me the wish to do the greatest good to the greatest number, and to act in a way that would make our union a progressive one. If I have failed, I cannot help it. Others may be here who will remedy those errors.

I have made mistakes, and numerous ones, but they have been mistakes of the head and not of the heart.

None can more fully realize or regret my missteps than myself.

I have done my best.

I believe our union is the banner one of Indiana and the West. We have labored as a unit together, and the fruits snow our work has not been futile. Our work is progressing, our union is out of debt, and our members are earnest and determined. I believe no other people could do what you have done in the past eighteen months. All around us the temperance lights have flashed and disappeared; but here, thank God, the beacon light of salvation has ever burned brightly, and many poor, wandering souls have been lighted to the haven. Keep those lights trimmed and burning.

And, although at times dark clouds have shadowed us, they have been dispelled and scattered by the sunshine of charity, and to-night the radiance of that immortal motto is shed upon us in the fervor of its splendor.

To the few substantial ones who have stood by this union in its hours of darkness too much credit cannot be given. I can see many persons here to-night who have felt more keenly than I, perhaps, the vastness of the task. In the past you have borne the burdens well; continue in the future faithful and true.

If you will indulge me for a moment, I would say that to make a material change in your class or quality of workers, will surely ruin your prospects for successs.

I would here express my gratitude to the boys for the respect they have shown me at all times. I can say truthfully that the satisfaction it gives me to speak thus is greater than upon any other point. My relations with the boys shall remain pleasant memories, which I will always cherish. Boys, be true to the blue.

To my seniors, who have permitted me, a mere boy, to act for and with them, I have no feelings but of kindness and reverence.

Of the ladies it would be but justice to say that none have been more faithful and attentive Their naturally sympathetic hearts have always beaten in sympathy with the needs of the work. The imprint of woman's hand is discerned all along our history. Without them we would have failed. I trust they will always be found laboring to maintain the allegiance of this association of brothers and sisters to the principles we have espoused Let their works be not without honor.

To you all, I can truthfully say you have done well. God bless you.

I have great confidence in the officers you saw proper to elect last Friday night. I believe they are heart and soul in the work, and their best efforts will be put forth to make your's a valued institution. But without your impartial aid they can do little, and you should not feel that upon them alone depends your success. Upon each individual member rests a responsibility which none other can assume. Do your duty by them, members, and I feel confident they will do their best by you.

If it will encourage, I believe our union has passed its most rugged points and we will have them to contend with no longer. It is an established institution, firmy so, and if you are discreet and earnest, all the devotees of rum on earth and in perdition cannot move it.

Do not let the work stop. Do not relax an effort. There is as much need for it now as there ever has been, It will take every and a powerful will, but victory must attend faithfulness.

Please remember me, friends, as a weak brother, who at least tried to do his duty. Forget my mistakes. In my heart I have been faithful to you, and in my soul I respect and love you all for the many hours of real enjoyment you have afforded me

In conclusion. Though no longer an officer, I shall still continue to be a worker.

Always count me a Murphy.

Good night, and may He who notes the fall of a sparrow, guide you."

Most of the new officers spoke very favorably.

Wm. Murray, the President, was absent.

H. C. Mehaffie, first Vice President, made an excellent inaugural, and promised his utmost efforts to further the cause.

Addresses were also made by Mrs. Smith, J. H. Ivins and H. J. Kline, retiring officers, and by W. J. Potter, T. C. Barnes, Goff, Taylor, Overholser and Kahlo, all promising allegiance to the cause.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Secretary Kline, in making his report, said:

Mr. President—Ladies and Gentlemen:

A pleasant and profitable term of six months has passed over our heads, and, if we have not gone as far forward as some of our over-zealous friends would have had us go, we have not lost an inch of ground. That the term has been prolific of much good is shown by the following report:

Meetings (regular) held	46
" (special) held	26
" (business) held	6
Total number held during the term	78

The money taken in and paid out is about $250.

The number of signers to the pledge aggregate about 2,500.

I tender my warmest greeting and hearty congratulations to the new officers, and wish them a pleasant term of office.

Thanking my friends for the support which they, unasked for, gave me last evening, I remain

Truly yours, H. J. KLINE.

FRANCIS MURPHY

HIS IRISH BLOOD AND PAST LIFE IS NO BARRIER TO HIS AGGRANDIZEMENT.

A COMPARISON—SCATTERED THOUGHTS—"HEWING TO THE LINE."

THE great leader of our movement is at Decatur, to-day, in attendance at the National Christian Temperance Union convention.

A few of the grumblers of the world find considerable to say against Mr. Murphy, and the expressions are prompted by nothing else than a vindicative, corrupt and unchristian heart. A few narrow-minded, gilt edged lunatics object to him because he is an Irishman.

A few sore-headed ministers and so-called temperance lecturers object to him because he was at one time a drunkard.

And a few who know less about what constitutes salvation than a sheep-killing dog, complain because he was once a saloon-keeper, and sold whisky.

"An Irishman is as good as anybody if he behaves himself as well." To be an Irishman is no crime, but an honor. America's brightest stars were born on the Emerald Isle, and no country would have been ashamed of them. To be an Irishman, and an honorable one, which the majority of them are, is to be a great deal more than the man who would complain of their nativity as a barrier to their emulation. Complain of them as you will, their perception has taught them in a few years what it has taken this country as a people, a century to learn—that rum is a curse, and should be annihilated. In this city the Father Matthews are doing a noble work, and the Irish people who have it in charge are progressing in this work so grandly, and are doing it so thoroughly, that it should cause every vindicative heart to be put to shame. God bless the Irish people; they are a good people, and when we pattern after many of their good examples, we and our people will be a great deal better off.

And those who cannot forgive Francis Murphy, or any other person for drinking and selling liquor, is not likely to receive much consideration at the bar of God.

Was it a greater crime for Francis Murphy to sell than an American, an Englishman, or any other person?

Because he sold whisky is it a reason for condemning him now and in eternity. Are there no salvation? No forgiveness?

Paul, the great Apostle, the leader of leaders and teacher of teachers in the christian world, under the name of Saul, persecuted the Savior and his people, to an extreme, waged war, murdered, outraged, and done everything almost in the catalogue of crimes to wipe out the Christian people,

The same Paul or Saul was forgiven and saved. He did a great work, and left his teachings to stand forever as a beacon light to wandering sinners.

This same Paul or Saul is to-day looked upon as one of the greatest of the apostles by the persons who say "Francis Murphy sold whisky." Notwithstanding at one time he was one of the greatest criminals the world has ever produced.

Away with such trash of arguments. Compare Paul's record with that of Francis Murphy, and the latter's crime would be rendered insignificant.

Paul became a good man. And so *can* and *did* Francis Murphy.

If there is no salvation for a saloon-keeper when he wants it and applys properly to get it, their is no salvation for *anyone.*

"Christ came into the world to save them that were lost."

And the lost ones are being saved to-day, and the "saved" ones are drifting to perdition because they need no Savior.

Fine churches will not save your soul.

Elegant homes and brick blocks will not save your soul.

Jewelry and gold and fine clothing will not save your soul.

And with these a man is not likely to think of a Savior's love, the only pass into the gates.

We have elegant churches in this city. Superbly fitted up, handsomely frescoed and gilded. And the members of these churches are regular and attentive at services on Sundays. During the week, however, you can find them at almost every occupation the world affords—dancing, drinking wine and ale, theatres, and if you were to meet them you would have no idea that they ever seen the inside of a church. And they are doing the Savior's cause more harm than good. Their influence as Christians are bad There is no wonder that infidels are becoming more and more numerous every day. They give the most liberal meaning to the commands of their Savior, and excuse every act. Such churches have a bad influence in many ways, but lest we are accused of being a disbeliever we will continue this no further.

We hope for the day when all classes of people can act as one man in the christian and temperance work. Until that day there can be little success for either.

How Much Do You Pay?

THE *Western Banner* says:

"In the State of Ohio, for each man, woman and child, is paid annually about seventy-five cents to support ministers and about one dollar per head for school teachers, while recently sixty dollars per capita in a single year was passed over the bar-room counters."

And the greater portion of the whisky bill comes directly from the purse of the workingman. Reader, how much do you contribute to the devil's fund. Your children would be provided better educational facilities, and instead of crime, you would be teaching them that which is manly and beneficial.

The parent is responsible for the child. You have no right to cause them to pursue a wrong pathway. Your precept and example is their guide. Would you, brother, wreck a young and promising life to gratify a passion, and that life dear to you?

Sixty dollars! No wonder there is destitution and crime!

Let us repudiate the terrible curse

Mace Long.

OUR esteemed friend, Mace Long, spoke at the hall on Friday and Saturday evenings, 11th and 12th. He is the easiest and prettiest talker in the field He creates a sympathy with the audience at the beginning, and maintains it to the close. He is not eloquent, but a more attractive speaker never stepped upon a stage; and the story of his life, sad and eventful, is recited in a manner that thrills the whole being of the listener. He should be kept in the field. His story should be heard by every rising young man. As a lecturer, few men excel Mace Long, the reformed gambler.

Put His "Fut" Down on It.

BRO. DILTZ tells that Bro. David Middleton, while a policeman, would discover him "cutting up some monkey-shine," and the way Diltz would scamper through alleys and by-ways, with Dave following at his best speed, would be a caution. Diltz says the last he would hear of Dave would be, in thundering tones, "See hyar, young man, I want no more of this; I've had enough of it; I'll put my fut down on it." And good-natured Dave laughs as hearty as anyone at the recital.

Thanks.

"MR. WILL. H. LEEDY withdrew last night from the Presidency of the Murphy Association. He has served them long and faithfully, and now wishes to let others bear the burden for awhile. If his successor is as energetic on behalf of temperance as Will., the Murphys will surely prosper."—*Chronicle.*

Nothing Like It.

To every person who will send us 60c for THE SIGNAL, one year, we will present with a copy of "Eleven Years a Drunkard," written by Thomas Donor WITH HIS TEETH The book alone is worth the money. We must have 10,000. This offer good but for one month.

Such Puns!

"WE know what 'ales' the country, its the two hundred thousand saloons and breweries."—*Blue Ribbon News.*

You surely do not mean to say there's trouble a "brewing?" Eh?

Why?

IF a man lies once, he is a liar; if he steals once, he is a thief; but you do not call a man a drunkard until he is drunk about two-thirds of the time.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

National Christian Temperance Union.
FRANCIS MURPHY, President, Pittsburg, Pa.
J. E. LETTON, Secretary. Pittsburg.
JAMES C. DUNN, Cor. Sec., Pittsburg, Pa.

Logansport Christian Temperance Union.
WM. E. MURRAY, President.
Vice-Presidents—H. C. MEHAFFIE, W. J. POTTER, T. B. LOUIS, T. C. BARNES, G. W. GOFF.
ED. TAYLOR, Secretary.
CHARLES LUMBERT, Ass't Secretary.
CHAS. KAHLO, Treasurer.
Trustees—Isaac Himmelberger. D. L. Overholser, J. M. Justice.

Lake Cicott Christian Temperance Union.
L. E. ROGERS, President.
JOSEPH VANATTA, Vice-President.
R. A. STEWART, Secretary.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

CAMDEN.

To the Editor:

WE had a glorious meeting, and signers were plenty. Mr. J. M. Vigus gave us a short history of his past life and it was to the point, and it made the boys think it was time for them to sign the pledge. Success to Bro. Vigus. A. L.

Camden, Oct. 18th.

FROM SEVASTOPOL, IND.

To the Editor:

I HEARD of THE MURPHY SIGNAL while near your town a few days ago. It was well spoken of by many. I would be glad to see the paper. We have an organization at Sevastopol of about 100. We have no paper. I hope I may soon receive yours. Yours etc.,

FRANK HEIGHWAY.

Sevastopol, Ind., Oct. 14th.

WALTON.

To the Editor:

THE Murphy work is still going on in our place. We still hold our meetings weekly. The interest has somewhat abated during the past few weeks, but we are glad to know and glad to be able to write you that there is yet a few faithful souls, and we look for a revival in this work—one that will be more glorious in its results than anything we have ever known in this town. Last night Mr. T. C. Diltz delivered an address to the people of this place. Mr. D. is an able speaker, and his address should have been heard by every one in the place. We are determined to keep the ball rolling. Wishing the Murphys success, and that the good work may still go on, I close. A MURPHY

Walton, Oct. 19.

THOMASBORO, ILL.

To the Editor:

I AM very well pleased with THE SIGNAL it is the boss paper, and just the very thing every advocate of temperance should read. If you have any copies to spare of next issue if you forward me some I will distribute them and see if I can't get up a club.

The cause of temperance, here, is progressing very well. The meetings are not as enthusiastic as they were last spring, but every one seems in earnest. This society meets every Tuesday evening, On next Tuesday evening we expect speakers from Champaign. Expect a good time. My predictions are, that we are on the eve of the greatest temperance reformation the world has ever known.

With best respects and love to the brotherhood in old Cass, I remain yours fraternally. R. P. GRABLE.

Thomasboro, Ill., Oct. 14th, 1878.

MOTHER.

To the Editor:

HOME, what would home be without our dear mothers. Really there is considerable significance attached to the place we usually call home, but without a mother it could not have that desirable rest and happiness which is always our expectation to have in the presence of that dearest of friends, our mother, who has watched over us and cared for us in our infancy and is ever ready and willing to do all in her power for us. When all other earthly friends forsake us, this one is at our bedside at the last hour, the last moment of our existence, with kind and affectionate words of love and sympathy with prayer raised to Jesus to receive us in that upper and better mansion not made with hands, eternal in the Heaven's, where moth and rust cannot despoil, and where thieves cannot enter. Oh, the love of a mother is unspeakable and above all others of a worldly nature! Then let us consider as young men should, whether we have always been true to our best friend. Have we always obeyed the kind words of mother and kept from doing those things which we knew to be wrong? Have we ever almost forgotten the kind, tender and affectionate advice she gave us before we left the home fireside for a foreign land, perhaps never to return. Oh, it should never be said of us that we have paid no heed to her kind entreaties to always abstain from strong drink, or else forgotten her golden words altogether. If this dearest friend has grown out of remembrance, and we no longer think of her, let us recall our memory and think for a moment what a wreck we have made of life and its pursuits since the time she told us to not.

G. W. D.

Stockton, California.

ELECTION DAY.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS OF CRAWFORDSVILLE STRIKE A BLOW THAT COUNTS.

To the Editor:

THE election excitement being over, I can now return to my corespondence :I desire to say something in regard to the prohibition of the whisky traffic on election day.

Heretofore, all saloons were open on that day, and in flagrant violation of law dealt out the infernal, murderous stuff. But the Good Templars, on the evening previons to the day of election, formed a procession and proceeded to the Mayor's office, where the council was in session, and through their spokesman presented a petition asking the appointment of a sufficient number of police, of their own number, whose specific duty it would be to keep the saloons closed during the entire day. The petition was granted, and twenty-three policemen were appointed. The saloons were closed from sunrise to sunset—yes, till next morning,—except two, that attempted defiance of law, and the proprietors were arrested promptly. One plead guilty and was fined ten dollars and costs. The other stood trial, but was found guilty and fined a like amount and costs. He has appealed to the circuit court, and if its decision is against him he will carry it to the supreme court, and make a test case of it.

That much the Good Templars have done, and that much they deserve credit for. They intend to keep this up, not only on election day, but on Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, and on all other legal holidays. The enemy has lost its grip, but the Good Templars have found it, and are determined to hold on to it. The lodges are composed of some of the best material the city affords, and have become very powerful. There are now five lodges in the city, a colored one being instituted the other evening. Altogether there are seven temperance meetings during the week, five Good Templar Lodges and two meetings of the blue ribbon clubs. W. W. C.

Crawfordsville, Oct 15, 1878.

THE DUTY OF MINISTERS.

To the Editor:

FIRST, I believe in the duty of all watchmen upon Zion's walls to ever be found within the halls or churches where the work of rescueing fallen men is the theme. Second. They should be there not merely as spectators but as true Christian workers, helping by their presence, prayers and exertions to lead on the mighty hosts of right.

Ministers wield a mighty influence over their congregation, especially if he be a man they love and can trust. They seeing him visit these places of meetings naturally follow his example; and thus often the entire flock or congregation become hearty co-laborers in the work. Just what all true Murphy men and women desire. Nothing can have a more complete welcome in the hearts of the tired and true than to see a general flowing in of God's people as workers. It makes men who are faltering hesitate no longer as to the propriety of the thing. They say at once there is some reality in the work, for behold how ardent are they for our restoration in good society. Prayer is the key that unlocks the treasury box of the Lord, revealing all the treasures therein concealed, and therefore ministers are looked to as the ones to make those prayers. Therefore we say and believe that all ministers should be found giving the men and women their hearty co-operation, mingling with them, shaking hands, speaking words of cheer, consoling fallen ones, urging doubtful ones to go forward, and prodigals to return. Men often wonder why Bro. A. or B. as the case may be, does not attend the Murphy meetings which is at their very door or perchance in the church house that they are pastor of. Of course all men do not see and think alike, and it is lucky for us that we do not, for what a deplorable condition we would be in if we all saw as some men do. No excuse can be given that will answer the purpose excepting in case of providential detention, such as sickness or terrible inclement weather. Some say I cannot conscientiously mingle with men that have been so depraved and besotted. Christ could mingle with them and even take them in his arms. Angels rejoice over their company, and are ye better than the Master or these? Stop and consider, and in considering act, and in acting, act promptly, and for fallen humanity as a true Murphyite, and we feel that God will bless and give you souls for your hire. T. C. DILTZ.

TEMPERANCE AND CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor:

I SEE many of our Murphy brothers and sisters relying in their own strength to keep our grand and noble pledge, and some fail. Why don't they come into the fold of Christ, and let Jesus help them? He has promised to never leave or forsake his own, and in their dark hours when they are tempted to fall again, after they have taken their first good step (by signing the pledge) if they would only go to Jesus he would bear them through safely. It grieves us to see so many noble ones stop after they take the pledge and not go on and pledge their lives and souls, to their Master. Our christian brother Long in his eloquent address says: "Christianity is the star of hope" and that he did not "attempt to stand alone but took unto himself Jesus." This would be a good motto for all of us, for is this not a CHRISTIAN temperance organization?

Many are struggling to be men once more and are succeeding. It fills my heart with joy to see so many being saved from the dark life; but when I see one that falls I find that he did not put his trust and prayers with Jesus, and that his life is not glittering and sparkling with the sunlight of faith. Go and do something for Jesus and do it soon. He has done so much for you! His eternal love still blooms for you The dread angel of death may pass through your streets to-night and may cut you off in his anger. Our Savior is now pleading in Heaven for you. Don't let him plead in vain. You have hearts overflowing in the temperance work, and are trying to lift the dark curtain that has enveloped our country. May God bless you and keep you faithful to the work forever, that his eternal love will still welcome you home. Come and go forward to the high and holy love. How good God is to us, but this beautiful world will not last forever. What a grand band all the Murphys would make around the great white throne. They can if they only will, and be at rest with Jesus. There are many more in our city that can be gathered into our temperance band. Oh, let us watch for the erring ones and try to gain them by handling them our MURPHY SIGNAL, praying for them, inviting them to our company of brave ones, that are marching on to the gateway of light. Bring up the stragglers out of the streets, boys, and make them feel that there is happiness in pure cold water companions. Sisters there is work for you to do. Always be ready to do it. Let us all battle for the right; have courage to withstand the sneers of whisky sellers and drinkers, showing them that we are brave, and determined, and are Murphys everywhere, and we do not falter, but are pressing bravely on until we will make Murphys and Christains of all. L. L.

Logansport, Ind.

THE TEMPERANCE FLAG.

To the Editor:

WITH a firm hand and trusting heart we long since nailed our flag to the mast, and as it gracefully rolled to the breeze our eyes flashed with pride, and our bosom swelled with exultation and hope. We love to look upon it now. Beneath its broad and ample folds, firmly relying upon the justice of our cause, and trusting God, we will continue to do battle. In other days we struggled for triumph in that political party of which we were prone to be called a member. Our struggle was not without success. We labored honestly for our country then, we strike for our country now—for its power and its peace, its highest weal, for the purity of the elective franchise, and the perpetuity of our institutions and laws, for public and private virtue, and the rescue of domestic happiness from the deadliest foe; to wrenchthe rankling shaft from the torn, bleeding heart of the wife, sister, daughter and mother; to roll back the tide of ruin, the lava of death, which, bursting from ten thousand hissing craters, rushes on to blacken and destroy; to rob the poor-house of its wrecked tributes, the prison of its wrecked inmates, and the gallows of its doomed victim; to guard the social and the fireside circle from the ravages of a stalking pestilence which knows no mercy; to save religion from its robberies, manhood from its blight, and the works of God from its desecration; to shield and to save the alter and the hearthstone from its ruthless tread; worth, wealth, genius, and beauty from its withering grasp, and man from a dishonored grave. We strike for all that we love, and we strike against avarice, robbery, crime and blood; and we strike for the character; the dignity and the happiness of man. We have "hung our banner on the outer wall."

Could all the forms of evil produced in our land by intemperance come upon us in one vivid array, it would appal the nation, and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirits. If in every dwelling built by blood the stone from the wall should utter all the follies which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beam out of the timber should echo them back, who would build such a house, and who would dwell n it? What, if in every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers, babblings and contentions, and voices and groans, and shrieks and wailings were heard, day and night? What, if the cold blood oozed out and stood in drops on the walls; and by preternatural art all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance, should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture, within and without the building, who would go near such a building? What, if at eventide, and at midnight, weary forms of men destroyed by intemperance, were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received their bane, following the track of the ship engaged in the commerce, walking upon the waves, flitting athwart the deck, sitting upon the rigging, and sending up from the hold within, and the waves without, groans, and loud laments, and wailings; Who would attend such stores? Who would labor in such distilleries? Who wonld navigate such ships? Oh, were the sky one great whispering gallery, bringing down about us all the lamentations and woe which intemperance creates; and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound, bringing up around us the wailings of the lost whom the commerce in ardent spirits had sent thither. These terrible realities, assailing the sense, would invigorate our consciences and give decision to our purposes. The pulse quickens in view of the great interest at stake; and we would that our voice could reach every faint-hearted friend of the cause, and arouse him to action. Let us spurn with contempt the suggestion of a retreat. Let us never surrender, but stand by our flag both now and forever.

M. S. B.

Lake Cicott, Ind.

BLOOD MONEY.

To the Editor:

WE are told that the sale of intoxicating drinks is just and right, that license money goes to enrich our public treasury, that license money keeps up our public school fund. To me there is something revolting and abhorent in the thought that our children are to be educated at such a fearful price That men, women and children are thus sacrificed. That men who are appointed to govern our land, who should look to the best interest of the people, can sit deliberately down and ask those who wish license, "how much will you pay us if we will betray those poor innocent women and children into your hands." Oh, how can the cheek help but burn and tingle with shame as we realize the length and breadth of this policy?

All we most cherish and hold dear in this world, all hope for the next, is put in the scale with the paltry dollars and cents. It should blister and corrode their hands, who receive the accursed blood money, that is to be wrung from the broken, bleeding hearts of weeping mothers and innocent children.

Cling to it, cherish it well, you who accept it, it is hot with the bitter scalding tears of the widows and fatherless. Grant them license that they may make paupers to fill our poor-houses. Grant them license that they may make criminals of all descriptions. Then use the license money to pay officers to catch them, then try them, and punish them by shutting them up in the prisons, that license money has built, or, if where maddened by the accursed poison, they erect a scaffold with license money to hang them upon.

In short give them license to make criminals of every grade, to crush and ruin the young men, to rob poor helpless women of their husbands and sons, and bring shame, degredation, and misery into their homes.

Must we submit to this? Our prisons are full, our alms-houses are full, sorrow and woe stares us in the face on every hand. Is there no way to stop this fearful traffic?

Who can remain idle when we see the terrible cloud of rayless night gathering around us? We protect the graves of our dead, trees and animals in our beautiful parks. why not protect our homes, our children? is it not more essential? why should mothers, wives, daughters, sisters, be forced to weep tears of blood, be turned out with nothing but disgrace, poverty and want, for their inheritance? Why when a kind Father has filled our land with plenty should women and children go hungry? It is neither christian nor humane that many should hunger, and suffer with pangs far more stinging than hunger, that a few more may be enriched by selling rum?

It is wicked, it is a shame to our country that so many innocent ones must be sacrificed, that a few may prosper in wickedness.

Come one and all, join us. God is just and will help us if we "dare to do right," and work fervently and earnestly together. The prayers of the whole christian world are with us, and for us. God bless our temperance union, and God bless Francis Murphy, is the cry of thousands of faithful hearts.

MRS. LOUISA GOFF.

SOUND SENSE.

To the Editor:

YOUR ever welcome visitor, THE SIGNAL, at hand; and I am pleased with your plain outspoken manner of presenting to your numerous readers plain and convincing facts. Go on my brother, hew to the line and make the chips fly so thick and fast that the voters can't dodge them. Trust in God who will ere long give the victory to his faithful laborers. The cause of temperance is the cause of God who is manifestly moving upon the hearts of millions of our people in all parts of the world, and is able and willing and will free us from the rum curse when we do our whole duty. It is God's own cause as well as ours. He was the first mover in it and will press it to a successful termination. I am rejoicing every day on account of the prominent position all our ministers have taken in favor of the temperance movement. They have assumed the responsibility of connecting all the red and blue ribbon movements as well as favoring every other organization designed to promote the cause of religion, temperance and good order, and we are expecting a great addition to the temperance army this fall and winter. What we want now is to get our voters to vote the way they pray, and become identified with the work without the fear of what the world might say or do. Every man that says nothing against the rum curse is claimed by the grog sellers and their pitiful dupes as being on the side of the enemies to peace and good order; the time has come when every man will be compelled to take a position on the side of right and good order or fall into the ranks of the enemy or of our law abiding citizens. Every man worthy of the name of a temperance man will not hesitate to cry aloud and spare not against a traffic that is causing more trouble than every other evil in our land. I verily believe if the devil had to make choice of the rum curse or every other evil in the world multiplied by ten thousand to fill up all his vacant rooms he would say give me the forty rod whisky traffic.

If this is a correct position is it not the duty of every friend to God, humanity, good order and the perpetuation of our blood-bought institutions to take a prominent and manly stand and go forward in the strength of God and battle manfully for the extermination of the cause of nine-tenths of all the evils in our land.

My dear readers please bear in mind that there are more sins of omission than commission. You will be accountable for what you don't do as well as what you do. And if you fail in warning your brother against the great evil, that brother may meet you at the judgment bar and say it is your fault that I am here, and hear the judge of all the earth say depart into utter darkness; and through your neglect of duty may receive the same sentence.

JOS. CADWALADER.

New Albany, Oct. 11, 1878.

Send Them In.

Every person sending us six subscribers to THE SIGNAL, and $3.00 cash, we will send one elegant bound volume (gilt edges, and brilliantly lettered cover, illustrated) of the "Ribbon Workers" giving a history of nearly every temperance worker in the field. It contains 450 pages and is sold for $2 00 everywhere. This unprecedented offer is good but for one month. Act. A little effort will secure you this book.

A Shining Star.

WE *hope* the "*Star of Hope*," Williamsport, Penn., will give THE SIGNAL credit for the articles it copies from it. THE SIGNAL might have a *hope*, then, of becoming a bright and shining *star*.

SEND us POSTAL CARD items.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, OCT. 23, 1878.

GENERAL NOTES.

Vinton, Iowa, has banished all the beer saloons.

Sheldon, Iowa, says by her ballots, no saloons.

Norwich, Conn., has voted "no license" by a deciden majority.

David Frost and Joselyn are carrying on a temperance campaign in Willemantic, Conn.

The prohibitionists of St. Louis have called a convention to meet October 24th, to nominate a full party ticket.

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, of Illinois, will go to Michigan the 28th inst., to commence a a year's work in the temperance field.

"What are you doing there, Colonel?" "I'm rectifying whisky," "Indeed! Well, who rectifies the wrongs which your whisky causes?"

Dr. Reynolds will return to Illinois from his vist east some lime next month and resume his temperance work throughout that State.

Chicago prohibitionists don't propose to let St. Louis get ahead of them. They have met and appointed committees to bring out a full ticket.

Dr. J. G. Holland said in his address at Alexandria Bay, "I never drink wine, nor give it to my guests," upon which an exchange guesses Holland Gin wasn't named fter him,

The blue ribbon club, of Crawfordsville, are contemplating holding a fair. The fact is that the club is sadly in need of funds; this plan to replenish their treasure is a good one.

A strong move is now being made to establish a blue ribbon club room in Crawfordsville. The room owned by David Harter is offered free for that purpose while Col. Henry S. Lane has generously offered to lend a helping hand in furnishing it with reading matter.

Gough gives this illustration to show the difference there is between nourishments and stimulants: "They tell us alcohol is food; that is not true. There is no food in it. Suppose a man should sit down on a hornet's nest, it would stimulate him, sure; but it would not nourish him much."

Short poem by Watterson: "O, woman, in our hour of ease, you know we'll do whate'er you please; we'll promise to renounce the sin of Bourbon, brandy, rum and gin, and so far as to refrain (except when tempted) from champaign; but have some mercy, do, my dear, and leave, oh, leave us lager beer!"

Advocates of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors may be pleased to learn that Lomer Griffin, who died in Lodi, Ohio, recently, at the extraordinary age of 103 years was a total abstainer. Mr. Griffin did not use tobacco. That his age was as great as claimed as shown by the family records and other uncontroverted proof.

The Supreme Court of Illinois has just decided an important case under the Illinois liquor law. The plaintiff in the case was going to Chicago with a car-load of stock, and was in a caboose. A drunken man entered the car with a revolver, and without any provocation purposely or accidentally discharged the same, the bullet striking and seriously injuring the plaintiff. Suit was brought against the saloon-keeper who caused the intoxication. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court, which decided that a person who sells intoxicating liquor is liable for the injury done to others by the person intoxicated.

A story has reached us of a Bradford brewer which aptly sets forth the obliquity of some men engaged in the drink traffic. A woman had become the tenant of one of his beer houses situated in a low locality, and she endeavored to conduct the place respectably by prohibiting the use of bad language and the assembling of bad characters there. In consequence her custom dwindled down to a mere nothing, and when rent day came she told the brewer of her inability to make the place pay. "Oh," said he, "you must get some nice young ladies in the house, and it will soon pay you well enough." With flashing eyes and kindling spirit the woman indignantly replied, "Then send me your own daughter to begin with."

TAKE away a man's honor and you take away everything that people respect, be he ever so wealthy. You may talk as you will, but we cannot or will not believe the American people have become so degraded as to love money more than honor.

IF the whisky business is respectable, we would like to ask why screens are kept in front of the door. Parents, if you have a regard for the future of your boy, step in behind those shadows and see his teachers. We speak mildly when we say its a curse.

THE MURPHY SIGNAL is a distinct and individual affair. While it will at all times advocate and advance the doctrine of Murphyism, if possible, the Murphy unions of this county should not nor must not be held responsible for its opinions or assertions.

THE rule of every Journal is, "no communication will be published without the name of the author is furnished," the name need not appear to the article, but it must be known to the proprietor. This explains why none of the annoymous communications sent us appear.

IF it is right to allow one person to sell whisky it is right to allow all. If it is wrong they cannot pay enough license money to make it right. Call it blood money. That is the proper name for it. They pay you so much money to be allowed the privilege of taking the blood of your fathers, sons and brothers. Is this plain? It is the TRUTH and you know it. Will you longer be a party to this accursed wrong? Will you vote license when it draws the blood of your friends?

THE Y. M. C. A. are preparing a course of lectures by some of the most popular and able lecturers in the country. The first one will be delivered at the First Presbyterian church, on the evening of the 30th, by the Rev. Mosely Williams, of Philadelphia,. Subject: "Shams." The gentleman is very highly spoken of by those who have heard him. This lecture will be followed by two others, and the admission has been placed at the exceeding low price of 25c, or the course of three for 50c. Our Y. M. C. A. should be patronized, beside, treble the worth of the price will be given by the entertainment and instruction.

Those Who Wear the Blue.

WE promised in the last issue to give the names of those whom we might see wearing the ribbon. The following may not include all, but we believe it does. A few were strangers and as we could not learn their names, of course they are not given:

T J Odell	J H Ivins
Wm Powell	Michael Daley
Scott E Price	G W Goff
——— Mellinger	Asbury Benefield
I S Wade	Chas Friend
Jas M Vigus	Charley Vickrey
Jessie Rickhart	Jas Henderson
H C Mehaffie	Ed Ward
Wm Master	Wm McEwin
Jas Orwin	Wm Williams
G W Orwin	Rev A W Hawkins
T C Diltz	Thos L Bunks
Clara Mehaffie	Wm Murray
Stephen Posey	John Stull
Lord Potter	J W Benefield
Elihu Plummer	Mrs Lizzie Legg
Tyler A Mason	Charles Hillhouse
Robert Johnson	L P Streeter
Mrs G W Goff	George Close
M Swadener	Lew Davis
Thos Barnes.	

A Word for the Women.

DR. REYNOLDS, who inaugurated the red ribbon movement, in 1876, in Massachusetts, thus writes to the *Boston Traveler:*

I believe that women do more for fallen men than men will or can do for themselves; and I thank God that the women of the United States had commenced their crusade, and the wave had spread eastward until it reached my home in Bangor."

Two years previous, during the crusade at Bangor, Maine, Dr. Reynolds had been rescued by the women, and he has great reason to feel grateful to them, as has many other good men.

When men say that "these temperance societies are composed of nobody but women and children," they don't seem to realize the fact that they, the women and children, are the strongest power in the land. Remove them from any moral work and the work will be a failure.

God bless the women!

Help the Officers.

BRO. MURRAY is possessed of the right material to make a good president. There is evidence to make us believe that our Murphy work will prosper as it never has before. Let every sincere worker give their aid to the new officers, whether they are the ones you would personally desire to occupy such positions or not. Throw aside personalities and give all to the glorious cause. You will have enough to do to combat whisky properly. Help the officers, for the sake of all you hold dear. Help the officers, we say from the bottom of our heart.

Our Meetings.

SUNDAY evening the hall was filled to the uttermost, and a great many were turned away who could not gain admission. Bro. Murray, our new President, presided, and did so admirably. Mrs. E. B. Russell, the great evangelist, occupied the time, and gave one of her characteristic addresses which is spoken of by every one in praise. The lady is so attractive that none can fail to be pleased with her. Several signed the pledge.

On Monday evening Sister Russell again spoke at length in her usual brilliant way. She dwelt more especially upon "kind words" and their result. It is a subject that should never wear out. Several signed the pledge at the conclusion, and kind words did it.

Let Them Resist.

BRO. GEORGE SHIDELER at the hall the other night, gave us a thought which is too good to be lost. It is this: The whisky distilleries of Arkansas are resisting the payment of revenue to the government and show fight. We are glad of it. We hope they will resist the government in every part of the country, and then the government may see the uselessness and expense of attempting to derive a revenue in this way, and it will proceed to annihilate the whole accursed business. The South resisted the government in 1861, and so did the slave-holders. The result was the curse of slavery was forever removed. So let it be with this. When the government learns that the whisky business is an unprofiitable one, it will remove that business by force. Resist the officers. Resist the government, rummies. It is a sure victory for us and right.

Keep Away, Boys.

You have pledged your *word* and *honor* that you will not use, nor permit to be used as far as lies in your power, intoxicating liquors. You cannot fulfill this pledge and frequent saloons. Though you wear the ribbon, your constant presence is demoralizing to the work. And, beside, you have no interest there. It is a very important place, is a saloon. The dirt, and filth, and stench, always present at such a place surely is not inviting. And the company, boys. Think of it. While all who go are not bad people, all bad people go to such places, and delight in doing you an injury. If it is a credit to be there take your mother and sisters and friends with you. But it is no credit and no honor, or no pleasure, even, unless you are very easily satisfied. Keep away, boys, and you will thank yourself for it.

Something New and Desirable.

WE have received from the publishers, National Temperance Publication House, 58 Reade St., New York, "Readings and Recitations, No. 2," a book containing selections for declamation, recitation, and public and parlor readings. It contains a choice selection of first class articles both in prose and verse, many of which have been written expressly for this work, embracing argument and appeal, pathos and humor, by the best temperance advocates. 12mo. 96 pps. Paper 25c, cloth 60c. Send your order at once to J. N. Stearns, 58 Reade St., N. Y.

Confiscate Them.

THE Viceroy at Nankin, China, has ordered the confiscation of every house rented for opium-smoking. It is expected that this will be the most effectual plan for breaking up the evil that has been adopted.—*Ex.*

And the Government of the United States should confiscate every saloon that does not honor the provisions of the law. Nay, they should be confiscated anyhow. That is the most effectual plan of breaking up the crime of selling and the evil of drinking.

Personal.

Bro. I. S. Wade, Grand Templar of the Temple of Honor of Indiana, was in the city on the 10th, and appointed Mr. Jas. M. Vigus local agent of "The Ribbon Workers," the latest and best temperance book out. Mr. Wade is State agent of the work. He attended our meeting in the evening and made a short but telling and beautiful address. He left on the 11th for Peru, Wabash and Ft. Wayne.

Bro. T. C. Diltz.

BRO. DILTZ is a young man who has seen the world in its worst form. He reformed about two years ago, became converted, and entered the ministry. He spoke at the hall Sunday evening, the 13th, and created a decided impression in his favor as a splendid talker. May he always prosper in his work.

That's a Fact, Josh.

THE devil owes mutch ov hiz success to the fact that he iz alwuz on hand.—*Josh Billings.*

INTERESTING FACTS.

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

Save your money and buy machine needles of the best quality, eight for 25c. And Machine oil ten cents per bottle at Howe office, 512 Broadway. 3m16

The Windsor Hotel is one of the finest in the city. Rates, $1.50 per day. An excellent Lunch Room in the house. Oysters and game in season. Pan Handle Depot.

Craig & James, the popular tailors, sell goods by the yard, and cutting free. Goods and fits cannot be surpassed. Call and examine and price the goods 421 Market Street.

Conrad & Beamer, the confectioners always ahead. Lunch, warm meals, Oysters in every style, candies, cakes, cigars, etc. Call and you will be pleased. Cor. Broadway and Fourth sts.

ENCOURAGE THE YOUNG.

Cullen & Martin have started a feed store on Sixth St., and they expect to keep everything in their line. Prices low. Give them a call and help them along.

Chas. Horning is succeeding grandly and making better work than ever on his new foundations—and as we well know he is not to be surpassed in the boot and shoe line. He can be depended upon.

Al Hicks, at his restaurant, provides the people with oysters, warm meals at all hours, or a square lunch in the best style. Fruits, candies and cigars. Call. Broadway, next to Murdock hotel.

Jas. McTaggart. the clothier, has received his fall and winter stock of boys', youths' and men's clothing. It is large and well selected, and the prices he has marked is as low as any other house in the city dare offer. 4'16

Dr. Overholser, the dentist, is ready to wait upon you at all times. Teeth removed without pain by the use of nitrous oxide gas. Teeth filled or new sets made, and satisfaction guaranteed. Cor. Market and Fourth streets.

John Deboa, blacksmith and horse shoer, gives his personal attention to his work and if he doesn't understand his business nobody does. We hope the Murphys and others who have business in his line will call on him. North St., one half square west of Sixth.

BIG, BIGGER, BIGGEST.

The largest and best oysters in town are always to be found at C. J. Cragin's. He deals in the large, fresh, prime tub oysters, and nothing can beat them. Groceries of all kinds, and prompt and attentive clerks. He strives to please.

Walker, Rauch & Co. have got everything a man wants in the boot and shoe line. They are solid, substantial citizens, established for years, and what they tell you can be relied upon. No prices lower than theirs, nor no goods better.

Dr. Budd left yesterday for Kankakee, where he hopes to recuperate his health and obtain a little rest. He will engage in hunting and other sport. He will return Saturday, and persons wishing anything in the dental line will find him better prepared than ever.

IF any of our Murphy friends contemplate buying a sewing machine we would advise them by all means to call on T. C. Barnes and examine the latest improved Howe and Singer. Satisfaction guaranteed, and all machines warranted for five years. 512 Broadway. 3m16

If you want your boots and shoes made to order in the best style, or repaired in the neatest and promptest manner, call on Jacobs, on Sixth St., one half square north of Broadway. He is a young man who can always be found at his post, and who understands every branch of his business thoroughly.

T. J. Jenne, sewing machine repairer, and all kinds of jobbery in the machinery line. He is an expert at the business and will carefully attend to all orders. Such a business is needed. Give him a call at the old Singer office, two doors west of Mrs. Potter's millinery store, Broadway. 3t16

"The Invincible," nickle-plated, heating stove is the handsomest and best stove made. It combines an oven, and we honestly ask every reliable man in this county to call and see it at Barnhart & Sons. They also sell the "Favorite" stove, and when you call ask to be shown testimonials from every part of the world as to its merits.

Jas. M. Vigus, Esq, has accepted the local agency of "The Ribbon Workers," giving a life of most of the temperance revivalists now in the field. The work is elegantly bound and illustrated, and for the parlor and library it is indeed a suitable volume. Bro. Vigus will canvass the county and we hope he will get many subscribers.

Isaac Shideler, who sells more clothing than any man in the United States, has received his Fall and Winter stock, and only asks the public to call, examine and price goods, to convince them that he sells the best goods at the lowest prices.

ROCK BOTTOM

Shoe Store, opposite Postoffice. Best goods for the least money of any place in the town. W. F. HOES, Prop.

J. B. WINTERS. } Managers.
D. H. MULL. }

J. J. Stapleton, dealer in staple and fancy groceries, provisions and everything in the line. His prices are the lowest and his goods the purest. 322 Market street. Call on him.

Geiger Bro's. have started a new cigar store opposite the Trade Palace, on Market street, and will constantly keep choice cigars, tobaccos, pipes, snuff, and everything in their line. Call on the boys and get the worth of your money.

Geo. Seybold has received and is selling low his immense stock of Fall and Winter Dry Goods. Murphys cannot find a better place to purchase their goods, and the worth of their money will be received every time. Trade Palace Cash Dry Goods House.

Boston Boot and Shoe Store have received an immense stock of boots and shoes which they are selling at prices never before heard of. See prices in daily papers, or better yet, call direct at the immense store on Fourth street and examine goods for yourself. They cannot be beat.

Mrs. W. J. Potter has got a splendid stock of millinery goods, and would like to have the pleasure to show them to all before they purchase, as we think that she cannot be undersold. 105 Broadway, block and a half above post office, south side. Dress patterns of the latest styles.

John Gottsaleig, is an old reliable business man, and his boots and shoes cannot be beaten. His prices are low and goods excellent. Boots and shoes made to order, and repairing promptly done. 405 Market St.

J. J. Puterbaugh, corner Pearl and Broadway, is supplied with the largest stock of Notions, Dry Goods, etc., every brought to the city. Prices the lowest; Goods the best. Call on him and see for yourself.

WOLL & PARKER,

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EXCELLENT

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WE have accepted the agency of all the standard and reliable temperance works published, and will send them, post-paid, on receipt of actual publishers' price.

Persons desiring a cheap, but good, substantial and attractive library, or who wish any single volume, should make selections from our list. We will furnish any book published.

Partial Catalogue of Temperance Works:

Miscellaneous Volumes.

The Temperance Speaker; 288 pp	$ 75
Temperance Anecdotes; 12mo, 288 pp	1 00
Alcohol and the State; 12 mo, 4 6 pp	1 50
Alcohol as a Food and Medicine; 12 mo, 137 pp	60
Bible Rule of Temperance; 18 mo, 2 6 pp	6
Bible Wines; 12 mo, 139 pp. Paper 30c cloth	60
The Cup of Death; 16 pp, per doz. 60c—each	6
Forty Years Fight With the Drink Demon 212 pp	1 50
Gospel Temperance; cloth 60c, paper	25
Moody's Talks on Temperance	50
One Thousand Temperance Anecdotes	1 50
Our Wasted Resources; 12 mo, 202 pp	1 50
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Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM.

VOL. I. LOGANSPORT, IND., NOVEMBER 6, 1878.—SEMI-MONTHLY. NO. 17.

THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses filled to thebrim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim,
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
"Let us tell the tale of the past to each other:
can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Where I was King, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of Kings I have torn the crown,
From the height of fame I have hurled men down,
I have blasted many an honored name,
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than a King am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky;
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail:
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shreiks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you
And your might and power are over all.'
Ho! Ho! pale brother," laughed the wine.
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a King dethorned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirsts I've quenched and brows I've laved;
Of hands I've cooled and souls I have saved;
I have leaped through the valleys, dashed down the mountain,
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye,
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen, I aid;
I gladen the heart of man and maid;
I have set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they sat together filled to the brim
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

WINE FOR FRIENDS.

BY KATE THORN.

In so-called fashionable society, it is the custom to offer wine to friends. A social party could hardly be called a success without it, and lovely women press the tempting glass upon young men, and drink healths with their own ruby lips, just as recklessly as if they did not know that eternal destruction lurks in the sparkling draught.

Half the miserable drunkards who are launched upon the world as festering plagues to decent society are started on their evil course by this custom of offering wine to friends. Respectable people are to blame for half the drunkenness in this world.

"Ask any of these persons why they do so, and they will tell you, "O, it is impossible to do otherwise. It is the custom to have wine at parties, and we should lose caste if we neglected anything so important. Why, people would talk dreadfully about it, and some of the most eligible young men in our set never attend parties where there is no wine. Oh, it would never do to disregard so old a custom."

Well, go on in it, if you dare! Give this infernal poison to your friends, place its baleful redness at the lips of your husbands, and put the fatal glass into the hands of your sons. Run the risk, if you dare, of making drunkards of those you love, and of ruining them both body and soul here and hereafter.

Young women—fair women everywhere—will you sully your white hands with the touch of the destroying wine-glass? Will you dare to offer its tempting contents to the young man who trusts you, and who looks to your woman's purity of soul for precept and example? Will you dare to risk consigning him to the dark despair which fills the drunkard's life? Will you risk plunging him into the hell which drunkenness ever creates for its miserable victims, and where, through time and eternity, he may writhe in agony, and curse your name and memory?

Oh, beautiful woman, in fashionable society! you are responsible for many a sorrowful wreck of manhood! To you many an unhappy young man may trace back his ruin.

At the festal board where silver and china glitter in the brilliant gas light, where flowers perfume the air, and soft, voluptuous music fills the luxurious rooms, and champagne sparkles in crystal glasses, and beautiful women smiles over all, and invites the unwary youth to drink her health from the very glass her red lips have touched—how differently it looks to the inexperienced the pleasant sin of indulging in strong drink, and how innocent seems the pastime of "looking upon the wine when it is red."

Does the young man think of dingy, fly-blown dram-shops, and of blear-eyed, bloated drunkards then. Does he dream of delirium tremens, and the filthy gutter, and death in the alms-house or the torpid river?

Not he.

He drinks from the hand of beauty the draught of intoxication, and never thinks that he has laid the foundation of despair and ruin.

A little while ago we asked a miserable young man, who, in the last stage of intoxication, staggered to our door to beg a crust of bread, where he got the first liquor he ever drank.

His eye gleamed; he made an effort to stand erect; he clenched his dirty fist, and replied:

"A woman gave it to me! I was the son of wealth, and she was the woman I loved. It was at a social party in Boston, and I belonged to a temperance league, too. She laughed at me for being old fogyish, and said if I loved her I would drink her health. Curse her!"

Many another ruined man could tell the same story, we fear, and to many another beautiful woman could be traced the same dark commencement of evil.

Oh, beautiful women! Oh, women with husbands, and sons, and brothers! see to it that your example is pure! that you do not smile complacently upon the intoxicating bowl! See to it that your tongue never speaks in toleration of it—and remember that for whatsoever temptation ye place before your fellows God will surely bring you into judgment.

A Temperance County In Kentucky.

In Trimble county, Ky., Judge A. W. Bartlett refused to grant any liquor licenses, and the Court of Appeals has sustained his action. As a result we are told that to-day there is not a criminal case on the docket of Trimble county, not a criminal in the jail, not a pauper in the county, not a licensed barroom. Last county court day, though Bedford, the county seat town, was crowded with people, not a drunken man was to be seen in town; perfect order and good will reigned. The contrast is great between this and Anderson county, with two whisky murders in one week; Jefferson county, with its forty or fifty murders a year, and 537 arrests in June last; Pulaski county with her ten whisky murders recently, and Scott, with her docket crowded.

Wives, Pray On.

Said Gen. Robert H. Love, in relating his experience at the Round Lake temperance camp meeting:

"One day, when I was in a delirium, my wife said:

"'I'm going out for awhile.'

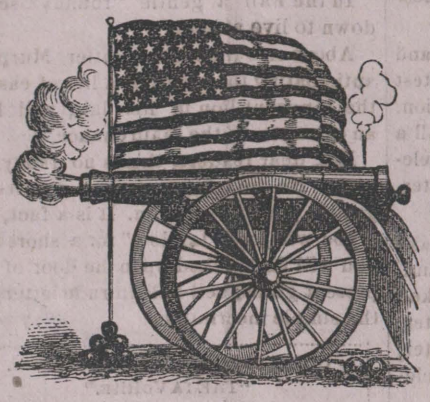
"'Where?" I inquired.

"'To church, to pray for our husbands.'

"And there, that afternoon sixteen wives gathered to pray, for as many drunken husbands. To-day every one of those husbands are members of the various churches of Steubenville."

At 1 p. m., on the 9th.

WHO HOLDS THE FORT!



THE BOYS WHO HAVE SIGNED THE PLEDGE,

AND ARE KEEPING IT, ARE THE VICTORS, STANDING UPON THE RAMPARTS,

WAVING THE BLUE BANNER OF VICTORY AND FREEDOM—THEY HOLD THE FORT, AND NOT THE RUM POWER.

In making an illustration Saturday evening, President Murray said he "did not believe in always simply HOLDING the fort, but if we wanted to make our work complete we must be aggressive and STORM the fort." For that reason he did not like the song "Hold the Fort," and did not have it sung.

First. Eleven thousand persons have signed the pledge in Logansport, stepping to the front to the music of that song. They have learned to love it as a part of their pledge.

The Signal will not admit that the enemy have a fort of any strength. We are possessors of the fort and WE WILL HOLD IT.

Our fort is the pledge. When our warriors get within its influence they are in the fort AND SAFE, and as long as they HOLD it they are SAVED. When they are outside the pledge or the fort they are in danger of the enemy's guns, and of being lost.

In earlier days, our fathers and mothers remember well, "block houses" or rude forts were erected where settlements had been made in the forests and wilds. In an Indian outbreak the families of the settlers for miles around were placed within the enclosure of the block-house, to insure their safety. Did they fail to do this they were murdered, cut down like reeds, with no chance of defense. The unprotected mother and children were shown no mercy, but doomed and helpless, they received the inevitable.

The fort, the strong-hold, could be held by a few weak ones against a strong enemy. The STRONG ones met the foe half way.

That's why WE want a fort, and that's why we should HOLD it. Many of us are strong and able bodied, and can well say "lets STORM the fort," but there are many frail ones among us, who, if they can but hold their own, keep their pledge, retain their resolution, will, manhood, they will be doing a greater deed than we can perform with all our strength.

"Hold the Fort." God bless that song. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys come marching up to its gates, and say for God's sake save us.

Our enemys, like those of the early settlers, are deceitful and treacherous. At a time when we least expect it they pounce upon us like the redskins, and those without the haven are slaughtered.

As their shield they only have stumps, and trees, and logs. They depend upon darkness, and cunning, and deceit. Not light, and right. None but the bravest dare venture in the night against them.

"Hold the Fort" imbues an inspiration which nothing else can. It says to the boys, and they realize it, "boys watch your resolution, your habits, your weaknesses. At a time when you think all is safe, your strong-hold—resolution and good intentions—will be demolished and you left helplessly the victim of negligence.

Many other thoughts are inspired by this simple song. It has charms for us great strong Murphys who have been laboring under the flag standing on its outer wall. As long as that flag floats there the fort is safe, and when we meet the enemy on their own grounds, that banner tells us the fort still stands, and we are inspired and encouraged.

If we do nothing but "hold the fort," we are doing a great deal. We are safe, and the settlers from the surrounding country flock to its gates. We take them in and they are safe. Thus our ranks are becoming stronger and stronger each day, and by and by we will all be standing together saved—from ruin.

Boys—men—women—children—Hold the Fort.

God bless the fort and all who will be saved by stepping within its enclosure.

Bro. Murray please sing "Hold the Fort."

That Victory.

The *Chronicle* does not not seem to like the crowing of the rooster hoisted in our columns last issue. We condescend, and would respectfully inform the editor what his intelligence has failed to show him. This paper did not claim it a victory the Murphys won, but a victory of the people irrespective of party, and it cannot be in erpreted in any other way. The election of Messrs. Kahlo and Campbell was not only recognition of our institution, but placed in office two of its prominent members, and if this is not sufficient reason to rejoice, we do not know what is. But to speak for the Murphys now as we did in the last issue, "This is a victory the people gained by non-partisan suffrage. They deserve the credit."

Those men received the almost entire support of the temperance people. Nine-tenths of the votes they received were temperance votes; and the Murphys feel proud of their part in the matter. We have reason to rejoice that such gentlemen have been elected, and shall expect the day to come soon when none but such CAN be elected. When voters throw aside party robes and vote for the best men, the time has arrived when honesty in public offices is assured.

This paper is obligated to the *Chronicle* for small favors, but if it desires a recognition at our hands in future, its editor must conduct himself as a gentlemen should, which he did not do in the article referring to The Signal.

P. S.—Since writing the above we learn that the editor of the Chronicle was absent during the entire week on a hunt; he left the paper in charge of A. B. Crampton, who was responsible for all the items in that issue; this explains the hostility of last week's paper to the Murphys.

Our Meetings.

The series of meetings of two weeks, closed Sunday evening. During this period, Mrs. Russell has labored as few others can, and the result has been, generally, satisfactory. Signers have not been as many as on similar occasions, but the list includes many drinking men.

Sunday evening the meeting was held at the opera house, and addressed by Mrs. Russell, Mr. Mason Anderson, a reformed boy of Indianapolis, and by Bro. Murray in a few words. The audience maintained a silence for two hours that showed a deep interest. Mrs. Russell's talk, like all she makes, was plain and practical and pleasing. Mr. Anderson recited briefly the history of his life, and afterward made an eloquent appeal to the boys. He is a brilliant talker, and will be welcomed here at all times. May his life always be as full of sunshine as it is now.

We believe our leaders made a mistake in closing the meetings at this time. We hope they will be resumed soon.

Until further notice meetings will be held Wednesday and Sunday evenings.

Our Market Reports.

Corn—juice has a rising tendency, but demand decreasing. A fall may be expected immediately after the rise. The fall usually occurs in fence-corners, on side-walks, and any place that's handy.

AFTER.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;
Silver stars when the day is done.

After the snow, the emerald leaves;
After the harvest, the golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky;
Quiet woods when the winds go by.

After the tempest, the lull of waves;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells.

After the bud, the radiant rose;
After our weepings, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful mead;
After the furrow, the waking seed.

After the fight, the downy nest;
Beyond the shadowy river—REST.

RECTIFIED WHISKY ABSOLUTE DEATH

OR, AN

ANECDOTE OF AN OLD CINCINNATIAN.

Somewhere about the year 1845, or between twenty-five and thirty years ago, there resided in Cincinnati a man who is remembered by most of the old citizens of that city by the name of Absalom Death. He kept a liquor store on Maine street. He was a large, jovial good-natured man, and had often thought of relinquishing a business that was distasteful to him, as he was charitably disposed and generous, and he knew it was the cause of much misery and ruin in the land. But he had never thoroughly resolved to quit the business until one morning he was standing in his front door under the sign overhead, which read:

RECTIFIED WHISKY,
—BY—
ABSALOM DEATH.

Then a country man and woman came riding slowly on horseback, until they got in front of the store, the man being a little in advance. She called him back when the following dialogue took place in regard to Death's sign, in so loud a tone that he heard every word:

Man—"What's the matter; I'm in a hurry."

Woman—"Here's one honest man in Cincinnati."

Man—"What makes you think that?"

Woman—"Just read that sign."

Man—"Oh, you tell me; you know I don't see good, old woman."

Woman—"Why, it says 'Rectified whisky is absolute death.'"

Man—"Well that's the truth anyhow, but we don't often read that. Tell me though what does it mean?"

And continuing the conversation they rode off, the woman explaining the sign to her companion, and leaving Death standing in the door and looking after them in the greatest astonishment. It will be observed that the woman no doubt intentionally changed the reading of the sign from "Rectified whisky by Absalom Death" to "Rectified whisky is absolute death."

Death is a mighty conqueror, but this time he was conquered for once.

Mr. D. retreated to the rear end of the store after the country people disappeared and consulted the glass—not the "whisky glass," but the "looking-glass." His face, usually a good color from drinking a little, was now suffused with blushes and red as blood. He resolved then and there to quit the business, which he did immediately, selling out the next day, and handing his name to Uncle John Wagoner, one of the old pioneer citizens of Cincinnati to be taken into the order of the Sons of Temperance.

He subsequently not only held the highest office in that order in Ohio, but became Past Grand Master of Masons in the State, a Knight Templar, and for several years before he died was steward of the old Commercial Hospital in Cincinnati. How good it is to die a sober man, for the time is fast approaching when it may be written upon our tombstone, as it hath upon others, the words:

"Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I;
As I am now soon you shall be—
Prepare for death and follow me."

v.1 #17

The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.
W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

LOGANSPORT, IND., NOVEMBER, 6, 1878.

Published in the Interest of the Murphy Temperance Movement.

Subscription price, Fifty cents per year.

All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay portage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay no postage.

X ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

WATER will win.

MURPHYS to-night.

DON'T drink death.

REMEMBER the 9th.

GET up a club of subscribers.

READ every line of this issue.

ATTEND the meeting to night.

SEND THE SIGNAL to your friends.

BRO. DICK PARISH is in Lafayette,

ATTEND the convention on the 9th.

REPORT your meetings every week.

YOU will be better by making others better.

THE county union will aid all other unions.

"I WILL keep the pledge if"—you leave off that "if."

TAKE you friends to the meeting at the hall to-night.

MEN have no more right around saloons than their sons.

Water works wonders. It will remove "fall" blossoms.

OF late, Bro. Cushman often leads the singing at the hall.

GET the MEN to sign who set the boys such bad examples.

READ our advertisements, and patronize our advertisers.

BRO. GREY and daughter have been visiting at Eaton, Ohio.

SEND your delegates to the convention on the 9th, without fail.

CAN'T YOU get us a few subscribers, reader. We must have 10,000.

ONE determined man who WILL is worth a dozen men who "will try."

Do your BEST and you do as much as the greatest of men ever done.

CIRCULATE printed matter. THE SIGNAL should be in every household.

GET us four subscribers and we give you the Life of Mace Long, price $1.

WILL MURRAY, our new president, is one of the finest speakers we know of.

BROTHER JOHN REED, daughter and niece, Curveton, were in the city Sunday.

THE SIGNAL is the best temperance paper published. Have you subscribed for it?

BRO. CUSHMAN'S nose looks rather suspicious, but whisky didn't it. Only a scratch.

WE must have 10,000 names on our subscription books within the next three months.

THE premiums we offered last issue, and which we still offer, are gaining us many subscribers

MURPHYS, patronize those who patronize you. Our advertisers are our friends. Patronize them.

MRS. RUSSELL talks to the boys so pleasantly and convincingly that they cannot refuse to sign the pledge.

THE daily papers of this city, may have cause to regret their whisky advertising. Gentlemen, it stands against you.

AN active county union will aid the movement mightily. The project should receive everyone's sanction and attention.

REMEMBER that the convention will meet at Murphy Hall on the 9th, at 1 o'clock, sharp. Let every delegate be prompt.

WHEN you drink one glass you are one drink drunk. Do you hear? You are only a degree or so different from the confirmed drunkard.

BENEFIELD and Ivans, of Logansport, were in the city, Tuesday evening, and gave the boys some solid temperance talk. —*Flora Mirror*, 18*th*.

Messrs. Taggart & Mahoney are publishing a neat advertising sheet under the title of "The Opera House Programme," issued on show days. We wish the boys success.

THE splendid organ used by the Murphys is the property of Mr. J. C. Bridge. Through his kindness the music at the hall is greatly improved. We will remember him for his kindness in making the loan.

WHILE you are idly wishing for wealth, work for it. You complain of hard times and loaf around the saloons enough to make times easy for three or four like you. Be a man. If you have any energy, show it. If you havn't, hunt some up.

A COUNTY union is badly needed, and the country people will reap the greatest benefits by having such an institution. County societies should not fail to call a special meeting at once, and elect delegates. Do not neglect this matter, friends.

WALTON, Galveston, Lincoln, Lake Cicott, Penn's, Young America, Miami, Twelve Mile, Spring Creek, Crooked Creek, Bethel, Shiloh, Zion, Royal Center, Henpeck, Anoka, Twelve Mile, Center, and every other union should send delegates on the 9th.

THE rule of every Journal is, "no communication will be published without the name of the author is furnished," the name need not appear to the article, but it must be known to the proprietor. This explains why none of the annoymous communications sent us appear.

ENGINEER GEO. GOFF, of the Pan Handle, is an active temperance man. We are glad to see so many railroad men making a move in the right direction. As soon as railroad men become more temperate than they have been, railroading will be a much safer business.—*Flora Mirror*.

"TEMPERANCE," says Dr. Franklin, "puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in ths country, contentment in the house, clothes on the children, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the whole constitution."

THE country societies will be entitled to five delegates to every 100 of their membership or fraction thereof. That is, if the membership of a society is 101 or 199 it will be entitled to ten delegates, or if its membership is less than 100 it will be entitled to five delegates. Though Logansport has 11,000 members it will be entitled to only twenty delegates.

Murphy County Convention,

For the purpose of forming a Murphy County Temperance Union, to more effectually carry on the temperance work in Cass county, a convention of representatives from all Murphy societies, will be held in this city, at Murphy Hall, at one o'clock p. m, Saturday, November 9th, 1878.

Every society in the county is urged to send five delegates to every one hundred of their memberships, or fraction of one hundred.

Important matters will also be brought before the convention.

All temperance workers and well wishers are also respectfully invited.

"In Union there is strength." Do not fail to send delegates.

H. C. CUSHMAN,
WM. E. MURRAY,
W. J. POTTER,
J. W. DRAKE,
W. TAYLOR,
T. C. BARNES,
W. H. LEEDY.

Stop This Brain Stealing.

THE exchanges that copy our articles without giving credit will be cut from our exchange-list at once if it is not stopped. We desire such a recognition of our paper as its merits deserve. We are pleased to have our articles circulated by our friends but we must have credit.

A $500 Forfeit.

A certain s.-k. agrees to put up a forfeit of $500 to close his saloon every Sunday, if the other s k.'s will do the same. The trouble with them would be, however, the want of the $500. About this stage of the Murphy performance few of them could raise a lone $5 bill.

A Bad Season of the Year.

THE summer is of the past, the winter is yet in the future. It is neither so hot as to require "a little" to cool you off, or so cold as to need it to "warm you up." What troubles us at this time is, what excuse can we make for our "Fall nips."

HA, HA, HA.

HO, HO, HO—THE BIGGEST JOKE OF THE SEASON.

HE, HE, HE—SOME LUNATIC STARTS ANOTHER SALOON!!!

HAW, HAW, HAW—AND THAT, TOO, SQUARE IN THE FACE OF THE MURPHY WORK.

Are We All Fuddled Fools!

IN the spring the gentle zephyrs whispers softly through the trees.

In the Fall a gentle "rummy" settles down to live at ease.

About this time the gentler Murphys, anticipating the result of a life of ease by the innocent lion in his lair, will have an eye open to the main chance.

But, dear readers, this is no fancy picture. No imaginary scene, created to gratify your love of fun. It is a fact, and if you will just "lay low" for a short time you will find tacked upon the door of the present gilded hell-hole in rude letters the the simple inscription:

GONE tO meEt Its pREDeCEsSor.
"ThE fAVoRite."

We hope so, at least; and if efforts of the Murphys and THE SIGNAL will wipe all these curses out, we know the above hope expressed will be realized.

Lest this appear personal, we wish to explain that we are fighting the whisky business in every way we can. The pro-proprietor of "330" may be as much of a man as the average s.-k., but they are not the men we want in this city.

A new saloon has been started, and the proprietor in doing so has

DISPLAYED CONSIDERABLE CHEEK.

Think of it! During the progress of a temperance revival, a stranger drives his stakes, goes into camp, and acts in every way as though he would be permitted to stay—as though the people would support him along with the other fifty-three "shebangs!" Ha, ha, ha; well, that's rich, isn't it?

Her many saloons is Logansport's curse. Do they pay? Is the city better off. They cause nearly all the indolence and crime. The Mayor has little to dispose of but drunks. Were it not for the whisky business he would not be called to his office once in three months. The record will prove this. Does it pay? Look at the matter as a sensible man should. Will it pay to hire men to knock down and drag out, and hire others to fine them for being so unlucky?

You say we are civilized, and permit the greatest crime on earth!

Shall we permit them to increase when every noble sentiment revolts against it?

Shall the damning, withering traffic increase, and we remain silent witnesses, when it destroys and consumes everything we love because of value, innocence and purity?

Fifty-four saloons supported by our people at a cost of no less than $300 per day, $2,000 per week, and hundreds of thousands dollars per year! when every cent brings crime and destition!

Shall it be said that we are a city of drunkards?

Honest and respectable men, what part are you playing in this terrible tragedy!

CHURCH AND CHURCH PEOPLE.

Is It a Reflection!—Work and Worship—Combine the Elements.

WE believe it the duty of churches and church members to concentrate their every effort on this temperance work. We realize, if none others do, that there rests upon the churches a stigma which can be removed only by the complete wiping out of the accursed whisky traffic. They are nearly wholly responsible for its enormity. They delight in the fact that fifty and seventy five years ago, churches were built, and Gospel was preached when the settlements numbered but a few log cabins and less than a hundred inhabitants. And if the Gospel had been carried to hearts and homes, then and since, as it should have been, the traffic in souls would not have been as extensive as it is.

The church and altar are erected for the WORSHIP of God, not in and around which to work. Along the highways and hedges is where you are told to WORK. It is right and necessary that you should worship the great Master, but it is just as important that you improve other talents you possess. Work as well as worship. And when you refuse to do this, you refuse to obey the command of the Master. It is not optionary with you; you are not privileged to use your pleasure about the matter; but you MUST do it.

A combination of the church and temperance elements is necessary to properly combat the greatest of enemies. United and earnest work will effect more than anything else. Something desperate is needed, and by uniting the elements a force which nothing could stand against would be placed in the field. United action will do the work.

HORRIFYING BLOOD MARKS.

Who's Responsible—Shall We License!—Every Crime Comes Home to Roost.

EVERY man who votes for license votes for every crime rum causes

He votes to license murder.

He votes to license the midnight assassin.

Ho votes for high taxes.

He votes for poor houses and penitentiaries.

He votes to desecrate the home fireside and God's sacred church alter.

He votes to degrade manhood.

He votes to starve the children.

He votes to heathenize every manly feeling in the human heart.

He votes for the pillaging of homes

He votes for license to worse than murder our fathers, brothers and sons.

He votes to license arson and theft.

He votes to fill asylums and jails.

He votes for tramps.

He says "Give five dollars and you may shoot at my boy at half range, with your weapon of death to body and soul."

He votes to destitute wives and mothers, to rob them of home and comforts, husbands and sons, of protectors and providers.

He says: "Let them scrub, iron, wash, beg, steal, STARVE, but give us your license fee!"

No greater crime ever existed than the licensing of rum.

It is a crime, and all the legislating on earth cannot make it anything else.

The government, the state and the people are parties to the crime.

Shall the accursed traffic continue and increase?

No, NEVER!

Because vampires desire an easy life, shall it be at the expense of our own blood and kin.

Shall their satins and broadcloths come from our purses?

Voters, realize for a moment your responsibility.

If you have the faintest spark of love of self or friends, make an effort to wipe out these deep-died blood marks.

A Hard Hit.

DeWitt Talmage who stumbles upon the truth so uncomfortably often, hits the nail square on the head when he says: "It is not so much our boys that need to be looked after as their fathers and mothers." He is brought to this conclusion by his explorations of the dives of New York City. He says that eighty per cent. of public crimes is due to prominent citizens

And we say, parents, do you wonder that your boys become drunkards, and worse, when you by an example unworthy of humanity, are leading them to that result step by step.

Precept is good, but example is better, and if you are not prepared to give both you can expect nothing but ruin for your offspring.

We Want No More of It.

WE were "interviewed' by a dunce who "jest didn't like that article," pointing to one which stated the arrest a scalawag by the sheriff of Miami county. He fears his "reputation" will be sullied! The other city papers made mention of the same fact, but because we publish a temperance paper, devoted entire to the blotting out of this fellow's business, his bluffing was intended to act as a quietus. We want it understood that this paper is our own, and we intend to run it as we think best. Our enemies may "blow" and "buldoze" all they please, but we intend to war this business as long as we breathe. We have no truce to make.

Gratifying.

THE securing of Benj. Wilkinson's name to our pledge is a victory gained that was hardly hoped for. Ben possesses business qualifications of superior excellence and had it not been for his enmity to himself would have been a prosperous citizen. The Murphys are encouraging him all in their power, and we have the greatest reason to believe that he now stands never to fall.

Never Stop My Paper.

SAYS Bro. W. K. Moore, of Adamsboro; "I do not want you to ever stop sending THE SIGNAL. I couldn't do without it.

NO, NOT TIRED.

LIFE IS SAD—OR MERRY—BRIGHT AND SUNSHINY OR DARK AND DISMAL!

Which!—As We Make It.—Prodigals Return and We Not Welcome Them!

Sad Reflections—But Happy Results.

WHY should we complain because of a "sameness" in our temperance work?

We realize that variety would afford greater entertainment to the luke-warm and indifferent, but to those whose hearts are voluntarily, unreservedly given to the work no diversified exercises can possess the interest or charm as that same "good old story" repeated o'er and o'er thousands of times.

No pen picture—no fertile imagination can encompass its beauteous grandeur.

Oh, that story—that sweet, dear old story of man's reformation!

Its the same story, dear readers.

Who could become tired of hearing of the salvation of souls—of men who have been waiting, freezing without on the bleak mountain tops, with no spark of warmth to cheer their desolate lives.

To-night, happy reader, as we sit around our warm and cheery hearthstones—thinking—can we realize or imagine the feelings of the poor, lone prodigal out in the damp night, without where to lay his weary head.

Can we become tired of seeing these men coming home—of knowing that they are now seated around us watching and enjoying the blazing, sparkling fire—RETURNED prodigals—rescued pearls of priceless value. God bless them.

. . . . . .

He treads slowly, wearily along the lonely, dismal pathway. No light cheery laugh or happy voice ever greets his sad ear. For every gray hair in that snowy head is a triple sorrow;—for every deep furrow on the faded brow are many, yes, very many sad, bitter regrets.

Has HE not atoned?

Oh, shall we say WE are tired, when this poor gray-headed father is lingering on the way?

No star beckens *him*, or sheds a ray for him. He is alone. The hootings, croakings, hissings, murmurings, sighings, only makes his own company and presence more dreary.

No happy little child skips at his side; no great strong arm supports his tottering form;—only that bent frame; only that withered being.

He is alone!

Are we tired? God forbid!

"Oh, Master, that my spirit would fly to Thee, and rest. Am I alone—not *one* kind word before I die!" his feeble but sincere prayer scarcely issues from his thin lips.

. . . He now rests upon your downy bed. The fire is blazing and crackling more cheerful, but the poor father will not need your cup of tea. See, he speaks: —"God bless you"—his spirit has fied to its Maker.

How sweet that parting blessing! "God bless you!" I hear those words yet. My heart is light now: HE BLESSED ME.

Are we tired?

Were our heads gray, were our brows furrowed, wrinkled from sorrow, were our bodies, weak and tottering, were our lives sad and bitter, were our homes but a fancy, were we wandering—where?—friendless, almost helpless, with naught to comfort or cheer,—prodigals———.

No, we are not tired, Father.

Come home, dear prodigals, we will meet you.

We are NOT tired.

You will find a beacon-light—a good Samaritan—somewheres.

Tired?

And the world full of prodigals—poor, lone prodigals—wishing, waiting, looking, praying, noping ever—to be rescued?

NO! We are NOT tired, but fresh and vigorous again.

Thank God.

We Would Like to Know.

THE first, last and only shield the s.-k.s have for their nefarious business is their license. "We pay our license and have a right to sell. We are in a legitimate business." If it is a legitimate business, when you sell on Sundays do you legitimately pursue it. Gentlemen, when you violate the law knowingly, because you can, you render yourselves unworthy of decent consideration.

Beer-Drinking Boys.

BEER builds barriers to the boys' prosperity. Whisky waits. Its day follows. And as sure as day and night, Whisky will wind up the career of the man who continues to be a beer-drinking boy. For all you hold dear, boys, leave it alone.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Logansport Christian Temperance Union.

WM. E. MURRAY, President.
Vice-Presidents—H. C. MEHAFFIE, W. J. POTTER, T. B. LOUIS, T. C. BARNES, G. W. GOFF.
ED. TAYLOR, Secretary.
CHARLES LUMBERS, Ass't Secretary.
CHAS KAHLO, Treasurer.
Trustees—Isaac Himmelberger, D. L. Overholser, J. M. Justice.

Lake Cicott Christian Temperance Union.

L. E. ROGERS, President.
JOSEPH VANATTA, Vice President.
R. A. STEWART, Secretary.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

BENTON COUNTY.

To the Editor:

WE have an oraganization here of over 1,000 members, and beside our's there are yet two more in the county that number from 200 to 500.

F. L.

Oxford, Nov. 4, 1878.

THINK TWICE, GIRLS.

To the Editor:

IN going home on Tuesday evening, on the bridge over the Wabash, I discovered a man dead drunk lying across the walk, and his wife at his side pleading with him to go home with her, but he was too drunk to walk. Young ladies, think before you launch into wedded life. There is many such cases. J. M. V.

DO RIGHT.

To the Editor:

THE first step toward happiness is to do right; your conscience will then be without a cloud. All will be bright before you. Your face will have a more pleasant look, and that will have an influence upon others. To bring this about, shun bad company, extend the hand of friendship to all, and by all means do not indulge in intoxicating liquors,

LORD POTTER.

FROM SHELBY COUNTY.

To the Editor:

SHELBY county has many temperance societies, numbering altogether, so far as I am able to ascertain, from 1,200 to 2,000 members, mostly in the eastern part of the county. We are slowly but surely closing in on Shelbyville, which we will attack just after the holidays, when, by that time, we shall have worked up the country, and we think the town people will follow. T. E. TRACKWELL

Fenns, Shelby county, Ind.

BRO. JIM VIGUS AT FLORA.

To the Editor:

WE had a glorious meeting Tuesday evening Bro James Vigus was with us, and gave us a part of his past life, which was to the point. It made the boys think it was high time to sign the pledge and turn out on the side of temperance. We secured twenty-five new signers. We have an organization that means business from the word "go." We have on roll at present 173 names. There is plenty of work to do yet, but the boys are working manfully. Yours in the blue.

JNO. M. LITTLE.

Flora, Ind., Oct. 26.

ADAMSBORO.

To the Editor:

THE Miami Murphys are now in better working condition than at any time heretofore. We held meetings on last Wednesday and Thursday nights; the meetings were addressed by the editor of THE SIGNAL, Bros. Vigus and Goff, which was attended with good results. There will be a meeting at the church on Tuesday evening, Nov. 5th. Bro. D. B. Graham and others are expected to be present; we bespeak for them a full house. Come everybody, and hear these able speakers.

The writer and brother F. E Brown will hold a meeting at Hoover Station on Thursday evening, Nov. 14th.

THE MURPHY SIGNAL is now complete, it being a five column folio, and is the best temperance advocate in the State. I long to see it in every house in the country, as it is deserving of success for standing up so boldly for justice, and for plain speaking in condemning that which is wrong. But more in the near future.

Yours, W. K. MOORE.

Adamsboro, Nov. 2d.

CHARITY TO THE RUMMYS.

To the Editor:

"WITH malice toward none and charity for all."—

I well remember the time when the spirit of this motto was not employed by temperance reformers. Harsh words and abuse seemed better weapons. Charity and love to the fallen, degraded inebriate were never extended. But we rejoice that the day has long since past. Love and kindness alone can win him, and by that same love and charity we may sometimes win the rum-seller. I have not the same charity of our former leader for the rumseller. I cannot have when I see so many wives and mothers begging of him to refuse the deadly poison to their loved ones, and hear the taunts and jeers their piteous appeals often bring forth. Every penny he drops in his drawer is the price of hunger, want, destitution, and sorrow to those who never wronged him, and in spite of tears, and entreaties, and prayers, he still deals out the poison, turning a once kind husband and father into a very demon. They trample on the laws, both of God and man, and to-day, while we are working with love and charity, for our motto, while preaching "moral suasion," the rum-sellers are banding together, determined at all hazards to sustain and continue this system of wrong and cruelty. They receive your money, and you in return receive—what?—poverty, want and degradation. They receive your money, you receive in return—what?—disgrace, shame, broken-hearts, maimed bodies, and a lost soul. I cannot feel the charity I ought, perhaps, toward these drunkard-makers, when I hear, as I often do, here in our own city, the tales of grief, hunger, neglect and abuse.

I heard it remarked by a christian (?) woman, a few days since, that "temperance was a good thing, but the Murphys were going altogether too far." CAN we go too far? Oh, if we would only go out among the lowly homes of poverty more, we could find many a dwelling with groups of little, half-naked, half-fed, wretched-looking children, clinging to the poor, distressed, heavy-hearted mothers' ragged skirts, crying for food; and in some of these places the drunken husband sleeping off the effects of the rum-seller's potion. And not one drunkard has fallen who does not owe his ruin to the rum-sellers.

Oh, boys, come and sign the pledge. It is not signing away your liberty, but making you free men. And to those who have fallen, if any such there are, we say to you, come back home, back to the safety of the temperance home. L. C. G.

A FEW TRUTHFUL WORDS.

To the Editor:

Please find enclosed 60cts for paper and book. When I opened out your last SIGNAL and seen the rooster at head of the column my heart was rejoiced. I thank God and take courage and look forward confidentially expecting to hear of victories from all parts of our world. I was raised a Friend, and never was a great admirer of anything but plain dress, but I must say that the new dress your SIGNAL appears in I do admire. I was captivated with not only the head line but the general tone of every article, and do believe that No. 16 is worth to me the subscription price for a year, and I don't see how anyone reading it and not a subscriber can think of doing without THE SIGNAL I would rather leave off tea or coffee than deprive myself of the valuable information THE SIGNAL contains. I believe it to be my duty to ask you to forward back numbers, and if I don't find time to canvass I will find some one that will.

What our people want is to be in possession of facts just such as you are presenting in every paper. I have been fighting rum for forty-five years, but until the crusade movement I had not the least idea of the magnitude of the iniquity and suffering produced by the rum traffic. There is millions in the same condition and will so remain unless those interested in the cause of God and humanity use their influence in way of spreading broadcast over the land information that will cause our people to think and act. What is money, stocks, land sand goods to us when neither person nor property is safe. Our enemies hold councils, devise ways and means to defeat the very blessings our fathers fought to maintain, and handed down as they thought to all that should come after them. Can we afford to stand with folded arms and tied tongues and let the enemies of God and humanity overthrow the grand structures bequeathed to us by our fathers; I say never sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I will cry aloud against the rum curse during life, and when done with time my mantle shall not be thrown aside but will fall upon others that I have been permitted to train up under influences that will enable them to be faithful and true standard bearers, and continue with the help of God to labor on in the good cause until freedom from the rum curse will be proclaimed all over the world. The wise heads in the old world have taken a prominent position on the side of right and are proclaiming to the world that ruin must go down or ruin and devastation will be the result of its power.

JOSEPH CADWALADER.

New Albany, Oct. 24th.

SEND us POSTAL CARD items.

OUR CALIFORNIA LETTER.

To the Editor:

CAN it be said that the young men of our great nation have not heard the warning voice in behalf of their moral, spiritual and intellectual welfare. Most emphatically they have heard this voice time and time again. Have they not heard the words God has spoken to them? "The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven." "Strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." I say moral and spiritual welfare, for in times like the present when education is so much improved and especially in this beautiful country is the degree of advancement most notable. Remarkable for every inducement for advancement in the sciences, and discoveries in mechanics. School-mams of California are required to pass the most rigid and impartial examination before they are admitted to the duties and responsibilities of teaching. For instance, questions on the most intricate mechanics, mathematics, physics and chemistry and the sciences generally. Yet it must be obvious upon reflection that happiness even for this world to say nothing of the next, depends much more upon the state of the heart and the practice of the life, than upon the exclusive culture of the intellect. Not that they are antagonistic to one another. None but infidels and weak minded christians will ever attempt to set piety and science at variance. They are neither enemies nor aliens, but friends, and are reciprocally helpful to each other. I say this because in all reform movements there is a class who are bitterly opposed to anything of a pious nature, and consequently condemn the whole proceedings and use their influence in opposition to the movement.

Our Grand Lodge convened at the city of Vallejo during the first week of the present month. The report of the Grand Worthy Chief Templar, Will D. Gould, shows that our order is bravely leading the great temperance reform, and nobly should it continue until intemperance shall cease. This is the most important session of Good Templars ever convened in California. Our faith rests in the efficacy of our order to reclaim the fallen and to save others from falling. We believe it to be the grandest temperance organization the world has ever known. It is a great fraternity founded upon the family idea of father, mother, sister and brother, pledged in God's name, battling for home and country against a common foe. It invokes the aid of the pulpit, the platform, and the press; in harmony with the first, the laborers on the platform and press will be largely increased in the field of this jurisdiction the ensuing year. and an effort to increase the circulation of the Rescue ten fold, a large eight page weekly paper published by the Grand Lodge of California and solid on the subject of temperance in every particular.

The Grand Worthy Secretary's report shows the gross expenditures for the year to be nearly twenty thousand dollars. This is the 19th annual session of the Grand Lodge of the State of California. After the regular business transactions of the session winding up on Saturday, the Grand Lodge adjourned to meet at the city of Stockton next year, which will be a great benefit to San Joaquin county. Most important of the subjects brought before the Grand Lodge was that in reference to the orphan's home located at Vallejo. There is at this time from eighty to one hundred little children being cared for, educated, and carefully trained and fitted for the usual walks of life—ornaments to society. Only four out of this large number are the children of Good Templars, the balance are nearly all children of parents who have died drunkards, and now sleep in dishonored graves. This home contains magnificent grounds and shade trees (grounds 30 acres). It was in 1869 that the Grand Lodge of California dedicated and opened this capacious and elegant structure and entitled it the "Good Templars Home for Orphans." The title does not and is not meant to convey any idea of exclusiveness in regard to the class admitted to the "Home." The only passport that is required is to be a homeless orphan. All children under fourteen years of age are received and cared for. The buildings are sightly, capacious and beautifully located. A graded school is taught in the "Home" by two competent teachers under the public school system of the State. Bro. George Eckstrom one of our splendid Good Templar boys says, "of all the good looking little boys and girls to be found anywhere those of the orphan's home are the prettiest and brightest." Well, with the care they receive they cannot help but look well. A word in regard to the Murphys of this city and other parts of the State. The association of this place numbered five thousand or more and went along splendidly for a time. But finally died away for want of energy in its officers who were nearly all ministers of the gospel. The first officers were partially composed of Good Templars. The Good Templars were crowded out and for want of energy in the new officers it was abandoned and declared a failure. Though the N. C. T. U. is very prosperous in some other localities, that is where they are properly organized; in the southern part of the State the Murphys are having the best success. The Murphys have always had the hearty cooperation of the Good Templars since the movement was first inaugurated by the Rev. G. S. Allen, of Pittsburg, Pa. I will conclude by saying that Murphys and Good Templars stand united in the name of God and humanity to strike the blow for liberty. The world is our field, and our object the welfare of mankind. "Malice toward none and charity for all," Faith, Hope and Charity. We will succeed. Submitted in F., H. and C.

ALF. D. DUNCAN.

Stockton, Cal.

The Coming Drunkard.

SHALL it be said of you, boys, that YOU will be the coming drunkards? Have we a reader who will say "I will be a drunkard!" God forbid it! A drunkard was never made by leaving beer, wine, whisky, etc., alone. You will never become one, boys, if you never drink. There is only one pathway that leads to this result and it is an exceedingly easy matter to avoid. If you insist upon making your life a wreck there is no one you can blame as much for it as yourself. I would devote my life to you, boys, if it would prevent you from making your future a black blur. I was a boy once, and am yet; I know what boys have to contend with, but I believe and know that with all the temptations and snares which beset us there is not one who cannot pass through unharmed. We are what we make ourselves, men with manhood, or men without it—beasts. Which? Let's pledge together, boys, total abstinence forever—a drunkard NEVER.

For God's Sake Save Your Boy.

IF the parents of this city who love their boys will step behind the screens of our saloons, some evening, they will learn a fact of interest to them. We speak from what we know when we say that the largest patrons of the saloons are boys of from fifteen to twenty years of age, Every inducement is offered them. Snares of the vilest character are placed before them, though concealed. Parents, where are your boys? Do you know positively that they are not around the saloons? The truth should be known by you at once. His life blood will be drawn by the thirsty rummies. His usefulness, manhood, soul is at stake. Do not see all destroyed without an effort. Save your boy while you can.

Beginning to Crow.

THE *Murphy Signal*, a staunch, wide-awake temperance paper published in Logansport, Ind., comes to us this week illustrated with the proverbial "rooster," and says "Let us all crow, for sending two blue ribbon men to the capitol." We predict the time when the temperance organs throughout the country will put up a good many more "roosters" than are seen now, nor do we count on our chanticleers before they are hatched either. All hail to the temperance roosters —*Chicago Ribbon Review*

Where the Quarrel Should Come In.

THE quarrel is not between Murphys and Murphys, but between them and the rum business It will not pay to consider differences among selves unless in charity. All the power we have should be used in overthrowing a business which has overshadowed our homes and our land. Let us quarrel with that which is destroying so much of our happiness. Let us not even think harshly of our friends. God bless those who are sincere in "Malice toward none and charity for all."

A Very Thin Excuse.

A GREAT many short-sighted, narrow-minded persons refuse to sign the pledge because some sign it who break it. Of all the excuses we have yet heard this is the most paltry and disgusting. A man with half sense might be considered charitably but one claiming intelligence should not receive the least consideration.

Nothing Like It.

To every person who will send us 60c for THE SIGNAL, one year, we will present with a copy of "Eleven Years a Drunkard," written by Thomas Donor WITH HIS TEETH The book alone is worth the money. We must have 10,000. This offer good but for one month.

REASON WITH YOURSELF.

It Does Not Pay to Go It Blind—Look Before You Leap—Act with Sense.

SIGNING and keeping the pledge are the most prominent and important features of the present temperance movement. To some neither is an easy matter, and others make no sacrifice of habits in doing either. There are men whose habitual use of ardents renders it, seemingly, to them, an almost impossible task to break away from the habit, and yet we candidly believe there is no man who cannot do it. Weak men have accomplished it, great strong ones can do so. Few persons will acknowledge themselves slaves to habit, yet there are less who know how firmly they are bound, though they be the most moderate, until they determine to stop a practice of evil. Were it not for darkness of night we could not appreciate the sunlight of day.

Every thinking man should ponder and study well this matter. Look before you leap. Give it at least as much consideration as you would the sale of a pig, or a cow, or a farm. It is far more important. In doing business, at the conclusion of the day's work you note the receipts and expenditures, and strike a balance; if in favor of the former, you continue the business and prosper; if not you quit it as a sensible man should. Do the same in social and domestic habits. If it pays in one it will pay in all. Figure up the benefits of drinking, and if it does not give a large premium on the money, health and happiness you invest, quit it as you would a matter of business.

In business, if you possess an article that is a drag or unprofitable, you get rid of it as soon as possible and place something of value in its stead. Be as consistent in social life. Count the cost of your drink now and then. Does it pay either morally, physically, or financially? Is or can there possibly be a profit in it? If not, please use as much reason as you would in an ordinary business transaction. Think over this matter, thinking reader. Act in this matter, acting readers, as you would in a business way. Value souls and manhood higher that fifty cents' worth of clothing or provisions. Value souls as highly as a day's receipts. You may not be injuring yourself, but you are not doing youself any good by indulging. Give your influence to the right.

Our Hope, the Children.

A "Band of Hope" has been formed at Lafayette by Stephe R. Smith, a reformed journalist of Illinois, father of "Percy," the little temperance lecturer that was killed by the cars last June. Twenty-four of the little boys and girls were enrolled in the society, and Mrs. H. Sempill was elected Matron and Miss Jennie M. Bixler, Secretary. Mr. Smith desires to organize bands here and elsewhere, and to properly teach the young is our hope for future success. We trust such a move will be made in this city. And THE SIGNAL sends greeting to the little boys and girls of the Lafayette Band wishing each little soldier the richest rewards of earth and heaven.

Try and Succeed.

KEEP in mind the fact that it is not by signing but by breaking the pledge that you do injury. There is virtue in trying to be a man, the FAILURE is the harm. Try, try now and always, not with a thought of failure, but with a firm, determined, immovable purpose of succeeding. The successful man knows no such word as fail. But though you should fail once, twice, a dozen times, succeed finally by constant trying, and it will not be a failure. Though it be wrong to fail, it is better to try and fail than to never try.

What They All Say.

"THE MURPHY SIGNAL has been enlarged. It is undoubtedly the best temperance paper published in the West."—*Saturday Chronicle.*

The S.-K.'s Latest.

"I WOULD rather be a door-keeper in the House of Congress than to sell rum in any town in Indiana—if these Murphys don't stop soon."

Chalk It Down.

THE saloons are not kept open on Sundays for Sunday-school purposes. Please mark that down, Messrs. Mayor and Marshal.

A Peculiar Friendship.

IT is highly important that people have a daily report of the condition of Mutchsler's brewery. The *Pharos* should do its duty.

VERY important matters will be considered at the Murphy convention on the 9th. Be sure and have a representation

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, IND., NOVEMBER 6, 1878.

GENERAL NOTES.

Osceola, Iowa, has 13,000.

All's well in Harrison county.

C. C. Frost is in New York state.

Chicago has 2,813 licensed saloons.

The work is first rate at Salem, Oregon.

Jay county never had a licensed saloon.

Fon du Lac, Wis., has sixty-two saloons

In London alone there are 21,442 Good Templars.

Temperance clubs are doing well in Greenville, O.

Miss F. E. Willard is working in Illinois and Michigan.

The Masons of Michigan have declared against whisky.

Emma Malloy is holding Murphy meetings in London.

Illinois is said to have nearly 700,000 temperance folks.

The Washington temperance folks will have a revival shortly.

A large temperance tabernacle has been erected at Decatur, Ill.

The annual liquor bill of Chicago is more than $15,000,000.

Over $50,000 was spent in Crawfordsville last year for rum.

The new governor of Cyprus, Sir Garnet Wolseley, is a total abstainer.

Over $1,000 has been raised in Vinton, Iowa, to establish a reading room.

J. C. Bontecou has just concluded successful red ribbon meetings at Keokuk.

Col. Dick DeHart, of Lafayette, is devoting his whole time to the temperance work

The fourth annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. will convene at Baltimore, Md., November 6.

The temperance folks of Noble, Ill., had the largest gathering in their history on September 30th.

The liquor drank in America, the past year would build 600,000 homes, worth $3,500 each. Think of it.

The temperance ticket has been elected in nearly all the towns in Nebraska where municipal elections have been held.

Rev. F. R. Morey, a German temperance lecturer, is meeting with great success among the Germans of St. Louis.

Mr. Spurgeon says the accursed habit of intoxication lies at the root of the main part of London's poverty, misery, and crime.

The Presbyterian Synod of Illinois has passed a vote pledging its members to the faithful enforcement of the Sunday liquor law.

The faculty of Wabash college, says the Crawfordsville *Mercury*, are determined that young men who are students in that institution shall not patronize saloons.

Governor Anthony, of Kansas, says: "This state spends the entire amount of the state debt annually for beer and fermented liquors, which is $1,000,000. The entire annual expenditure for strong drink is $3,000,000.

Sullivan county is in distress. It undertook to have a county fair. The first entry was a whisky shop, which was put up on Sunday. The farmers took no share in it, and not one hundred persons were present at any time.

We notice by the *Ribbon Review* that Messrs Hughes and Ward are still working in Chicago. The results have not been as flattering as was hoped, but it is predicted that their faith, energy, efficiency, and persistency will yet arouse the slumbering Chicagoites.

At the recent special election in Newton, Iowa, to decide the question of license or no license, ordered by the council, the vote stood 172 for license and 319 against. The women of the city, feeling an interest, also resolved to vote in boxes of their own in all the wards. The following is the result of the women's vote: For license, 1; against license, 394.

The Third annual convention of the National Christian Temperance Union convened at Decatur, Oct. 22, with Francis Murphy in the chair. Business naturally coming before such a meeting was discussed and disposed of. The officers to serve the ensuing year are: President, Francis Murphy; Cor. Sec., O. J. Benham. Adjourned to meet at Bismarck Grove, Kansas.

Ex-Governor Dingley, of Maine, publishes the following statistics, to show the effect of prohibition of liquor selling, except by State agencies. In 1830 thirteen Maine distilleries made 1,000,000 gallons of liquor. Now there is not a distillery or groggery in the State. In 1832 there was sold $10,000,000 worth of liquors, or twenty dollars to each inhabitant. Including clandestine sales, the highest total for the year, it is claimed, is $1,000,000 or two dollars to each inhabitant. In 1855 the deaths from delirium tremens were two hundred. Now they are not over fifty annually. Mr. Dingley claims also, that crime and pauperism have been greatly reduced, but doe : give the exact statistics.—*Blue Ribbon Ban*

Send Them In.

Every person sending us six subscribers to The Signal, and $3.00 cash, we will send one elegant bound volume (gilt edges, and brilliantly lettered cover, illustrated) of the "Ribbon Workers" giving a history of nearly every temperance worker in the field. It contains 450 pages and is sold for $2 00 everywhere. This unprecedented offer is good but for one month. Act. A little effort will secure you this book.

Bro. George McKee, Twelve Mile, made us a call Monday. He passed a resolution making The Signal his official Murphy organ, which was endorsed by the editor.

Warren Baldwin, Esq.,

Who appreciates good literature, says "you may count me a subscriber to The Signal as long as it is published."

If you want your boots and shoes made to order in the best style, or repaired in the neatest and promptest manner, call on Jacobs, on Sixth St., one half square north of Broadway. He is a young man who can always be found at his post, and who understands every branch of his business thoroughly.

INTERESTING FACTS.

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

"Lives of great men all remindus that the average captain never feels in ulted by being called colonel.

Save your money and buy machine needles of the best quality, eight for 25c. And Machine oil ten cents per bottle at Howe office, 512 Broadway. 3m16

The Windsor Hotel is one of the finest in the city. Rates, $1.50 per day. An excellent Lunch Room in the house. Oysters and game in season. Pan Handle Depot.

H. Bruner, the Market street Boot and Shoe man, has advertised with us since the first issue. He is a gentlemanly dealer, keeps good goods, and sells at reasonable prices.

J. C. Bridge, dealer in pianos, organs, and musical merchandise. Sheet music, song books, guitars, violins, and everything. Call and examine stock. Broadway, east of P. O.

T. P. Swigart, the baker, 384 Market street, serves oysters in every style. Lunch at all hours. Warm meals, etc. Candies, cakes, bread, pies, etc. Remember, 384 Market street.

My flapjack! 'tis of thee—
Thou that agreest with me—
Of thee I sing!
Thou that with pork art fried,
Then buttered on one side,
With sirup thick applied—
Thou luscious thing!
Oh! savory morsel mine!
What taste is like to thine,
Well buttered one?
I love to watch thee fry,
To see the cook toss thee on high,
And stick with a fork to try
If thou art done.

Miller & Son, the photographers, invite inspection of their work. If you want a good picture give them a call. Chromos, oil paintings, etc, for sale cheap. Corner Broadway and Fourth.

Wilson & Son, jewelers, will have the finest assortment of holiday presents ever brought to the city. Remember this and give them a call. Watches and clocks repaired and warranted. Broadway, near Fourth.

Honest John Gray does not do much advertising, but his low prices, honest goods, with full weight end measure, keeps him in possession of one of the finest Dry Goods trades in Indiana.

John W. Cost, the new Fourth st. Druggist, keeps everything in the drug line, cigars, etc. Prescriptions filled at all hours by competent druggist. Give him a call. 321 Fourth street.

Go to Geo. Ash's for fine upholstered goods of all kinds. He makes upholstering a business and will please you. Broadway, a few doors west of Sixth street

J. W. Fuller, dealer in harness, saddlery, etc. Would be pleased to see those wishing anything in his line. Market street, opposite Rhodes' bakery.

T. B. Rhodes sets the best lunch in town. Warm meals at all hours. Oysters in every style. Candies of all kinds. Bread, confectioneries, etc. Call on him, farmers, at 321 Market street.

3m17—521

PAPER THE FORT.

It might be a good idea to scrub up the fort a little, but the best place in town to get wall paper and window shades is at Queally's, where has been received a large, new stock of the most elegant patterns ever brought here. Prices the lowest.

Go to Harvey Meek's old stand for a nice cigar. Tom keeps there now.

Al Hicks, at his restaurant, provides the people with oysters, warm meals at all hours, or a square lunch in the best style. Fruits, candies and cigars. Call. Broadway, next to Murdock hotel.

Gus Eberline, at the "store on wheels," is the place to get good stoves cheap. None but the best sold. Tinning, roofing, and all branches of the business given prompt attention. He deserves patronage.

Conrad & Beamer, the confectioners always ahead. Lunch, warm meals, Oysters in every style, candies, cakes, cigars, etc. Call and you will be pleased. Cor. Broadway and Fourth sts.

Jas. McTaggart. the clothier, has received his fall and winter stock of boys', youths' and men's clothing. It is large and well selected, and the prices he has marked is as low as any other house in the city dare offer. 4t16

The popular Boston Boot and Shoe Store has erected a new sign, determined that none shall be ignorant of its place, goods and prices. Examine goods whether you wish to purchase or not. Prices exceedingly low.

One trial will convince the public that G. W Hoffman keeps pure drugs, paints, etc., and sells them at the lowest prices. Prescriptions filled promptly. He also sells glass, putty, and glaziers necessaries. Fourth street, east side.

L. P. Streeter, the jolly Murphy, has returned from Walton, and is located at Wm. Quebe's shoe shop, on Broadway, east of the canal, where his friends are requested to call and see him, especially if they need work done neatly, promptly.

John Deboa, blacksmith and horse shoer, gives his personal attention to his work and if he doesn't understand his business nobody does. We hope the Murphys and others who have business in his line will call on him. North St., one half square west of Sixth.

If any of our Murphy friends contemplate buying a sewing machine we would advise them by all means to call on T. C. Barnes and examine the latest improved Howe and Singer. Satisfaction guaranteed, and all machines warranted for five years. 512 Broadway. 3m16

"TOWN TALK"

and other brands of the best cigars in town sold by Lee W. Redd, the Market St. druggist. Drugs, medicines, paints, etc. Prices low. Prescriptions filled promptly.

T. J. Jenne, sewing machine repairer, and all kinds of jobbery in the machinery line. He is an expert at the business and will carefully attend to all orders. Such a business is needed. Give him a call at the old Singer office, two doors west of Mrs. Potter's millinery store, Broadway. 3t16

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Space.	1w	1m	3m	6m	1 yr
One inch	$ 25	$ 45	$ 1 25	$ 2 00	$ 3 50
Two inches	45	80	2 00	4 00	7 00
Four inches	80	1 75	4 00	8 00	13 00
One-half Column	1 75	3 00	8 00	14 00	25 00
One Column	3 00	5 50	14 00	25 00	40 00

No special rates.

Locals, 5c. per line, each insertion.

All bills payable monthly. Locals, weekly. Foreign, in advance.

Advertising space limited.

Advertisements solicited.

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL.—DOCTOR YOURSELF and save money, by using Liebig's Ague Cure and Liver Tonic, in liquid or pills. Cures all malarious diseases, chills, fevers, torpid liver, poor blood, neuralgia, debility or loss of appetite. Sold by druggists. 11-2t

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.'s manufacture of Instruments are pronounced the very best in the market, and can be bought on monthly payments, or cheap for ready cash.

MRS. T. B. LOUIS, Agent,
225 Broadway, West Side.

H. BRUNER,

DEALER IN BOOTS AND SHOES.
CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.
Rubber Boots Repaired and Warranted.
Repairing Promptly and Neatly Done.
No. 324 Market-st., T. P. Swigart's old stand.

CHARLES M. HANNA,
MAKES TO ORDER
PICTURE FRAMES
TO SUIT ANY PICTURE, with plain and neat or elegant and gaudy designs,
Terms very reasonable.
Address orders through p. o. to
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3m17-521 Logansport, Ind.

THE REASON WHY
WALKER, RAUCH & CO.,
SELL MORE
BOOTS and SHOES
Than any other house in town is because they sell the best goods
THE CHEAPEST.

"WE STORM THE FORT."

BLUE RIBBON TEMPERANCE

"GEMS OF SONG!"

THE BEST MURPHY TEMPERANCE SONG BOOK EVER PUBLISHED!!!

THIRD EDITION—THIRTIETH THOUSAND.

Contains, besides **thirty familiar, soul-stirring Murphy songs**, a condensed history of the movement, its principles and purposes, how to conduct meetings, modes of action, etc., etc.

Dr. J. E. McFarland writes: "*It is just* the *song book for revival meetings.*"

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Title.	*Tune.*
The Grand Jubilee,	Old Lenox.
It Will Come,	In the Sweet Bye and Bye.
Come On, Boys,	Hold the Fort.
Come and Join Us,	Let the Lower Lights be Burning.
Wearing the Blue,	Marching through Georgia.
What Shall the Harvest Be,	
Our Cause is Marching On,	John Brown.
Happy Homes,	Home, Home, Sweet Home.
Join the Murphys,	Come to Jesus.
Rescue the Perishing,	
Rise to Nobler Manhood,	Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys go Marching.
Cold Water Forever,	Battle Cry of Freedom.
Crowding Awfully,	
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They Come,	Yankee Doodle.
Taste Not the Wine,	Beautiful Star.
What Can the Matter Be,	
Dare to Be a Murphy,	Dare to Be a Daniel.
Doxology,	
The Result,	

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

It is neat and handsomely printed and bound, and has been sold in nearly every state. Every Murphy union that is alive to the work should use them. Sample copies, by mail, 6c.

Single Copies, 5c. Per Fifty, $2.00. Per Hundred, $3.50,

Address, W. H. Leedy, or H. C. Eversole, Logansport, Ind.

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NEW GOODS at Very LOW PRICES.

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Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE.—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM.

VOL. I. LOGANSPORT, IND., NOVEMBER 20, 1878.—SEMI-MONTHLY. NO. 18

A HIVE OF BEES.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind;
B sure you make matter subservient to mind
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few;
B temperate in argument, please, and wine,
B careful of conduct, of money, of time,
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
B courageous, B gentle, B liveral, B just,
B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
B active, devoted, B faithful till death;
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure,
B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll B secure.

COUSIN JOE'S THANKSGIVING.

A TEMPERANCE SKETCH.

COUSIN JOE was a character. Not rich he was nevertheless well-to-do in the world. He had lent his name upon the back of a note to recommend a friend, and the friend left him to pay it. Joe was a carpenter, and had accumulated enough by his industry and management to buy a five-acre lot and build a comfortable house upon it, and had, after years of toil, paid off all incumbrances. His home was situated between the villages of Queens and Hempstead, on Long Island. Its gable-end faced the road, and a wide avenue, lined on both sides with poplar trees, led up from the road to the house, and around past the piazza to his barn and out-buildings. He owned a cow, and a horse, which he used to carry him to his work in the neighborhood, and as fine a set of tools as any man outside of the great city.

His wife, my cousin Amy, was a good-natured, hard working, frugal, and careful woman, who did her duty to husband, and little boy and girl, who constituted her family. She was a hopeful women as well, and when the great sorrow of her life overtook her in the debt her husband had unexpectedly been called upon to meet, she tried to comfort Joe as she best knew how, telling him that there was always light ahead, no matter how dark things seemed to be now.

"You know, husband, when we were down in Virginia to see father, on our bridal trip, that we passed through many a tunnel, and when we went through the long one I was rather frightened, for it was over a mile long, and very, very dark; but you cheered me up as you whispered to me, 'Amy, dear, we'll soon be through it. There is no danger; the road may be dark, but the engineer knows it well, and he'll bring us out all right.' You remember this, dear Joe, don't you? So now I say to you, husband, keep a stout heart; brighter days will come again. Every life has its dark tunnels, and why not ours? Only wait, Joe, and light will come on us and our dear children."

My cousin Joe was a man about forty years old, very industrious, and popular in the neighborhood, a good carpenter, with plenty of work. The news of Joe's mishap soon spread around, and his neighbors pitied him. They loaned him money to save his name from dishonor, but he was none the less in debt for a large sum.

The iron had entered his soul, and he did as many good men have done before and since—he sought comfort in the bottle. He tried to banish the remembrance of the wrong done him by the stimulas of strong drink. This did not mend matters. He began to neglect his business, and it slipped through his fingers. He reproached himself for being such a fool as to indorse for any one, and then, most strangely, blamed his friends for their want of practical sympathy, as he termed their selection of a strange carpenter to do their work. But it is ever so.

In place of his former pleasant laugh and joke, a deep gloom settled upon his spirits, and he became ever cross—sometimes to his loving Amy and children. As the weight of debt resting upon him for moneys lent by the neighbors seemed to press him every day, and his income from work decreased, and his ready money was divided between his home and the tavern, he decided to sell his cow as he could best spare her, and pay off something of the debt. Next went his horse and wagon; for he found their keep was expensive; nor did he need them as much since business declined. Last of all, he selected the best and least necessary of his good tools and sold them, too, to maintain his family.

The men who had loaned him the money, though they believed him to be honest, and knew that it was safe, as his property was still unincumbered, sometimes jogged his memory, and one of them even threatened suit for the amount due. He worked for others of his creditors, and kept down the interest, but he was becoming unreliable.

Joe never thought of becoming a drunkard. He loathed a drunkard, and always bore down heavily upon the fool "who poured his family living down his throat," as he termed it. But he was drifting thitherward himself, and was unconscience of it.

He sat down one evening in front of his house, and as the moon's beams made a pathway of light between the rows of trees, he fell to thinking of the good old times. He was thoroughly in earnest now as he meditated upon his past and future. What had he gained, thought he, as his eyes wandered along the avenue of light which stretched out to the gate by giving up as he had done? Things conld not be thus mended. And he thought of what Amy had said to him often about the dark tunnel. Here was no dark tunnel, but a stream of light sent from Heaven to guide him to hope and fortitude. He resolved that things should be altered. His neighbors had been kind once, and saved his name from dishonor, but he had repaid them with formal civility, and even now, on the eve of Thanksgiving Day, there was in his kitchen a noble turkey which neighbor Robinson had sent to Amy, and other delicacies given by others, as a mark of their affection for his family. Why should he doubt their respect?

He arose from his seat and walked erect and firmly to the room where Amy was sewing for her little family, and taking her around the waist, he pressed a kiss upon her forehead and said:

"Amy, dear, look at me; I am a new man from this moment. No more liquor shall pass my lips henceforth and forever, and I will try to be the fond husband I once was to you."

This was Joe's Thanksgiving Eve.

I had a spare day on my hand that Thanksgiving Day, and resolved to spend it with Cousin Amy and her family. When I reached her house, Joe was away to borrow a big boiler for a ham which was to help fill the table that day, but Amy said, "he would soon be back." I was very fond of children and loved little Tom and Mary, for they were bright and good. I took one of them on each knee and engaged them in childish prattle.

"Oh, Cousin Dan," said the boy, who was eight years old, "you ought to see my hobby-horse which father bought for me two Christmasses ago. Its a real prancer, and almost throws me off if I don't hold very tight to his neck. Father bought it before that naughty man robbed him and made him so cross."

"And my baby-house, my beautiful baby-house, with such nice furniture and a bed for my doll, who rolls her eyes up and down so nice, and cries so like a live baby that it worries father nowadays," broke in Mary.

At that moment I heard the footsteps of Cousin Joe on the porch, and so did the children, who whispered to me in each ear: "Don't tell father anything I said about my hobby-horse, nor my baby-house, for t'other day when he was real cross, he sent them up into the garret, and told us we never should play with them. The wicked man—I mean the wicked man who cheated father—its all his fault."

The door opened and Joe came in with a pleasant smile upon his manly face. He was glad to have me come and spend the day with them, so he said, and hoped that it would be a happy day for them all.

"God knows," he said, "I have tried the best I know how to keep my house about me, ever since the villain robbed me. I have toiled like a slave to make Amy and the children comfortable; but what with my folly in striking hands for the scoundrel, and the cruel war just over, and my folly in giving way to melancholy, everything seems to have gone astray. I could not bear to be in debt; I had to sell my cow, my horse and wagon, and the best of my tools to keep the wolf away from the door and my head above water. I have determined to give up drinking anymore intoxicating, liquor and trust to God to keep me right."

Cousin Amy had come into the room as her husband was talking to me; she walked up to her husband and put her arm around him, as he ended up his declaration of independence, she press-a most loving kiss upon his lips. To me, who knew all about the man's sorrow and his later habits, this pledge of reform was a glorious testimony in behalf of a wife's forbearance and love—a love which was ready to follow him everywhere, even when the hope of improvement in his habits was the faintest—and she triumphed. Amy had passed the darkest part of the tunnel on her life journey.

"You don't mean to complain to Daniel about the neighbors, do you husband? Not complaining on this Thanksgiving Day, after the promises of last night. We've got our children yet, and the old house and lot, and we only owe two thousand dollars, which people are willing to wait for. We are in debt, husband Joe, but we'll worry through that somehow, when the saw and plane are kept bright and busy, as they will be now. Work will pick up. You'll soon make enough to get a new cow, horse, wagon, and tools, and Tom and Mary shall have good educations and we'll be the happiest old couple on the island yet."

"Amy, wife," said Joe. "I know I ought not to repine, but things have gone contrary. The scoundrel meant to cheat me when he came for my name. I was a fool to write it. I sold my tools and things because work fell off, and I thought I didn't need them.

The tunnel is not passed through yet, Amy, but it is growing clearer. The sound of the wheels which are carrying you along, are as of spinning messengers doing this rapid work, and the noise they make is not so cavernous as a few moments ago. Outside air mingles now with the heart-damp of the pass through the bosom of the mountain. Keep good heart, Amy, you're speeding along.

"Now," continued Joe, "work seems to be picking up a little, and this morning a neighbor, to whom I said that I had determined to drink no more liquor, told me he rather thought he would need an extension to his house. and asked me to call to-morrow and see about it. I find that I lose much time in walking to my work, and I miss the old horse and wagon, and most of all, I'll miss my finer tools if work increases much. Farmer Robinson, whom I met early this morning, after talking to me about my resolution, said that all the neighbors would be so glad to hear of it."

Patience, Amy, you are coming into the blue light once more. The outside air reaches you as you hurry through the tunnel and soon there will be green fields and bright skies in place of the horrid rocky covering of the mountain.

I looked at Cousin Joe. His face was lighted by a look I never had seen before. His strong manner of summing up, and there were drops of tears—were they joyful or sad?—in his eyes as Amy dropped her head upon his shoulder and wept for joy.

Old tunnel, you're not very dark now.

The little boy and girl, who were in one corner of the room, and listening wonderingly to the talk, felt the fresh air and saw the new light. They were too young to reason properly, but they knew things were happier. They sprang to their father's side, and taking each a hand, exclaimed.

"Now, dear father, we may bring down from the garret our hobby-horse and our baby-house, mayen't we, father?"

In another moment both had run out and were struggling to get the denounced playthings down into the sitting-room.

I gazed with tearful eye upon the now happy couple, when Joe exclaimed:

"Who in nature can that be who's turning into our lane? He's got a cow and horse tied to the tail of his wagon. It's neighbor Robinson, as I live! Let's see what brings him."

We went out to the porch, and true enough, it was neighbor Robinson, to whom I was introduced.

"Joe," said his neighbor, after a hearty handshaking, "your friends hereabouts like you, and have always done so. They know you are an honest and industrious man. When I told them what you said this morning, they were all pleased, and want to show you that they sympathize with you. They send you a cow, and this horse and wagon; and now help me to lift this thing out of the wagon. It's a box of carpenters' tools, and all for you—a present from your neighbors."

Robinson could not talk eloquently—he was a plain farmer—but he talked to Joe's heart right tenderly.

Good-by tunnel; never darken Amy's heart again with your sooty face. But you've made the hour the happiest for this family, since they feel how good it is to be once more under the light of Heaven.

And such was Cousin Joe's Thanksgiving. Of course Robinson had to stay to dinner. What commonplace food would have been angels' meat, served on golden dishes by winged waiters, to the turkey, and ham, and side-dishes, which loaded Amy's table that day? Joe took the head of the table, and Amy presided at the other end, with Angel Robinson on Joe's right hand, and Tom and Mary on their high chairs on his left. There were merry ringing laughter, and stories were told of the happy old times now about to repeat themselves, and latter on, came now one neighbor and now another to join in the general rejoicing. Such a dinner and such a company may not be often seen.

Was there a dark tunnel, Amy, or did you dream? Yes, there was a long, dark, dismal tunnel, but henceorth, along your route the way will be plain and smooth This dinner was all the more toothsome for your dark tunnel.

Josh Billings on the Peach.

PEACHES and kream will convert enny man worth saving. The peach has a doun like that on a maiden's cheak, but it ain't half so pleasant to get onto the lips. Peach brandy is made out ov the peach; this licker has been called mello, but like all other licker that I have tried, it will lay out a saint just as flat as it will a sinner. The fakt of it iz, thare ain't no kind ov ardent rum, I don't kare how artless and gentle the name of it iz, or how rich and mello you may call it, but what will throw him who wrassel with it, be he phool, or be he philosopher. Thare is only one piece of humanity that kan stand ardent spirits, and he is an injun, and he kant stand it only long enough to get civilized. When peach brandy is fust made it iz as hot az a streak ov lightning, and just about as sudden. I once drank a teaspoonful ov it warm from the still, and it was twenty minutes before I could draw a long breath. I was as hot inside as a chimney on fire. I thought it would break out and blaze sumwhere but it didn't happen to. I went at once and joined the Murphys

Intoxication no Palliation for Crime.

It was more than thirteen centuries ago when Belisarius, on his way to Africa, gibbited two of his soldiers for an act of violence. And when this summary punishment aroused some mutiny among the comrades of the executed men, the general explained that the crime alone might not have been visited by such retribution if it had not been aggravated by the fact that the perpetrators were drunk. This is pretty sound law to-day. Surely a man will not be held less guilty of crime because he deliberately prepares himself for it by stifling all that is human in his nature and stimulating all that is brutal. He should rather be held morally responsible for all the other possible crimes which the alcohol he swallows would drive him to commit if opportunity afforded.—[New York Tribune.]

A Thought for Christian Men.

A PROMINENT minister of this city, whose name we suppress purposely, formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, who has been for some time preaching in a leading church of Chicago, is compelled by the congregation to leave his pulpit, simply because he wears a blue ribbon, and is not afraid to preach against the crime of intemperance.—*Ribbon Review.*

Call for a Convention.

THE Cass County Temperance Union is hereby requested to meet in convention at Murphy Hall, Logansport, at 10 o'clock, a. m., Thursday, December 26th, and continuing in session two days.

All unions in Cass county will be entitled to five delegates for each one hundred of their membership or fraction thereof.

A large attendance is requested.

By order of

W. H. LEEDY,
Pres. Cass Co. Temp. Union.
J. H. IVANS, Secretary.

Notice to Subscribers at Peru.

MR. O. B SANDIFER is our authorized agent at Peru, Ind. All subscribers will get their papers at his book store, north of post office. He will be responsible for their prompt delivery, and receive subscriptions.

All Right, Dan, Shake It Is.

AT the late election, temperance men were successful at Logansport, Ind. Now, really, this is good news. "Big Bill," of *The Signal*, is so happy he don't know what to do. Shake.—*Dayton Life-Boat.*

Cass County Executive Committee.

Are hereby notified to meet on Saturday, November 23, 1878, at 2 o'clock p. m., at Y. M. C. A. rooms. Important matters should require the attention of every committeman.

Please.

WILL every subscriber who reads this item send us one more subscriber at once. You can help us if you will. Will you?

Acknowledgement.

WE are indebted to Col. Hill, Supt. P. C. & St. L. Ry., for favors.

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The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.
W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

LOGANSPORT, IND., NOVEMBER, 20, 1878

Published in the Interest of the Murphy Temperance Movement.

Subscription price, Fifty cents per year.

All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

BOYS, work.

ROLL the ball.

MURPHYS to-night.

KEEP the ball rolling.

GET up a club of subscribers.

READ every line of this issue.

ATTEND the meeting to night.

THE 28th is thanksgiving day.

PARENTS, where are your boys?

SEND THE SIGNAL to your friends.

REPORT your meetings every week.

TO BE(ER) not to be, that is the question

SHILOH union elected officers, Sunday night.

TAKE you friends to the meeting at the hall to-night.

READ our advertisements, and patronize our advertisers.

Ten cents is small, but often comes handy during the winter.

TEMPERANCE "fanaticism" never sends anyone to the poor-house.

CAN'T YOU get us a few subscribers, reader. We must have 10,000.

TAKE the bottle away from the man as well as the man from the bottle.

CIRCULATE printed matter. THE SIGNAL should be in every household.

MASON ANDERSON is authorized to receive subscriptions for THE SIGNAL.

MRS. E. B. RUSSELL is authorized to receive subscriptions for THE SIGNAL.

GET us four subscribers and we give you the Life of Mace Long, price $1.

THANKS to *Seymour Temperance Monitor* for a kind notice of "Gems of Song."

A PETITION requesting the Mayor to enforce the Sunday law is being circulated.

THE SIGNAL is the best temperance paper published. Have you subscribed for it?

READER, you are as likely to fall as any that have. Teetotalism is the only safe platform.

MURPHYS, patronize those who patronize you. Our advertisers are our friends. Patronize them.

AND now THE SIGNAL has subscribers in the Indian Territory. Our friend J. A. Henrys did the deed.

WE desire to publish monthly reports of every union in the county. Also, meetings throughout the state.

THE programme of exercises for the convention on the 26th and 27th will be published in next issue.

WORKINGMEN, ten cents a day is $36.50 a year. It will buy a great many necessaries for your household.

THE "boys" at Peru presented Mrs. Russell with a valuable present—an elegant lady's secretary, last week.

RECEIVED—"National Temperance Almanac for 1879." 75 pps. Price 10c. J. N. Stearns, 58 Reade st., N. Y.

TO BE true to the pledge is to be true to every principle of manhood. No person can afford to trifle with manhood.

WE consider the action of the county convention on the 9th, making THE SIGNAL the official organ a very high compliment.

THE purpose of THE SIGNAL will be to make Indiana a temperance state. We ask our friends to assist us in this by circulating the paper everywhere.

THE breweries will continue in operation notwithstanding the stoppage of the canal makes it more inconvenient to procure water. And such beer——!

BY their works ye shall know them. Mrs. John H. White sent us a club of subscribers, last week, and we know she is interested in the cause from that fact.

THERE has been three or four cases of delirium tremens in this city in the past two weeks. And yet there are fools who have the audacious cheek to excuse the accursed rum traffic,

BOYS, don't practice vice. You will have hard work to keep from doing so some day, if you don't guard yourself well. It pays to heed the teachings of your parents. and they would have you keep good company. Be careful.

A PLEASING temperance incident occurred yesterday afternoon, at Mrs. Sempill's, on Alabama street. The rumor reached Percy's Band of Hope that Mr. Stephe R. Smith. its founder, was to leave the city this morning. A bright lad arose in the Band and moved that a committee be appointed to wait upon Mr. Smith, and say "good-by" to him in the name of Percy's Band. Mrs. Sempill, the Matron, appointed a committee of four accordingly, with the privilege of increasing it as the children saw fit. The result was that Mr. Smith's lodgings on Alabama street were thronged with children of both sexes, who called to pay their respects. The visits continued until a late hour last night —*Lafayette Journal.*

Do Not Forget These Facts.

READERS, remember that Cass county has fully sixty saloons.

That we support them at a cost of no less than $225,000 a year.

That the revenue derived is far less than $25,000 a year.

That these saloons are to be held directly responsible for seven-tenths of the crimes and misdemeanors which occur.

That without the business our courts which are kept going at such on enormous expense will be dispensed with almost entirely.

That the greatest of temptations are constantly in the way of the boys.

That many of the persons who now buy whisky alone will buy BREAD when the whisky is removed.

That the demand for labor will be greater, the laborers more numereus and more trustworthy.

That taxes will be reduced.

That our children will not be educated at the sacrifice of the body and soul of our unfortunate friends.

That we will have less lying, lawing, loafing and thieving.

That we will all be more happy and contented and prosperous and progressive.

REMEMBER these facts.

Think candidly.

ACT as you conclude what's right.

Can we afford to silently sanction a business which is so directly adverse to our every principle?

Hard Times—Read and Think.

	Yearly.
SALARIES of all ministers of the gospel	$ 6,000,000
Cost of Dogs	70,000,000
Support of Criminals	12,000,000
Fees of litigation	35,000,000
Cost of tobacco and cigars	610,000,000
Importation of liquors	50,000,000
Support of grog-shops	1,500,000,000
Whole cost of liquor	$2,200,000,000

The above computations show that it annually costs almost as much for liquor as for all the other items combined. Can any one question the source of hard times? The whole secret is out. The ten-cent pieces which you think so little of make that sum. Can you afford to have such a showing in favor of immorality, vice and crime? Read those figures twice; think always.

Murphy Signals.

IT is better to save all than the half.

It is better to be sure of all than of none.

Everything is gained—nothing is lost.

It is better to be sure of all than to run a risk.

There is no danger in safe places.

Pleasure and sin are unacquainted.

Whisky weaves webs of woe.

Wine wasteth woman's wisdom.

To be a gentleman is to be respected.

Signing the pledge means salvation; breaking it means——.

Send Them In.

Every person sending us six subscribers to THE SIGNAL, and $3.00 cash, we will send one elegant bound volume (gilt edges, and brilliantly lettered cover, illustrated) of the "Ribbon Workers" giving a history of nearly every temperance worker in the field. It contains 450 pages and is sold for $2 00 everywhere. This unprecedented offer is good but for one month. Act. A little effort will secure you this book.

A Free Lunch.

ACCORDING to David Middleton's description, the average "free lunch' served up by s.-k.'s, consists of a turnip cut in ten pieces, placed in vinegar." The depths of the free lunch dish has its mysteries which we have never solved. If David is correct, they are not, in the full sense, either nutrious or wholesome. The days of free lunches are numbered.

More than Half True.

PREJUDICES, jealousies, and contrariness, are the worst enemies the temperance work has.—*Temp. Monitor.*

There is entirely too much truth in that little sentence.

SEND us POSTAL CARD items.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

DELEGATES MEET AND EFFECT A COUNTY UNION.

AND THE BALL OF TEMPERANCE IS GIVEN ANOTHER ROLL.

FULL PROCEEDINGS—ENDORSEMENT OF THE SIGNAL—GENERAL SATISFACTION.

Pursuant to call, delegates from the different unions of the county convened at Murphy Hall, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 9.

On motion, Robert McKee was elected chairman, pro tem, and J. H. Ivins Secretary.

W. H. Leedy briefly stated the object of the convention to be for the organization of a county temperance union, and on motion, proceeded to effect a permanent organization.

On motion of T. C. Barnes, two delegates from each union represented were appointed as a committee on permanent organization.

The following constituted the committee:

Logansport—Overholser and Johnson.
Clay—Mellinger and Julian.
Noble—Miller and Powell.
Twelve-Mile—N. Kinnaman and G. P. McKee.
Lincoln—Woods and Forest.
Deer Creek— —— Studebaker.
Tipton— —Herd.
Washington—J. M. Vigus.

The committee retired.

The chairman being called upon, made a few practical remarks, referring to the abuses of our pledge and its motto, and urged faithfulness and earnestness to and in the work, assuring final victory. He was loudly applauded.

Mr. Jamison declined speaking for reason of an engagement.

Mrs. Russell addressed the convention at some length on modes of action in an exceedingly able manner, which was listened to with rapt attention.

A song followed.

The committee on organization announced a readiness to report, which was heard.

On motion the report was accepted.

On motion the convention then proceeded to the election of officers.

For president, W. H. Leedy was put in nomination, and elected by acclamation.

J. H. Ivins was elected secretary, and B. F. Campbell treasurer.

A motion by H. C. Cushman that each township should select one of their number, for a Vice President, and report to the meeting was carried, and the following persons were reported and confirmed:

Bethlehem—G. P. McKee.
Clay—Stephen Mellinger.
Noble—C. A. Brandt.
Jackson—Mahlon Trush.
Tipton—J. B. Drake.
Eel—H. C. Cushman.
Washington—J. M. Vigus.

The following persons were selected as an Executive Committee: Y. C. Barnes, of Eel township; John Julian, of Clay; C. A. Brandt, of Noble; C. F. Thomas, of Jackson; Dr. Ray, of Royal Center. This committee was empowered to fill vacancies in township offices.

On motion a committee of five was ordered to draft a Constitution and By-Laws, and the Chair made the following appointments: Messrs. Barnes, Leedy, Vigus, Kinneman and Rohrer.

The following resolutions, offered by B. F. Campbell, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we heartily endorse the publication of THE MURPHY SIGNAL as a temperance advocate; that we recognize in it an able and worthy exponent of our principles, and that we promise it our support and recommend it to the people everywhere, as the ablest paper of the kind published.

2. That to the Logansport JOURNAL and other city papers that have aided in our work by kindly notices, and otherwise, we cheerfully extend our sincere thanks, hoping a continuance of friendliness with the press.

The following resolutions, offered by Rev. Rohrer, were also adopted:

Resolved, That we adjourn to meet at the call of the President through the SIGNAL and other city papers that will publish the call, and that said meeting be held soon.

2. That these proceedings be published in the Journal and SIGNAL.

3. That a vote of thanks be given to Bro. R. McKee for the able and impartial manner with which he has filled the chair during this convention.

The convention then adjourned.

NECESSARY LEGISLATION.

Work for the Legislature of Greatest Importance—Place the Responsibility Where It Belongs.

THE State Legislature soon to convene will doubtless be petitioned to enact new or at least amend the existing temperance laws—probably the state constitution. Public sentiment has undergone a wonderful change in the past few years, favorable to total absunence, and it is believed the people would almost unanimously endorse more stringent legislation. The course which will be trken is not fully apprehended, at this writing, but a wise legislature, with a determined people to urge, standing ready to approve or condemn, ought and must do something.

Prohibition seems to be the most feasible and acceptable measure under consideration. Maine, and towns and counties where local option has prohibited, prove beyond question that it is and can be made a success. The people who read and think know this; and even the most bitter of its opposers must admit that it can be no worse than the present state of affairs. The state has never enacted laws tending to the suppression of the whisky traffic, but has simply contrived ways to insure IT (the state) a portion of the swag. The state and the whisky men have been the only actors, and after consultation for a stipulated sum the state permits and PROTECTS the rum element in its destructive work. It is not a matter in which they are alone interested, however. The people have not approved of this combination. They have learned that it bodes no good to them. They are willing and anxious to try prohibition, from the fact if none other that it can be no worse than license. But prohibition does prohibit, and as soon as Indiana adopts such laws so soon will her crimes decrease and her people become prosperous.

If it is impossible at this time to secure prohibitory laws, give us local option. with license. Give the people a voice in this matter.

This is not a political subject, but simply a question of right and might. At a distinct and separate time the question of whisky or no whisky should be squarely voted at the polls. This should be provided for by the coming legislature. If the people fairly decide to leave it as it is, we might be more willing to submit to its ravages.

But we have no concern as to the result of such a contest. We believe we, the people, are right, and might; with everything to gain, nothing to lose. The result is foreshadowed.

Our Meetings.

THE meeting Wednesday night was very well attended and gave more satisfaction to the workers than any meeting held for some time. Bro. Mehaffie, vice president, was in the chair. Addresses were made by several members, and at the close a very good, happy feeling was manifest.

The meeting Sunday evening was characterized with good feeling and interest. President Murray occupied the chair, and Bro. Mehaffie led the singing. Messrs. Ivins, Murray, Shideler and Leedy "talked," and prohibition sentiment was freely expressed. The meeting resulted in several additions to the pledge-roll.

Fools and Foolishness.

No person is foolish for taking and keeping the pledge, or a fool for "drinking too much." The moderate drinker is the only one that's "fooled" of the three. The one who entirely abstains feels and knows that he is doing right and is better off by it. The "habitual" FEELS and KNOWS that he is doing WRONG, but CANNOT HELP IT—he is A VICTIM, not a fool. The moderate THINKS he knows all about it, but generally sees the day when he realizes he WAS a fool and is now like the others who have fallen—classed among the victims. The wise man runs no risk.

A Story with a Moral.

ROBERT RAY, a councilman from the first ward, was arrested and fined, recently, for visiting a gambling house.

MORAL—Never become a councilman.

P. S.—Do not forget what we said last July.

The Favorite.

THE demand for the "Gems of Song" is on the increase, and several orders were filled last week. The truth is it contains songs that do not wear out in a week, and as a consequence it is the favorite book published.

Innocent Beer.

ALBERT DAY, M. D., Superintendent of the Washington Home, Boston, says he has treated nearly 7,000 cases of inebriety, and eight-tenths of that number originated from wine and malt liquors.

HOMELY FACTS!

REASON WITH YOURSELF—ACT FOR YOURSELF.

A JUST COMPARISON—REMOVE THE POSSIBILITY.

WE ARE consistent. We fight the parent of evils.

Bars and bolts will prevent theft.

Defaulting bank presidents should not be tolerated, but what they take may be replaced.

He leaves a strong and manly heart behind; honor and hope.

Rum and its agents destroy all.

He leaves the brain clear, and the soul intact.

Rum murders both.

Rum is the bitter enemy of everything noble and good.

It ties a man,s hands and strikes him while he's helpless.

It throws him down and jumps upon him.

It throttles him in the dark.

Because there are such beings as absconding bank presidents and thieves, is it right that they should be condemned for the reason that the government does not license them, and make their business "legitimate!"

Is it not just as honorable without the sanction of the law as with it.

If they would divide the swag with the government would it make the crime any less?

If the government would protect thieves in their thefts wouldn't the people suffer more?

If there were no thieves there would be no thefts. If there was no rum there would be no drunkards.

Then there would be no RISK.

That's what we demand.

We want the DANGER removed.

We want the POSSIBILITY removed.

If we are fanatics, so is the man who locks his house against burglars a fanatic in his way.

But the government derives a revenue?

So can it by licensing any crime.

But shall men's property and souls be jeopardized simply because of a revenae?

Does it pay for one-half the taxes rum causes?

Does it prevent the lawlessness and crime?

Does it replace the lost happiness?

Does it restore the husband to his family, and to his manhood?

Does it provide that after the doom "no drunkard shall enter the kingdon of heaven," a salvation for the soul?

Does it pay for the heart-aches?

Does it feed the starving?

Does it do one good act for the many evil ones it commits?

Would you sacrifice your soa, domestic happiness, or property, to afford a revenue to the government?

No? Can you then consistently ask others to make such a sacrifice?

If you want to commit an irreparable wrong, vote for rum.

Put on the lock P r o h-i-b-t-i o-n, and manhood will not rust, be idle, or corrupted, and Rum, the thief, cannot break in and steal.

Do Not Fear for the Result.

NOAH preached one hundred and twenty years, without a convert. He obeyed the command of God, and with Him he left the result. He done his part, his duty as it was taught him, and proclaimed the truth. No temperance or Christain worker should become discouraged, tho' results for good are not apparent. By attending to their part of the work they are relieved of all responsibility. As Noah did, labor faithfully and unceasingly The results will be all right; so will the reward.

Enforce the Law.

THE following significant resolution was passed at the convention of the Naeional Christian Temperance Union, held at Decatur last month, at which Francis Murphy presided:

10th. That while we believe in the use of gospel measures for the reclamation of both the drinker and the dealer, we also recommend the enforcement of all existing laws for the restraint and prohibition of the traffic in alcoholic liquors, and entertain the hope that the day will soon come when the manufacture and sale of intoxicants will come to an end throughout the entire land.

Hide and Seek.

"WHEN whisky's in, reason's out," says an exchange.

You will also observe an absence of the whole family in many cases.

Our Hope.

THE s.-k's have neither prophets nor profits. Prophets to give a hope *for* the future, nor profits to sustain them *till* the future.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

SHILOH UNION.

To the Editor:

THE Union at Shiloh church has been organized a year. The Murphy movement has done much in our neighborhood. The manner of conducting our meetings has been to appoint certain ones to make speeches and read essays.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 17th, 1878, an election of officers was held. The following persons were chosen to serve for the next three months, viz: President, A. O. Brandt; Vice President, John Powell; Chaplain, K. P. Dill; Secretary, Eastin Cotner; Chorister, John Powell; Treasurer, N S Brandt. OWEN.

Noble Township, Nov. 18th.

WALTON.

To the Editor:

THE Murphys are still ahead. Last Tuesday evening we had a good meeting; three of the boys who had signed the pledge and broken it, came manfully forward and signed again, publicly acknowledging their sorrow, and showing a determination and willingness to reform. If all would follow their example our town and country around would soon be out of the grasp of the devil drink.

Last night we had another live meeting, a few short addresses by the Messrs. Hurd, Height, Keltner, and others.

Good singing in abundance. The songs by Mrs. J. T. Layton and Mrs. C. P. Dutchess were very good.

The Murphy business is in a prosperous condition, so much so that it is doubtful about the new saloon, which is talked of getting a hold in this place. Guess our friend had better go a step further before settling down to that kind of business, for this town is fully supplied in that line.

Meeting again next Saturday evening. Logansport friends and all others are cordially invited to meet with us. Give us a call. Yours,

JAP.

Walton, Nov. 18th, 1878.

"PERCY BANDS OF HOPE."

To the Editor:

AS AN old journalist, and a temperance worker in a small way, let me congratulate you on the bold honest SIGNAL you send out. I hope its light may be seen all over the sea of drunkenness.

But, my dear brother, how could you make such

A MISTAKE

in your kind notice of myself. I have been called into Indiana to organize the children of the State under our new system and under my dead boy's banner. He saved me, God bless him, and I will send out boys to save others if I can.

The reform clubs limit membership to persons 18 years of age. We fill up the gap! The boys we organize into military companies, or little

"PERCY'S ARMY OF THE BLUE."

The girls into praying and missionary squads. We give each little signer a picture pledge, free of cost.

I am to visit all the chief towns and cities in your state, and hope you and the friends will prepare the way in Logansport and your surrounding towns. We have a "Percy Band" of 250 here, and

COMPANIES "A" AND "B"

of the military corps, of fifty-two each. The ladies will make them uniforms of blue. Fraternally.

STEPHEN R. SMITH.

Lafayette, Indiana.

YES, WE SUCCEED.

To the Editor:

BECAUSE we have Christ for the head, and because we work unceasingly, unwilling to see our fellow creatures dragged down to depths of woe; and because we are not unarrayed for the fight. Have we not our "ribband of blue" as an emblem of our courage and cause? Yes, blue is the harness for the fight against intemperance, and it proves to the saloon-keepers that we are not on their side. Our lives are a contrast to their's. Our lives are filled with charity, theirs' with thoughts only of lucre. They are indifferent to another's pain, sighs, and tears. Money is worth more to them than man, his family, and his soul; the visions of which surely haunt them. The pure angels are not bending over them in a holy peace, but are looking down upon them in sad surprise, wondering how the devil got possession of them so fully as to cause them to be so low as to sell whisky and beer, to support their wives and children, giving them food and clothing in exchange for ruined souls. How dare they do it! It will not succeed in making them even wealthy, and a terrible

DOOM

hangs over his family for the "sins of the father shall be visited on his children." Our heavenly Father is bending over us in tenderest love, rejoicing in our work, for WE are trying to banish this unmitigated evil, and gain the rich treasures of life in the bright noonday of hope. We are "sowing bountifully that we may reap bountifully," and we are reaping a rich harvest even now. We have so much success that it stimulates us to renewed efforts, and greater diligence. We are resolved to not be in the dust of defeat, but are pushing on to victory. We have everything to encourage us; our society is constantly increasing in numbers and abilities, and we are succeeding beyond our most sanguine hopes. Weigh well these true words, and consider why we succeed. L. L.

THE WORK AT OXFORD, IND.

To the Editor:

I AM very much pleased that I have an opportunity of writing you concerning the Murphy organization of this place, which numbers 1,035 of the best temperance workers I have yet met. They have the interest, the cause at heart, and with live energetic officers and members; of this organization the citizens of Benton county can assure themselves that the Murphy cause will win the day. We have had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of many of the members, for which we feel gratified for the kind treatment we received. We feel safe in saying that the organization here, with the present officers, can rely on success. The president, Mr. Stokes, a reformed drunkard, who once through the influence of whisky had almost robbed himself of the once well established reputation of being one of Benton county's best citizens, has again established himself, and is now, with the assistance of the vice president Dr. C. Ross, determined that, notwithstanding the opposition they have to contend with, the Murphy cause shall go on. And we notice that the ladies of this place, as in most others, that we have met are laboring earnestly for the downfallen and are the most interested in the prosperity of the society. They hold their meetings once a week regular, and in case there is no preaching, twice. The church organizations of this place have opened the doors of their houses, and are all lending their influence to the cause. We have presented the sample copies of THE SIGNAL, and you will see by the liberal patronage you receive from this place that it is the paper of the day, and the desire of the society is that it may live and be the means of converting many to the cause of temperance; and you may feel assured that it is now and always will be, a welcome visitor here.

More anon. Yours respectfully,

F. L.

Oxford, Ind., Nov. 12th.

FROM THE REV. A. H. STOTE.

To the Editor:

I HAVE said several times in the Baptist Parsonage here, how much I am pleased with "THE MURPHY SIGNAL," whose welcome semi-monthly visits are so much like news from old friends. But as I have not used the telephone in making these utterances, I presume you have not heard them; hence the idea of this brief epistle.

Yes, I really like the paper, and that for several reasons. It comes to us like a breeze off the mountains—vigorous and invigorating. To know that so many of those who before I left had taken the pledge and the blue, are still faithful to both, and that others have been continually added to their number, including some remarkable cases; to see accounts of your enthusiastic meetings, and the influence they exert for good in the city and out of it; to learn of some who a year ago could hardly stand alone on the side of temperance, now fast becoming full fledged advocates of the cause—all this, I say is very cheering. You certainly seem to have every reason for encouragement.

The good work moves on here. We have a temperance reading-room among other institutions. Dr. Reynolds was here some months ago, and did a good thing for us. But we have not the "vim" you Logansporters have. Our public meetings are held in the court house, and are usually addressed by ministers of the city or invited speakers from a distance.

When THE SIGNAL arrives and I read familiar names, my mind averts to the origin of the present movement among you. What powerful meetings were then held, how eagerly we watched for results, and how we trembled for some who broke away from their drinking habits, lest they should return to them again.

And now to see the proportions the cause has assumed, as well as the stability and permanence it evinces, is to "Thank God and take courage."

Sincerely,

A. H. STOTE

Jolliet, Ill., Nov. 7th, 1878.

FROM BRO. CADWADADER.

To the Editor:

I GOT the start of you in our last trade, I got a book entitled Life of "Thomas Donor," and your valuable paper for one year for 60 cents. I have read the book and am well pleased with it, and consider it worth at least $2.00 to me, and the paper is very cheap at 50 cents, but don't say anything about it and I will try and get you even with me by getting subscribers for THE SIGNAL. Most of our people are asleep, and can only be awakened by scattering broadcast over all the land temperance papers, tracts and books, like John Moffet's lectures.

Please recollect, kind readers, that it is not only what we do, but what we don't do, that we will be accountable for; most of us are guilty of ten sins of omission to one of commission. If by taking a firm stand on the side of temperance and of God we can save men from destruction and don't do it, we must be held accountable for failure to do our duty. If you could spend a few days in Five Points, New York, or Baker street, Philadelphia, and see the black eyes and bloated faces of the women and men, and see the poor children hungry and ragged, and every house a rum den, and then step over to Blackswell Island and witness in the short space of twelve months eleven thousand five hundred women incarcerated in jail, many of them with babes in their arms, sent there for drunkenness; and then step over to Chicago and witness five thousand boys from ten to seventeen years old gambling and drinking, and could be permitted to see barreled up all the tears, hear all the sobs, and groans, and murders, fights, quarrels, thefts, and then look into eternity and see the awful faces and hear the wails of millions in the world of despair, and return to your quiet homes and fold your arms and say, you can remain silent on this all important question, knowing that the rum curse is the cause of nine tenths of it. I would ask what kind of a plea can you offer at the bar of judgment where we must all soon appear to give an account of the deeds here below? I can say that twenty-six years of my life has partly been spent in visiting the poor and collecting children into Sabbath schools, and I have found the rum traffic to be more in my way than everything else put together. If I was to consult my own ease I would retire from the missionary work, but what would the Master say if I should leave the harvest field contrary to a positive command who says to me and you every day, "Go work in my vineyard and your wages shall be sure." This night there will be millions of prayers going up to God from heart broken mothers and daughters that will be recorded in God's book of remembrance, and when they are answered woe be to the grog-sellers and their comforters who are accountable for their perpetration. The God of all the earth is this day saying as in olden time, 'come out from amongst them and clear your skirts of guilt and you shall have your name written in my book of eternal life." JOS. CADWALADER.

New Albany, Nov. 11th.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

To the Editor:

I LEFT my nome on the first of the month to fulfill an engagement for thirty days in Kansas and Colorado. I am under the management of a Kansas committee at present and will be until my return. So far we have been having good houses and although the recent political excitement attendant on the election held on the 5th instant, has caused some coldness in the temperance work, yet the spirit of reform is only latent, and with the re-action usually following a warm political contest is ready to be again aroused into an active and determined effort for good. Kansas is a great State, and her citizens intelligent, enterprising and moral. It is astonishing how many one meets with here from Indiana. At Topeka, the capital, where I spoke to a large and refined audience on Tuesday evening, I had the pleasure of meeting one of Logansport's former honored citizens, Mr. Rudolph, and am glad to say that he is a gentleman that the capital city of Kansas may well be proud of. Indiana can take this State for her temperance text. It has this fall done something that no other State dare yet try. That is, to nominate and elect by a large majority, a Prohibition Governor. Gov. St. John's majority will probably reach 0,000. All honor to such a State. All honor to such a Governor. I had the pleasure of visiting the home of Col. St John at Olathe, and if you could have witnessed the grand ovation which was publicly given him at his home by his friends and constituents, last evening you would need no further proof of his popularity among those who know him The influence of such an election upon the other States and of such a Governor upon this State, must be for great good to the cause of temperance and reform.

Now that the election is over and quiet and prosperity again reigns supreme over these beautiful plains and peaceful homes we may look for a revival of the temperance work in its every form. The new order of Ancient Templars is being instituted in this State by Hon. J. B. Hill, Supreme Templar of Illinois, and some ten temples have organized since the national camp meeting in September.

The National Christian Temperance Union, of which Murphy is the President, is to hold its next annual meeting at Bismarck Grove, near Lawrence, on the line of the Pacific railway, in September next, and steps are already being taken to make it a grand success. Kansas never does anything by the halves. The Kansas Pacific is truly a great railroad. Running through the entire State from east to west near the center, it affords opportunities for visiting the best part of the State and its principle cities. It may truly be called, "The Great Golden Belt Route," for it is bordered on both sides for hundreds of miles with the finest wheat fields in America. The crop this year is estimated at over thirty millions of bushels, and the corn crop at over one hundred millions. Everything grows prolific and yields abundantly. Such fruits I never saw. But as I want to write again after I have seen more of this great country I will close with the advice to those of my Hoosier friends who think of emigrating, to come and see this country, its crops, and people, before investing elsewhere. I go from here to Denver, stopping at the most important towns.

Yours truly,

MASON LONG.

Abilene, Kansas, Nov. 14th, 1878.

WHY WE OPPOSE THE TRAFFIC.

To the Editor:

THE arguments usually employed in favor of the sale and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage may all be reduced, I think, to these three. First, The financial benefit which the traffic confers upon the country at large. Second, The benefit of alcoholic drinks to the customer, when used in moderation. Third, The right of man to do as he pleases.

My first proposition in answer to this defense is:

That the country gains nothing in a financial point of view by the traffic in strong drink.

In order to prove that any business is a financial benefit to the country, should be prepared to show that it increases the amount of active capital or else that it develops some branch of national industries. That a large amount of capital is invested in the business is undeniable but a little consideration will convince any unprejudiced mind that the same amount of money invested in other channels would be of far greater value to the country. The large income derived by the government is admitted, but it should also be remembered that there is a heavy account on the other side. There is a debtit as well as a credit side. On the credit side you may put the amounts received for license, and for excise, and import duties, then on the debtit side put the salaries paid for collecting those duties, the sums paid for the suppression of crime caused by the use of strong drink, the amount paid by public and private charity for the support of paupers made by the same means, the value of the property which strong drink annually destroys, and you will have an army of figures considerably greater than on the credit side. And this is not all, for we have yet to estimate the loss which the industry of the country sustains through the drinking custom of the day; remember that every day spent in idleness by a working man, say a mechanic, is not only lost to himself and family, but is so much taken from the wealth of the country at large; if anyone doubts this let him calculate what would be the result financially, if all the laborers, farmers and mechanics were to suspend entirely for one year. The result would be national bankruptcy and universal famine. But the objector would say, suppose the traffic was abolished would not a large amount of capital be lost to the government. I answer no, it would be turned into other channels which if not so remunerative to the investor, would be much more beneficial to the country. I think that the gain to the nation would be great if the capital now employed in the liquor business was used to develop the mineral or other rescources of the land. My second proposition is:

That the use of intoxicating liquors is never beneficial to anyone.

1st. He is not benefitted financially No one would suppose that indulgence in strong drink helps a man's finances. This seems to me self-evident that it needs no argument. Every year hundreds of men go down to poverty by drunkenness, but it never helps its victim to fortune.

2d. He is not benefitted physically. Our opponents say to drink moderately they are better able to stand fatigue. In order to see how little force there is in this argument it will be necessary to ascertain. First. Of what these beverages are composed. Second. What their effect upon the system. Most of them are composed of water and alcohol. Truly water is the most useful; it dissolves the food in the stomach, holds it in solutions, and carries it through the system to repair the waste of tissue that is continually going on. Third. Alcohol inteferes with digestion, injures the coat of the stomach, and finally destroys the entire system. Suppose we put the question to an inteligent chemist, What is alcohol, is it food? he will reply certainly not, and you cannot convert it into food. It gives no thorough process of digestion. What then is alcohol? he will reply, it is a powerful poison. Poison is its name and poison its nature, and you can't make anything else of it. But while alcohol produces derangement of the stomach it seriously affects the brain; that which at first seems pleasing, now rouses a whirlwind of bale passions, reason loses its controlling power, and the shattered bark drifts hopelessly onward, until it strikes upon the rocks of crime and then goes down forever.

If these are some of the effects of strong drinks, who will dare say that man is made better physically, morally, or socially by the use of them. M. S. B.

Monies Received.

SINCE our last issue money has been received from the following persons, of which this is an acknowledgment. If names are incorrect, please report:

C A Brandt, W S Bushnell, John Reed, John Cantley, R Morgan, Jacob Banta, Cyrus Reynolds, Maggie Bousman, A Reisecker, G W Buskirk, J & T Ream, J N Barron, A K Lock, W C Raymond, J F Stutesman, J W Forrest, F G Bearss, M Shirk, W H Gilbert, J S Hinton, Lyman Walker, L E Clemmens, H G Bradley, H R Skinner, John Stoneberger, C Peybush, Charlie Shirk, O B Sandifer, Owen Swank, F L Larne, H C Shenkenberger, Jos Cadwallader, W F Dwight, W F J Edwards, G. A. Murphy, Willis Wright, J A. Henrys, C C Fidlar, John Grimes, Ham Hatches, J Wood, J H Rohrer, Solomon Smith, James T Etter, D H Kreider, A H McKee, G C Brown, S J Mellinger, Joseph Trent, A A Cook, Joseph Staton, Jacob Kuns, A N Curtis, John Condon, James H Ball, Frank X Ball, Sammy Horn, Mary McDowell, Samuel Miller, Albert Rodgers, Mary Ball, Benjamin Wilkinson, J R Williams, D H Wells, Joseph Ballinger, J Grusenmyer, W C Angus, M E McDonald, John Edgwort, Emma Hay.

Push the Work.

IF you want a meeting held at your church or school house, report at once to the Vice President of your township or direct to this office. During the fall and winter we propose carrying on the warmest and most determined campaign ever known here. Every nook and corner in the county must feel the influence of Murphyism. This is spoken with a sincere purpose, and there should not be a lack of energy to carry it out. Let us to work NOW, and always, and if right does not prevail it is because we do not possess the might.

The Right Ring.

BRO. J. B. DRAKE, of Walton, after expressing his regrets for being unable to attend the convention, says, "but I will have this place represented next time if I have to do it by letter,' and "you may count me in after this under any circumstances." Bro. Herd represented Walton at the convention, and did it excellently; but Bro. Drake's letter has the right ring to it, and we will depend upon him. We like to meet those persons who say, WE WILL. They generally do.

Special—Personal.

THE SIGNAL circulates in every county in the state, and in nearly every state in the Union. Letters received daily imply its increasing popularity, and we are completing arrangements for the most thorough canvass possible of the entire state. In the meantime every reader should contribute his mite towards sustaining the neatest, cheapest and best temperance paper published anywhere. Get you neighbor to subscribe.

The Way to Keep Them Posted.

A VALUED contributor writes:

"Please find enclosed ——, for SIGNALS, No 17. I am furnishing our pastors with papers every week. I want to keep them posted, as one of them lectures every Sunday afternoon."

That's right. It would be a splendid idea for others of our readers to "post up" their friends and neighbors on the temperance question, and there is no better way than by sending them THE SIGNAL.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, IND., NOVEMBER 20, 1878.

GENERAL NOTES.

Alive at Sandusky, O.

Dr. Reynolds is in Illinois again.

Mace Long is lecturing in Kansas.

Luther Benson is said to be making a tour in the west.

Francis Murphy is holding meetings in New York city.

"What straits are the most perilous?" Whisky straights.

Maine is without a distillery or brewery, and is—happy.

New York has 10,895 saloons—one for every ninety-six persons.

Hon. Thomas Talbott, governor-elect of Massachusetts, is a prohibitionist.

Alex. Campbell, Pres. Illinois Temperance Union, is speaking in this state.

It is said that the prohibitory laws of the Indian Territory are seldom violated.

Senator David Davis is spoken of as a prohibition candidate for President in 1880.

The red ribbon is just making its appearance in Ohio. The blue has had full sway.

The hardest thing for a drunken man to say is "Truly rural." He always gets it, "Hic! tooral looral."

Upwards of 1,200 churches in Great Britain now use unfermented wine for communion purposes.

The cause is not dead by any means at Covington, Ohio, writes brother Whipp to the Dayton *Life-Boat*.

John W. Drew in the two weeks ending Nov. 4, secured 3,000 signers, and $1,200 to found a reading-room, at Sioux City, Iowa.

John B. St. John, the newly-elected governor of Kasas, is president of the Kansas State Temperance Union. The ball rolls.

The reformed men of Dayton have organized a society called "the Good Samaritans," and are doing great good to their fellows.

The town of Westerly, R. I., recently voted not to grant license the coming year and appropriated $500 for the enforcement of the liquor law.

Prominent physicians in the west recommended entire abstinence from liquor during the heated term. Now let it be extended to the "cool term," also.

Henry S. Chase, "the Buckeye broad-axe," is expected to labor in Kansas this winter. He hews to the line, though the chips fly in your face.—*Nat. Prohibitionist.*

In 1832 Maine sold $10,000,000 worth of liquors, or $20 to each inhabitant. In 1877, including clandestine sales, the highest total claimed is $100,000, or $2 for each inhabitant. Prohibition does prohibit.

The Hon. George Bancroft, who was recently thrown from his carriage with great violence, and severely injured, while driving at Newport, says the N. Y. Evening Post, "is so strict a teetotaler that he refused to take a little wine after his recent accident." All honor to the distinguished historian.

The Coming Winter's Work.

DURING the coming winter the temperance workers throughout the State should make greater efforts to further the cause. One or two energetic persons can maintain a wonderful interest in a neighborhood, and we hope there is no place within our State so unfortunate as to be without such. It is evident to us that the masses desire a change, and of course for the better. The hope of getting good out of rum and its like has shown itself an impossibility, and naturally to its opponent they look for relief. There is no reason why we should not have a temperance State, and the proper effort will make it so. The subject not only requires agitation in the cities and towns, but in the townships and hamlets including the most obscure places. Every man and woman can and should do something, and before victory shall be complete they MUST do their part. Let the work go on increasing constantly in magnitude and interest. We have sent out from this office an excellent worker at considerable expense, the benefit for which we expect to receive in satisfaction when we know we have removed the greatest curse of the age. We hope that other able men will assist in the work, and that every union will progress by constant and decided effort. Individuals and institutions do your duty from this on.

Boys, Start Right.

BOYS, START right. It is needless for you to waste the best part of your lives in recklessness. You have enough examples to show that a life of sin, rowdyism only brings darkness Do not bequeath to yourself a red nose, bloated face, blackened character for the (questioned) satisfaction of being "one of the boys." You will usually find that "one of the boys" generally turns out to be "one of the men," too, that lands in the penitentiary or on the gallows. You cannot live an exemplary life, or an honorable one, unless you are an exception, and constantly associate with bad characters. Remember that your good clothes, gold studs, or smooth tongues have little to do with your manhood. The blackness and deceit will be sure to eke out. You cannot hide it. Every sin leaves its mark, and if your face and countenance reflects back disreputable deeds, you have yourself to blame. It is the natural order of things, and intelligent persons can tell it as far as they can see you. Start right, and continue right. It pays. No one ever regretted having lived honorably and uprightly. Millions regret having pursued evil ways. Which will you choose, boys, glory and renown, or shame and disgrace.

Internally, Externally and Eternally.

P. T. BARNUM has a reputation of being a staunch temperance man. He has produced several very able lectures on the subject, and a different times delivered them throughout the United States. His lecture in New Orleans, several years ago was in the great Lyceum Hall, in St. Charles street, and was given at the invitation of the Mayor and several other influential gentlemen. The immense hall contained more than three thousand auditors, including the most respectable of the New Orleans public. He was in excellent humor, and had warmed himself into a pleasant state of excitement, feeling that the audience was with him. While in the midst of an argument illustrating the poisonous and destructive nature of alcohol to the animal economy, some opponent called out:

"How does it effect us, externally or internally?"

"*E*-ternally!" Barnum quickly replied. The tremendous applause which followed his reply can only be imagined, and the rummy who questioned him has not been seen to this day.

A Beer Distinction.

THE *Temp. Advocate* says:

An editorial writer in the Hop Paper, of Utica, N. Y., referring to the "coming battle for beer," mentions as directly in front of the beer interest the "political total abstinence men," who "are not to be argued with, but to be directly met and defeated at the polls;" and then, alluding to the "moral suasion," "blue ribbon men" of the "Murphy school," adds:

"These Murphy men are reasonable, and if they are shown, as they may be, that beer is not intoxicating, except that a man may be harmlessly intoxicated with joy or success, they will be our friends on the main issue."

The *Hop Paper* is right when it says: "the Murphy men are reasonable," but their reason has shown them that beer is the match that lights the flame that burns through eternity. They are with the beer interests on NO issue but decidedly and uncomprisingly AGAINST it. And the *Advocate* knows this, too, if it would be honest in the matter

What They All Say.

OUR old friend, T. C. Barnes, an old printer and a good judge, says "THE SIGNAL is the 'boss' paper. It gets better every issue."

INTERESTING FACTS.

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

Tom Meek sells the best cigars, and tobaccos in the city. Also sauff, pipes and smokers' supplies.

J. W. Fuller, dealer in harness, saddlery, etc. Would be pleased to see those wishing anything in his line. Market street, opposite Rhodes' bakery.

Save your money and buy machine needles of the best quality, eight for 25c. And Machine oil ten cents per bottle at Howe office, 512 Broadway. 3m16

Henry Tucker is always on hand to sell Harness, Saddles, and what a man needs in his line. His stock is unsurpassed in quality and quantity, ane prices reasonable.

Foley & Garretty sell the best kip Boot in Logansport, well made, good stock, easy and good fits, for $4.50. Go and see what they have got. They warrant their work.

Puterbaugh has a nice collection of Dry Goods which he offers for sale lower than any house in the city. You would do well to give him a call. Corner Pearl st. and Broadway.

Nat. Smith without doubt is one of the best tinners in the city. No discount on his work. He will do as he says, and only asks one trial. Work done in every department. Repairing done at once. Broadway east of canal.

The "Favorite," the boss 5c cigar at Tom Meek's.

Craig & James, Merchant Tailors, have a large stock of goods to sell by the yard. Cutting free of charge when you buy your goods of them.

J. C. Bridge, dealer in pianos, organs, and musical merchandise. Sheet music, song books, guitars, violins, and everything. Call and examine stock. Broadway, east of P. O.

Wm. Quebe has got lots of help to do his rush of work in boot and shoe making and repairing. He is doing a big business because he does his work well and can be relied upon.

Frank Harwood, the fashionable tailor, notwithstanding the rush of business, is determined to be prompt. Best suits, made to order in the best and latest styles. He is reliable.

Patronize home factories. Swigart makes all kinds of Candies at his store, for his own use. Oysters in every style, and unch and warm meals at all hours. Corner Market and Fourth sts.

Stull & Adair, House, Sign and General Calcimining, graining, glazing, and all branches of the business attended to promptly. Broadway, a few doors west of Fourth.

Joel Davis keeps everything in Gents' Furnishing Goods. No other store can compare with him in quality of goods, stock and prices. Give him a call. Br'dway, three doors east of Fourth.

Go and take a birds-eye view of Millers' gallery. They can take a picture in two seconds. A baby's picture walking, standing, sitting, running, sleeping or any other way. Give them a call, and take your baby.

J. P. Webster, the old reliable Watch-Maker, has returned to the city and located at Hoffman's drug store; can repair any watch or clock, and warrants work every time. R. R. timers a specialty.

BOSTON Boot and Shoe Store.

LARGE SALES and Small Profits.

Largest Stock in the city.

Lowest prices and BEST Goods.

GO with the crowd to the Boston.

Al Hicks, at his restaurant, provides the people with oysters, warm meals at all hours, or a square lunch in the best style. Fruits, candies and cigars. Call. Broadway, next to Murdock hotel.

Jas. McTaggart. the clothier, has received his fall and winter stock of boys', youths' and men's clothing. It is large and well selected, and the prices he has marked is as low as any other house in the city dare offer. 4·16

R. C. Taylor has started a branch Meat Market at his old stand east of Sixth St., where he will keep thoicest Meats of all kinds. The reliability of his old stand will be maintained, also. He keeps the best in the market.

John Gottsalig, our "old reliable" boot and shoe friend, on Market street, keeps honest goods, which he can recommend. "Come once and you come always." He keeps no shoddy goods, and yet sells at the lowest prices.

T. B. Rhodes sets the best lunch in town. Warm meals at all hours. Oysters in every style. Candies of all kinds. Bread, confectioneries, etc. Call on him, farmers, at 321 Market street. 3m17—521

Chas. Horning. Boots and shoes made to order in the most fashionable style and warranted as represented. Repairing, done by most experienced workmen, promptly. Broadway, south side, east of canal.

David Gripe has refitted his elegant picture gallery, and now claims the best light in town. Dave does excellent work, and will give better satisfaction than ever since his new departure. None can beat him. Broadway, east of canal.

Swigart & Miller have established a new meat market at corner of Pearl and Market streets, and request the public to give them a call. Fresh, and all kinds of meats, sausages, etc., constantly supplied. Everything clean and nice. Call.

Thomas Pierce, dealer in groceries, provisions, fish, etc. Tommy has a large trade because he sells pure goods and gives good weight. Prices reasonable. Broadway and canal.

J. W. Cost sells "Central" cigars.

J. W. Cost sells "Favorite" cigars.

J. W. Cost sells "Daisy" cigars.

and many other of the best brands in the city. For a good smoke call on John—Fourth street.

Mrs. Dillie & Sister have one of the finest millinery stores in the city. The ladies can be suited with the latest styles of hats and fancy goods of which they have an immense stock. Prices to suit the times. Ladies call and look at goods. Broadway north side, east of canal. 4t18-08

Just Received

NEW GOODS at Very LOW PRICES.

Ladies' Gold Watches	$20.00,	$25.00,	to $60.00
Gents' Gold Watches	30.00,	40.00,	" 85.00
Silver Elgin Watches	10.00,	15.00,	" 25.00
Ladies' Neck Chains	2.50,	5.00,	" 25.00
Crosses	1·50,	3.00,	" 10.00
Lockets	1.50,	2.00,	" 10.00
Gold Guard Chains	22.50,	25.00	" 50.00

H. C EVERSOLE, Jeweler,

3m17-004 First Jewelry Store West of the Post Office.

WILSON & SON

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A FINE STOCK OF

SILVERWARE!

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY OF

REED & BARTON,

WHICH MAKE

SURPASSES ALL OTHERS, BOTH IN DESIGN AND FINISH.

(:o:)

ALL GOODS ENGRAVED FREE OF CHARGE.

406 BROADWAY.

"WE STORM THE FORT."

BLUE RIBBON TEMPERANCE

"GEMS OF SONG!"

THE BEST MURPHY TEMPERANCE SONG BOOK EVER PUBLISHED!!!

THIRD EDITION—THIRTIETH THOUSAND.

Contains, besides **thirty familiar, soul-stirring Murphy songs**, a condensed history of the movement, its principles and purposes, how to conduct meetings, modes of action, etc., etc.

DR. J. E. MCFARLAND writes: "*It is just* THE *song book for revival meetings.*"

It is neat and handsomely printed and bound, and has been sold in nearly every state. Every Murphy union that is alive to the work should use them. Sample copies, by mail, 6c.

Single Copies, 5c. Per Fifty, $2.00. Per Hundred, $3.50,

Address, W. H. LEEDY, or H. C. EVERSOLE, Logansport, Ind.

John Brown & Son have a large stock of dry goods, boots and shoes, etc., and are receiving more of the best goods in the city at wonderfully low prices; in fact, so low that their competitors will look sick. Look at their goods.

One trial will convince the public that G. W Hoffman keeps pure drugs, paints, etc., and sells them at the lowest prices. Prescriptions filled promptly. He also sells glass, putty, and glaziers necessaries. Fourth street, east side.

It might be a good idea to scrub up the fort a little, but the best place in town to get wall paper and window shades is at Queally's, where has been received a large, new stock of the most elegant patterns ever brought here. Prices the lowest.

T. J. Jenne, sewing machine repairer, and all kinds of jobbery in the machinery line. He is an expert at the business and will carefully attend to all orders. Such a business is needed. Give him a call at cor. Pearl and Market st. with I N Davys. 3t16

If any of our Murphy friends contemplate buying a sewing machine we would advise them by all means to call on T. C. Barnes and examine the latest improved Howe and Singer. Satisfaction guaranteed, and all machines warranted for five years 512 Broadway. 3m16

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.'s manufacture of Instruments are pronounced the very best in the market, and can be bought on monthly payments, or cheap for ready cash.

MRS. V. B. LOUIS, Agent,
225 Broadway, West Side.

H. BRUNER,

DEALER IN BOOTS AND SHOES.

CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.

RUBBER BOOTS REPAIRED AND WARRANTED.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

No. 324 Market-st., T. P. Swigart's old stand.

CHARLES M. HANNA,

MAKES TO ORDER

PICTURE FRAMES

TO SUIT ANY PICTURE, with plain and neat or elegant and gaudy designs,

Terms very reasonable.

Address orders through p. o. to

CHAS. M. HANNA,

3m17-521 Logansport, Ind.

WINDSOR HOTEL.

First Class in every particular:

J.H.WINEMILLER, Proprietor.

Rates: $1.50 per Day.

First Class Lunch Room connected with house

Pan Handle Depot, - - LOGANSPORT, IND.

MURDOCK BARBER SHOP.

WM. KRAUT, Proprietor.

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING

In most fashionable style.

BATH ROOMS CONNECTED

PLEDGES By mail, postage paid, 40c. per 100. Address THE SIGNAL, Logansport, Ind.

WE carry the Largest assortment of

Traveling Bags, Satchels and Shawl Straps

To be found in the city. Trunks and Sample Cases made to order. Our prices are always the lowest. Call and examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. 3m17-002

FOR SEWING MACHINES.

I have selected the

IMPORTED SINGER

that is manufactured in Montreal, Canada, being the very best in the market, with all the latest improvements, having a loose balance wheel so that the bobbin can be wound without running the Machine. Bear in mind that these Machines are NOT made by the Singer M'f'g Co. They are superior in every respect, and are all new, none of them being old ones made over. Respectfully,

G. P. WASHBURN, 506 Broadway.

3m17-521

DR. OVERHOLSER'S

DENTAL ROOMS,

Cor. Fourth & Market St., [Entrance on Fourth]

LOGANSPORT, IND.

All Work Done in FIRST-CLASS Style.

Teeth extracted positively without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, or Protoxide of Nitrogen, the safest and pleasantest anæsthetic known. 173m120

WARDWELL

SEWING MACHINE.

NO SHUTTLE, NO BOBBIN, No RE-WINDING

The Great Revolutionizer!

Greatest Simplicity, Lightest Running, Cannot Get Out of Order.

Should be examined by Everybody.

The only lock-stitch Machine that sews from two spool.

173t60 **B. Z. LEWIS, Agent.**

I. N. CRAWFORD,

DEALER IN

HARDWARE, NAILS,

CUTLERY, GLASS, SPORTING ARTICLES.

Special attention Given to country trade.

Broadway, East of P. O.

M'NARY & LEEDY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

AND REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTING AG'TS,

All business promptly attended to.

No. 410 BROADWAY.

WOLL & PARKER,

UNDERTAKERS.

ALL KINDS OF CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES,

LININGS AND TRIMMINGS IN STOCK.

306 Market Street, - Logansport, Ind.

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Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM.

VOL. I. LOGANSPORT, IND., DECEMBER 4, 1878.—SEMI-MONTHLY. NO. 19

LIFT HIM UP.

Lying so low in the gutter,
Degraded and black with sin,
With garments tattered and filthy—
More shattered and foul within.

His face had grown ugly and brutal,
And lost is each trace divine;
The reign of his passions has made him
Companion alone for the swine.

"He is too far gone," they tell us,
All they who pass him by;
"Impossible now to reach him,"
So he is left to sink and die.

He was once "somebody's darling,"
That man so degraded and vile,
And the heart of some one that loved him
Was once made glad by his smile.

Those lips that now breathe but cursing,
A mother's kiss once pressed,
And that hair, once soft and golden,
A sister's hand caressed.

Those eyes, now blear and soulless,
Once lighted with love's bright glow,
And the fire of the soul within them
Burned with thoughts the angel's know

Let your tear-drops fall, of pity,
Upon those darkened leaves,
Resting here—"Possible all things,"
All "to him that believes."

Friends of temperance, this your mission
Strong in love's power to save,
With a sympathy earnest, untiring,
Go, bring him up from the grave!

JUST ONE GLASS MORE.

BY NOTHING MUCH.

SHRIEK after shriek penetrated the air; curse after curse falls from tne lips of a frenzied man; but his heart-rending cries cannot bring him that with which he seeks to quench his thirst; no stream can subdue the fire that is consuming him. Oh, God, pity in mercy snatch him from the burning! Oh, ye murderess of the soul, ye manufacturers of woe, ye dispensers of the madening fury! ye servants of the fire king! List ye all to the voice, harsh yet suppliant, as it entreats, implores you for one more—"just one more glass!"

Ten years ago to-night, he fared sumptuously in one of tne most elegant mansions in the "City of the Straits;" he was climbing the ladder of fame by his own talent and effort, with a strong foothold of success. A noble, generous disposition and temperate habits were his; the best of wives comforted and encouraged him, and beautiful children made him rejoice that he lived.

Nine years ago to-night, weary and ill from overwork, a companion placed before him a sweetened glass "to rouse his flagging strength."

Refusals were of no avail, and, in one fatal moment, he yielded to his friend's persuasion and assurance that "just one glass," would not, could not injure him. Oh, that one glass! How often has he seen pictured therein such misery as would move a heart of stone, such woe as would make the very angels weep! That one glass! how it entered into his very life; how it stood like an impassible gulf between him and further success; how it imprisoned his soul, his mind, and his body, and then all captive held; how like an adder it stung him, as if in the wake of a whirlwind it gave wings to his property, his home, to his wife and his children, and, now, was thrusting him cruelly and relentlessly into that untried world!

Oh! that one glass, with what phantom-like swiftness it served as the key for the admittance of the world's most monstrous friend and thief into all his possessions and attainments, devastating, his hopes and his joys, his character and peace, and opening the path for death to enter and rob him of his heart broken wife, one of the purest and fairest on earth, and his children—brightest gems—leaving him alone with himself, a wreck on the verge of a limitless eternity! No fond wife's care and devotion there, no childish prattle to call him back to life in that close, heated room, where he is breathing his lost words in curses and pitiful supplications for "for just one more glass!"

Oh! young men, young women, just launching on the vast ocean of life, I beseech you to clothe yourself with that inpenetrable armor of total abstinence, and under no consideration cast it aside. Oh! see to it that your lips never touch the glass that contains the key to such suffering and sorrowful reality as this truthful incident depicts. Oh! taste not, touch not, handle not, even one glass.

Facts About Alcohol.

1. Alcohol is a poison. When pure it will produce death as certainly and almost as quickly as prussic acid.
2. Alcohol is the product of fermentation or decay. The Creator never made it. No plant produces it. No bubbling spring affords it.
3. Alcohol is an irritant. It will blister the skin and produce inflamation of the stomach.
4. Alcohol destroys the blood. It dissolves the blood corpuscles, an thus impoverishes the viial fluid.
5. Alcohol causes heart disease by changing the heart tissue for fat.
6. Alcohol causes apoplexy. It weakens the blood vessels, and causes congestion of the brain. Alcohol weakens the muscles. It has been proven by experiment that a man can lift less after taking a glass of whisky than before.
7. Alcohol wastes vital force.
8. Alcohol causes consumption.
9. Alcohol lessens bodily heat. Travelers in the Artic regions are obliged to be teetotalers.
10. Alcohol causes paralysis of the brain. A man who is dead drunk is temporarily paralyzed.
11. Alcohol hardens the brain.
12. Alcohol produces congestion of every organ of the body.
13. Alcohol hardens the liver, and renders it useless.
14. Alcohol produces its worst effects when taken in small doses.
15. Alcohol produces all kinds of nervous disorders.
16. Alcohol occasions cancer, ulcer, dyspepsia and other diseases of the stomach.
17. Alcohol is the cause of more than two-thirds of the cases of disease found in the hospitals in large cities.
18. Alcohol is one of the greatest causes of pauperism.
19. Alcohol is one of the most active causes of crime. In Scotland it increased the frequency of crime four hundred per cent.
20. Alcohol is a great cause of insanity.
21. Alcohol shortens life 500 per cent. according to the statistics of life insurance companies.
22. Alcohol annually kills one hundred thousand people.
23. Alcohol costs more than bread.
24. Alcohol serves no useful purpose in the human system, and does inestimable harm.

The Problem of the Grog Shop.

Has not the temperance movement in this country been too exclusively a moral appeal? Has it not forgotten too much the nature and the circumstances of the evil? Temperance addresses are largely descriptions of the effects of drunkenness. They are tragi-comedies, in which the speaker seeks to make his audience laugh at the antics of the drunkard, and cry over the broken heart and ruined home of his wife and family. This strain is varied with thundering denunciations of "the moderate drinker," compared with whose insiduous infamy the immoderate drinker who totally imbrutes himself is an object of pity rather than of reprobation, and with these mingled chemical and sanitary statistics. The appeal, however, is moral, and the remedy usually proposed is absolute prohibition. The friends of "license" however stringently regulated, are regarded as mere Laodiceans, or worse. But this mere moral appeal to renounce drunkenness because it produces crime and unhappiness and disease is too arid. It forgets the persons to whom it is addressed, and the condition of their life. Consequently there are the excitement and fury of a revival, vast temporary enthusiasm, and swift backsliding.

For what is drunkenness? It is in its origin the perversion of a natural taste for social enjoyment, and it is most prevalent among those who have the least opportunity for such enjoyments. When it has fixed itself upon its victim, it is largely dependent upon physical conditions. The usual temperance appeal to him is by the mere main strength of his moral will to break up the habit. His home is bare and desolate, and the preacher urges him to prefer it to the cosy and warm and social "saloon." His system, enfeebled by excess, craves the stimulant, and the exhortation is simply not to take it. He needs especially every kind of support and assistance and diversion, and he is told to help himself. This is a relief which forgets the nature of the disease. That of itself suggests the remedy. The drunkard seeks social enjoyment illicitly. Supply it to him lawfully, show him that he can gratify his natural tastes without shame to himself or harm to his family or society. Give to the weak system which craves "a little something," a little something that will cheer and not inebriate. The drunkard knows the misery that drunkenness produces, for he is its victim. He does not wish to hear of that. The incipient drunkard knows it also. What they want is something to take the place of drunkenness, something that will help them to help themselves. If all the money that is yearly given to support talking upon the subject were devoted to doing something in the way suggested, the "liquor interest" would be confronted with something that it would fear. "Holly-Tree" inns upon a great and general scale, "public coffee houses" like those in Liverpool, neighborhood clubs which would develop and illustrate the neighborly sympathy which is now not suspected, and the supposed absence of which is most mischievous—all these and similar enterprises would be a temperance movement which would aid the moral appeal and the sanitary argument with those social sympathies and supports which are indespensible to the prosperity of the work.—[Harper's Magazine.

"Cabages" and Whisky.

THE following significant incident, given in a recent number of the Lewiston (Me) Journal, is pretty good evidence that "prohibition does prohibit" in Maine, when the votaries of whisky are driven to such straits in their illegal attempts to get it:

"An inoffensive-looking barrel of cabbages stood in the lower Maine Central Depot, Friday, when Officer Roach laid his inquisitive eye upon it. It surely contained cabbages, for the green leaves of the vegetable heads protruded through air-holes cut in the barrel-staves A piece of bagging, too, covered the head of the barrel, after the fashion of vegetable barrels. The officer felt the cabbage-heads through this covering. It would seem that no more proof would be needed that the contents were not contraband. But a few wisps of straw protruded from the loose staves at the bottom of the barrel. Cabbages are, no doubt, very delicate articles, but shippers do not usually pack them in straw. The barrel was seized and its contents were examined. First came a half dozen cabbage-heads Then came a head of a different sort—the head of a ten-gallon keg of whisky. Cabbages had been cut in halves and the pieces packed against the keg so as to be seen through the air-holes. This was an ingenious dodge on the part of the sender, but packing wisps of straw in place of the cabbages in the bottom of the barrel proved to be false economy."

The Appetite for Alcoholic Stimulant Not a Natural Craving.

NATURE has furnished no alcohol to satisfy the craving. Natural instinct finds satisfaction, but to produce alcohol, some "good creature of God," grain or fruit, must be destroyed. Many millions of people never knew the craving for alcoholic drinks. The early Persians and Romans, the Saracens for centuries, the Aborigines of North America and New Zealand, when first discovered, a large portion of the present inhabitants of India, including the Himalayan tribes, and the rural population of the Turkish empire, people enjoying a high state of health, with strong powers of physical endurance, are examples of millions who knew nothing of the natural craving for alcoholic drinks. If there were such a "natural craving," how could so many millions of people be ignorant of the craving and live so healthfully without ever using beer, or wine, or rum, or whisky or any drink containing alcohol.

When Samuel, Elijah, Daniel, John the Baptist, the Rechabites and Nazarites were needed as examples of purity and beauty, and strength and goodness, they had divine instruction to abstain entirely from intoxicating drinks. Strange that total denial of a "natural craving," by divine command should have produced so many examples of strong and spiritual, and useful people. Many thousands live without tasting alcoholic drinks. Children are not born with this "natural craving" for such drinks. God has provided no natural supply of lager beer, or ale, or wine, or anything that intoxicates Neither the rivers in Eden, nor the River of Life would satisfy the "natural craving" for drinks that are always destructive of the best human energies.—*Dawson Burns*

A Noted Vagrant.

EVERYBODY in the United States probably has heard of the famous Babcock fire extinguishers, but very few people know that the inventor of this engine is living in Alameda county, vibrating between Alameda and Oakland, a poor, miserable vagrant, drunk whenever he can procure liquor, his clothes in tatters, his person so filthy that persons flee from him as they would from a plague. It is said that at one time he had a large and very lucrative practice as a physician, was honored for his learning and skill, and surrounded by a loving family. Now he is half demented with drink, he has no home, no family—not a friend. He is so repulsive that even a night's lodging in the station house is denied him, and he wanders about the most pitiable spectacle of humanity imaginable. If any one desires to see a living, walking temperance sermon, he should take a look at Dr. Babcock, and get some one to tell his mournful story. —*Alameda Aryus.*

If there is any one who has a right to be happy, it is the reformed man. It is the hearty "God bless you, brother," coming up that makes my brother's face to shine. Love wins every time. We know something about mother love and father love, but there is a greater love which has been coming down through the centuries, a love which includes the whole world in its embrace, one in which there is no shadow of turning, and that is the love of Christ.—*Ex.*

No Fence.

THERE is no "on the fence" in this temperance question. If you are not for us you are against us. Which?

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE ocean commerce of the world is carried on by 57,000 vessels.

NOT more than half the church sittings in London are occupied.

THIS country manufactured one hundred million shoes last year.

THE London underground railway is a favorite place for suicides.

RED BLUFF, Cal., has a boy aged 13 years who weighs 193 pounds.

Two sheriffs have been killed in Wortham, Texas, within a year.

A WELL-DEVELOPED vein of silver has been found in one of the streets of Price Arthur's Landing, Ont.

THE New Hampshire tramp law has worked to a charm, and scarcely a tramp can be found in the State.

THE process of joining the photograph of a young lady's head to a deminude figure is called in London "cooking."

THE latest invention reported in Europe is a phosphorescent paper, writing or print on which can be read in the dark.

LADIES will be interested in knowing that fur-lined cloaks have been worn in Poland by peddlars for the last 100 years.

THE English bishops have resolved not to issue licenses for the re-marriage according to the church rites of divorced persons.

RUSSIA contains a Jewish population of 3,000,000 souls, which is a larger number than is to be found in the rest of Europe.

MR. WM. TYLER, of Whitehall, Mich., has been left $100,000 on condition that he marries before he becomes 21 years old.

ACCORDING to the Memphis Avalanche, the yellow fever losses to life companies on Memphis policy holders foot up about $270,000.

INQUIRY among gun-dealers in Cincinnati indicate that about 10,000 guns, good and bad, have been sold by them since August 1st, 1878.

DR. EDWARD H. DIXON, formerly editor of the Scapel, testified in the Vanderbilt will case that almost everybody was more or less insane.

DALLAS, Texas, is puzzled by the disappearance in one night of a large pound that has for many years existed in the limits of that town.

GREAT BRITIAN mines nearly half of all the coal produced in the world. The United States and Germany furnish about one-sixth each.

ON being asked what he thought fire-flies were made for, a little boy answered: "I think God made them for candles to light the little frogs to bed."

FROG accidents are numerous on railroads. When a man gets his foot caught in a frog, he should press his heel firmly down and draw his foot back.

A LIVERPOOL man was recently convicted and fined the fifteenth time for the offense of refusing to have his children vaccinated. He continues to refuse.

THERE is a woman living in Madison county, Montana, who has given birth to eighteen living children and six others which were born prematurely.

THERE is a religious sect in Russia called "Helpers," concerning whom the spies of the Government testified that "they never drank, swore, lied or got in debt."

A MAN in Vermont owns a sheep with a perfect miniature mouth inside one of its ears—teeth and tongue complete—which opens and shuts when the sheep chews its cud.

ON the fifth day of the great walk in London, Rowell, who had traveled about 345 miles, announced his intention of running fifty miles. He did not do so, but made twenty-five miles, walked one lap and then ran eleven miles more—a wonderful performance.

The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.
W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

LOGANSPORT, IND., DECEMBER, 4, 1878.

Published in the Interest of the Murphy Temperance Movement.

Subscription price, Fifty cents per year.

All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay portage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay no postage.

X ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

SAVE the State.

MURPHYS to-night.

SOUND the battle cry!

ELECT your delegates.

INDIANA for temperance.

GET up a club of subscribers.

SEND THE SIGNAL to your friends.

MAKE Indiana a temperance State in every respect.

READ our advertisements, and patronize our advertisers.

WORK everybody, and let us make Indiana a temperance state.

CAN'T YOU get us a few subscribers, reader. We must have 10,000.

ELECT your delegates AT ONCE for the convention on the 26th and 27th.

CIRCULATE printed matter. THE SIGNAL should be in every household.

ONE penitentiary will be enough when Indiana becomes a temperance State.

GET us four subscribers and we give you the Life of Mace Long, price $1.

LET the cry be sounded throughout the State that "Indiana is for temperance."

WE should feel honored if the Crawfordsville *Mercury* would credit articles

EVERY county should organize for the purpose of making Indiana a temperance State.

MURPHYS, patronize those who patronize you. Our advertisers are our friends. Patronize them.

THE people of Cass county are respectfully invited to attend the convention on the 26th add 27th.

AN interesting programme is being arranged for the convention. It will be published in next issue.

WE desire to publish monthly reports of every union in the county. Also, meetings throughout the state.

A PERSON can sometimes pass the door of an average saloon without getting drunk. The sick can't help it.

AT the brick school house, three miles north of town, a meeting will be held next Saturday night. All are invited to attend.

THE *Western Banner* is one of those good temperance papers, published in Rockford, Ill. We are always glad to receive it.

Company "A" Blue Ribbon Cadets, under Percy's Band of Hope, was organized Saturday.

THE *Review*, of Chicago, has donned a new dress, and assumed the role of *The Northwestern Review*. It is a welcome exchange.

EVERY one interested in temperance should contribute a thought and their presence to the success of the convention on the 26th and 27th.

THE *Houtzdale News* has just been placed on our table, published at Houtzdale, Pa. It devotes considerable space to temperance, and we wish all such papers success.

EACH union in the county will favor us by sending the names of delegates for publication in next issue. Please select your representatives at once, and see to it that the delegation is complete.

W. J. POTTER, the big-mustached proprietor of the Murphy Signal, a temperance paper which flutters in the breeze at Logansport, is about town to-day, in the interests of The Signal. It is a good paper.—*Lafayette Courier.*

WE are in receipt of the *Maine Temperance Journal*, a handsome sheet, just issued, at Portland, Maine. If we are to judge from the first number, it will be a first-class paper in every respect. We welcome it, and wish for it a useful, endless career.

Temperance and the Newspapers.

A FRIEND of THE SIGNAL writes from Cincinnati:

"Three temperance meetings are held in this city every night, and doing good work. We are getting the churches wakened up, and also the newspapers."

Of the above we are more especially pleased to know that the newspapers are taking the temperance question under consideration. In general, why this question is not of more importance than the columns of stuff which find their way into the papers, is strange. However, the Cincinnati Gazette has ever been fearless in condemning the whisky traffic and the wrongs it creates. When the papers in general, regardless of political complexion, shall give the matter the attention its importance demands, public sentiment will be more thoroughly obvious of its needs. In this state the question has been given little thought or discussion by the press. Barring reports of meetings little or nothing has been done or said. There are many papers throughout the State, however, that have shown a friendliness to temperance, and if they will throw aside the cloak of indifference or cowardice, and fearlessly espouse right, leaving the result with the future, an improved condition of morals would immediately follow. If the temperance question is right, the press will not lose by advocating it. Credit should be given the papers that have shown a regard for the temperance people. The Indianapolis Journal, Terre Haute Express, Lafayette Courier and Journal, Logansport Journal, Plymouth Democrat and Republican, and many other papers deserved to be favorably mentioned in this connection. We hope the press of the State will assume the right to advocate all doctrines that will better the condition of the people of Indiana. Please act at onece and right heartily.

That Old Story.

THOUGH the story be an old one it is new to many. It has been told for generations past, but future ones will hear it proclaimed with the same earnestness and sincerity. It is an old story to those who hear it repeated, but to those for whom it is intended, and who seldom are so fortunate as to hear it, at least heed it, it is a new and a true story. It bears with it freshness, invigoration, life; virtue, manhood; inspiration, HOPE.

The story "the boys" tell—of the victory of rum over their lives—is no new one nor untrue; it has been the story told years and years past under like circumstances; the same result will always follow. And the remedy—the ONLY remedy or preventative—is the same now as it was in the past, it can be nothing else in future. It is TOTAL abstinence. It is the only safeguard. A remedy that has stood the test of centuries is surely worth trying. Won't you try it, reader?

Petitioning the Legislature.

THE State Temperance Alliance have adopted the following form of petition to the next Legislature.

"In view of the corruption of morals, the general debasement of society, and the enormous pecuniary waste occasioned by our present system of dram-shops or saloons licensed and protected by an act of the Legislature approved March 17, 1875, we, the undersigned, citizens of the State of Indiana, residing in the county of——, pray your honorable body to repeal the aforesaid statute, and in regard to sale of intoxicating liquors to enact prohibition in such form as will be consistent with the constitution of the State."

It Doesn't Pay.

ANSELL MERRITT advertises as follows in Troy, Kansas.

"Whereas, when I am intoxicated I am not competent to make contracts; and whereas I have been taken advantage of on several occasions recently in such contracts; I notify all persons that I shall not hereafter fulfil any contracts made by me when drunk."

Mr. Merritt's plan is a good one, but those who abstain altogether need no notice like the above. It does not pay the drinking man to drink, and when we say so we say it for his own good.

Stop, Now!

DRINKING man, stop now. The future has not been disclosed to you or any human being. By the past only can we judge. The past shows us that whisky is the deadly enemy of your body and soul. Run no risk—do it for your own and friend's sake! What ground are you standing on? Do not, for all you hold dear, endanger yourself and your family for the gratification of unnatural desires.

WILL every subscriber who reads this item send us one more subscriber at once. You can help us if you will. Will you?

ANOTHER

WHISKY DID IT—WILL THIS MURDERING NEVER END?

Another Rum Murder.

JOHN DILLON is no more.

On the evening of the 22d he was arrested and jailed for drunkenness. On the morning following, in the absence of the officer who was preparing to take him before the mayor, he set fire to his bedding which flashed up and enveloped him, severely burning his face, neck and shoulders; he involuntarily inhaled the scorching flames, which did him fatal injury. He was taken to the home of his mother on Fourth street, where everything possible was done to alleviate his terrible sufferings, but his death two days afterward only relieved his torture.

John Dillon, the "rough," "knocker," "desperate character," etc, has forfeited his life to recklessness.

He was a terror to the police force, and to those who had acquired his enmity.

The press of this city, and the people generally, seem satisfied that John's career has closed; but we are not willing that a life which might have become an honored one should cease without a word or thought as to the cause of its failure.

There is no question that John Dillon has led a disreputable life for some years past, but the cause is not so much with his nature as his habits. When sober, he was peaceable, generous and law-abiding, more so by far than the men who made his life a curse. When drunk he was

A ROWDY AND A ROUGH.

When drunken John Dillon committed his misdemeanors and gave himself the reputation of a desperate character. It is the same story told of nearly

EVERY

man of his stamp, and it is the unvarnished truth. Then we are not to blame John Dillon as much for his crimes as we are the whisky which prompted them.

Nor we are not to blame the whisky as much as the men who dealt it out to him

Every whisky seller in Logansport knew his uncontrollable habits when under the influence of rum, and yet they would sell it to him without the least thought of refusal. Little did they care who John Dillon harmed or what he did, so long as his ten cent piece could be placed in their possession. Then the blame is not nor should not be with that unfortunate boy, but with the men who have made his life a failure.

Honors to Mrs. Russell.

THE following lines to Mrs. Russell indicate the estimation in which she is held by one of "her boys" who signed the pledge at Sullivan, Ind;

TO MY MOTHER.

Ere manhood its seal on my forehead had set,
And I think of the past, with undying regret,
I was honored and loved by the good and the true,
Nor sorrow, nor shame, nor dishonor, I knew;
But the tempter approached me, I yielded and fell,
And drank of the dark, damning poison of Hell.

God's curse on the glass, never more shall my lips
From the fatal and soul burning beverage sip;
To long has the fiend in my bosom held sway,
Henceforth and forever, I spurn him away;
And never again shall the death dealing draught
By me from this hour, with God's blessings, be quaffed.

N. B.—I forgot to tell you that this is my birthday, and it will pass by and find me sober to-night; more than I can say for the past sixteen years. Should I not be proud of this birthday? I must say, tell the people wherever you may be, that this letter dropped into the mail bag and left me with a hurrah.

Sullivan, Nov. 8th.

A "Ge-lorious" Meeting.

ON the evening of the 23d, at Spring Creek church, was held what Bro Streeter would call a "ge-lorious" meeting. The members of this and surrounding unions are earnest and zealous, and their strength was increased on this occasion by the enlistment of twenty-one new soldiers. Bro. Vigus, of this city, Bros. Rohrer and Mellinger, and other workers whose names we failed to learn, assisted in the good work.

What a Friend Says.

WE have just received another copy of the Murphy Signal, published at Logansport, Ind., this being No. 18 and the third one to make its appearance. It is zealously devoted to the good cause of temperance in every form. We hope to receive it regularly, that we may hash it up among the other good things we read, and that we may copy an occasional article for the benefit of our readers (giving credit, of course,) thus ever and anon reminding them that there is a Signal-light ahead to protect them from the snares and nets ever being woven around them. May it never falter; may it live long and prosper; may it always stand firmly against tide and storm, as does the beacon-light upon the ocean shore, is the earnest wish of the humble writer.—*Fairland Bulletin.*

Hold Them Responsible.

WE do not believe in the leniency exercised towards criminals for "being drunk." Every man, woman and child, knows that the first thing whisky does after taking possession of a man's brain is to look for something or somebody to knock down. This fact has been preached every night for years, by precept and examples, and has been firmly established as indisputable. The man who drinks, knowing when he does the influence it will probably have upon him, should be held accountable for the misdemeanors he commits while under whisky's influence. If he cannot be for the crime, for the use of that which impelled him he should be punished. Two many cases of pleading innocence on account of "intoxication" and "insanity" are prevalent, and when a person insists on placing within him an impelling demon as he knows, he should be held responsible for the demon's actions.

Freedom—and Red Noses.

THERE is a whisky paper published in this State under the title of "Freedom and Right," or some such a name. The editors and publishers are free to get drunk whenever they feel like it, (and they feel like it every day or two) but as for the temperance people they demand the right to stay SOBER; and MORE, they demand that it is THEIR right to keep their boys from becoming drunkards and all that implies, and they intend to do that. The whisky men are in a sorry fix, but all the papers they can publish will not save them or their accursed business from the doom which awaits them. When men become so low, little, menial, bestial, as to wish that others may be cursed that they may gain a few dimes, it is surely time that prompt and decided action was taken to prevent their increase.

Whisky Did It.

IN the two weeks preceding this writing there have been three death caused directly by intemperance In consideration for the feelings of the friends and relatives we mention no names. We have no words of condemnation nor censure for the poor victims whose lives have paid the penalty of their misdeeds. They were, in their way, perhaps, when sober, well-meaning boys, but like three-fourths of those who indulge, were "wild" when under the influence of rum. As long as intoxicants are sold and drank, so long will we have such cases to record.

Good News from Clay.

BRO. MELLINGER, President Bethel union, writes us the following words of good cheer from Clay township;

We are still at work in Clay township, with bright prospects ahead; are still gaining ground.

He hopes the cause is prospering as well elsewhere, and adds:

I have announced a meeting for the 7th of December at the brick school house, on the Northern turnpike. three miles from your city. We will meet at seven o'clock. Hope you'll meet us with a corps of your workers.

Thank you, we'll be with you.

Still Marching to Death.

WE hear the solemn, mournful tread of the poor victims marching down to drunkard's graves. No hope on earth or in heaven—all is lost. One by one our once dear friends are grasped from our side and hurled into the terrible darkness. When *our* friends go, we *then* realize that whisky is still doing its deadly work. ALL THE TIME SOME ONE'S FRIEND is being dashed to pieces on the hidden rock. Can we not do SOMETHING to save them?

Endorsed.

YOU can distinguish persons who frequent saloons by their conversation. These "pleasant places to spend an evening," are fully endorsed by the "devil and his angels," and their representatives are generally present to instruct in the latest slang and blackguardism.

They Were Closed.

MOST of the front doors of the saloons were "closed" on Thanksgiving day. It was too cold to keep them open. The back doors were "closed" also.

SEND us POSTAL CARD items.

$25,000,000.

Will It Pay the Busines Men of Indiana to Encourage Total Abstinence?

WHEN the business men look to their own interests, the whisky traffic will find a barrier never before encountered. Business men do not seem to recognize the fact, that every cent saved from the saloons is placed in a legitimate trade channel. The money expended for whisky will be used in purchasing clothing, groceries, boots and shoes, and for other necessaries, and thus increasing their trade and their profit. They gain by the less danger of failure to pay, and of incendiarism, which fact can hardly be conputed. Yet the drinking man is the winner, for what he expends returns to him, and instead of destitution he is provided with comfort, and oftentimes luxuries But the business men gain what the whisky men lose. In Indiana there are perhaps 10,000 saloons. At a small estimation their receipts are probably $100,000 a day, or at least $50,000 a day, which would aggregate nearly TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR Half of this amount then, at least, is lost to the actual legitimate business men of the State, and to the producers. Does it pay you in a financial point of view? The fact that the money is needed demands no proof. We hope business men will examine this matter and look to their own interests. They will not only gain the everlasting regard of the men whom they have benefitted, but will be advancing their own interests by encouraging the temperance work. The business men can give value received; whisky men do not.

The Value of Life.

IN the last two or three weeks, three persons have died from intemperance. To show that, notwithstanding the loss to friends, the city should still license rum, we give the revenue the city receives for the lives of its citizens, and the value at which they are held:

THE CITY OF LOGANSPORT,

	Dr.	Cr.
To three human lives.....	$0,00	
To license fees for two weeks in which deaths occurred.....		$41.66⅔
Logansport ahead.....		$41.66⅔

Value of life, $13.88 8-9.

Yes, go on and license and permit.

It pays—the devil.

The revenue must be had, no matter who suffers.

Gather in the blood money.

Fine the drinking man but not the seller who violates law.

Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel.

Oh, honesty, thy face is obscured.

Oh, sympathy, thou art not known.

Oh, shame, thy sting has never been felt.

Spread the facts on the city records in the blood of the victims of rum.

The Duty of the Mayor.

THE duty of the Mayor as laid down by city charter is to see to the "enforcement of all laws," etc. and yet his friends would have us believe that he has nothing to do with the closing of saloons. If there is no ordinance or law regulating the closing of saloons, then the mayor is not responsible; if there is such an ordinance, he is responsible. The truth is, the mayor, the marshal and the police are not doing what is expected of them. One ordinance should be as faithfully enforced as another. If the officers have power to enforce the law against drunkenness, they also have power to enfore the law in cases where illegal sales are made. We want to be reasonable in this matter, and if any of the officials named can offer any reasonable excuse for their negligence, we will not have another word to say.

Call for a Convention.

THE Cass County Temperance Union is hereby requested to meet in convention at Murphy Hall, Logansport, at 10 o'clock, a. m., Thursday, December 26th, and continuing in session two days.

All unions in Cass county will be entitled to five delegates for each one hundred of their membership or fraction thereof.

A large attendance is requested.

By order of

W. H. LEEDY,
Pres. Cass Co. Temp. Union.

J. H. IVANS, Secretary.

Early Colonial Laws,

THE following peculiar sentence appears on the court records of Connecticut, transpiring in 1633:

"Robert Coles is fined 10lb, and enjoyned to stand with a white sheete of paper on his back, wherein A DRUNKARD shall be written in greate letters, and to stand therewith soe longe as the court thinks mete, for abusing himselfe shamefully with drink * * * and other misdemeanor."

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Cass Co. Christian Temperance Union.
WILLIAM H. LEEDY, President.
Vice-Presidents:
G. P. McKEE, Bethlehem Towsnhip;
STEPHEN MELLINGER, Clay "
C. A. BRANDT, Noble Township;
MAHLON TRUSH, Jackson "
J. B. DRAKE, Tipton "
H. C. CUSHMAN, Eel Township;
J. M. VIGUS, Washington Townshp.
Secretary—JOS. IVINS.
Treasurer—BENJ. F. CAMPBELL.

Logansport Christian Temperance Union.
WM. E. MURRAY, President.
Vice-Presidents—H. C. MEHAFFIE, W. J. POTTER, T. B. LOUIS, T. C. BARNES, G. W. GOFF.
ED. TAYLOR, Secretary.
CHARLES LUMBERT, Ass't Secretary.
CHAS KAHLO, Treasurer.
Trustees—Isaac Himmelberger, D. L. Overholser, J. M. Justice.

Lake Cicott Christian Temperance Union.
L. E. ROGERS, President.
JOSEPH VANATTA, Vice President.
R. A. STEWART, Secretary.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

FROM GALVESTON.

To the Editor:

Our town is nearly wholly converted to Murphyism.

It costs a non-Murphy fifty-five cents for one glass of the evil, a round trip ticket to Kokomo; are perfectly willing that Kokomo should control the traffic. But for us total abstinence NOW and ever more.

C. F. THOMAS.

Dec. 2, 1878.

WALNUT, MARSHALL CO.

To the Editor:

Our Temperance work is progressing finely. We organized September 7, 1877 Have had from one to three meetings per week; have a membership of over three hundred in our small place and vicinity; have never lost a member. One stumbled, we held him up, and he is an active and earnest friend of temperance. We dried up our saloon by withdrawing its patronage, and for the last six months, we have had no liquor sold in our village.

Respectfully,
W. H BUNNELL.

Dec. 2, 1878.

FOWLER, INDIANA.

the Editor:

OUR blue ribbon club is one of those which believe that "Progress is Life." Our officers are lively, wide-awake persons, who do not believe in letting the enmy have controlling power. They consist of O. C. Brockway, President; J. P. Smith, Vice-President; Will Ross, Secretary. We also have two choristers, two organists, and a programme commiitee of six. The programme at every meeting is of the best home talent, and the participants always acquit themselves as a credit to our town.

Last Tuesday evening, after society was called to order, and music by the choir, Col. R. P. DeHart, of Lafayette, gave the society one of the most entertaining lectures it has ever had the honor to hear. The Col. spoke in his usual effective manner, carrying conviction with his every word and gesture, and at the close the club was loth to let him stop. We hope he will honor us again and often. At the close of his address, a quartette, entitled "Save the Boy," was sung by Mrs. Calais, Miss Mock, S. L Keetz, and Will Ross, which was received with deafening applause. The church was crowded, and the interest is increasing. Long live the blue.

J. P. S.

Benton County, Nov. 23.

REPORT OF THE VICE PRESIDENT OF BETHLEHEM TOWNSHIP.

To the President Cass County Temperance Union.

Bethlehem township. At this place the Murphy movement is sectional, as there is but one organization in this township

This society meets at Bethlehem M. E. church, every two weeks. Have over one hundred members. The meeting are generally well attented.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 30th, the inauguration of officers took place. G. P. McKee, President; Ira Crider, Vice President; George Leffel and Nathan Kinnamen, Secretary; Jacob Leffel, Treasurer.

Brother Clark Bailey of Peru, being present, entertained us with some very appropriate remarks A number of others took part in speaking.

We had some very good music. Mrs. Nesly Eurit, presided at the organ, and at the close there seemed to be a general good feeling. One object is, to extend this Temperance work throughout this entire township.

Please announce that there will be a Murphy Meeting held at Center schoolhouse, Metea, also, known as Lick Skillet, Thursday evening Dec. 12.

We are determined to keep the ball rolling. Wishing the Murphys success everywhere, I close.

Yours faternally,
GEORGE P. McKEE,
Vice President.

LORD POTTER AT LAFAYETTE.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

I AM greatly pleased with Lafayette and its work. The Murphy club room is a grand affair. Persons visiting the city should not fail to make the place a call where all are made welcome. Affairs are presided over by the pleasant Mrs. Weaver who makes the boys feel at home at once. A warm room, select and plenty of reading, amusements, music, and everything moral that will make life pleasant. The restaurant connected is an excellent place to refresh the inner man. Mrs. Weaver and those connected cannot receive too much credit for the supervision of this house for the boys. The work in general here is progressing The meetings are held often and are similar to those held at other places.

At Frog Pond school house we held a splendid meeting one evening, and obtained many signatures to the Murphy pledge. They have the work at heart there.

A most enjoyable time was had at the Braidy school house, last Eriday evening. The meeting was immense. I enjoyed myself there, and hope to be permitted to do so again.

The "Band of Hope, 'under the charge of Mrs Semphill, Matron, is prospering finely. This worthy lady deserves to be especially mentioned as one of of the most successful workers of this place.

In Haste,
LORD POTTER.

THE MURPHY POLICY.

To the Editor·

YOUNG man, if you wish to succeed in life sign the Murphy pledge, it is a great security against loss. Strong drink is far more dangerous to your success in business than the ravages of fire, yet all prudent men deem it wise to take out a policy in some insurance company to make themselves safe from its destructive influence; they pay a small per cent. or premium upon the amount insured with an assurance of a recompense in case of accident.

There are also life insurance companies in which by payment of yearly premiums large sums of money may be left to the deceased's heirs for their comfort and protection.

And traveling or accident insurance companies which by paying a few cents daily a large sum will be received in case of accident.

But the Murphy pledge is a policy in a company that insures you against all the ills consequent upon a life of drunkenness, it insures not only your property but your life, your intelligence and your moral nature against an influence that has been accessory to every species of accident or crime that has ever shocked humanity or blackened human character.

It also insures you a noble and worthy example for poor and suffering humanity to rise out of the pit of sensuality and stand upon the solid platform of temperance, to declare their their emancipation from the thraldom of king alcohol.

It is a complete policy extending through life, and in its moral consequences through all eternity.

And strange to say the only premium on this invunerable policy is to hold your pledge inviolate by abstaining from all appearance of evil.

Unlike other premiums it takes no money, but upon the other hand every dram you refrain from taking and every useless expense you curtail is so much money in your pocket. In other words it throws its protective influence around your life of sobriety and shields it from danger without money and without price.

Young man take a policy in this company and make yourself happy as well as safe.

JOS. GRIMES.

New Waverly, Nov. 26th, 1878.

WE NEED PROHIBITION.

To the Editor:

BECAUSE whisky and beer is eating the heart out of our Nation, and we want to save our fellow creatures, and NOT license MEN to make widows, orphans, rowdies, thieves and criminals; for its harvests are deadly and come home with curses upon the rum sellers in fiery retributions; and because the public conscience is aroused to a sense of its duty. Let us destroy this deadly cancer that wrings hearts with bitterest agony, for rum's work is terrible. Justice and testimony are against the fiery slop sellers' work, and they know it, but they are trying to bolster up their feelings. The people are beginning to move, and are steadily settling in this direction. The sleeping lion with a human heart is aroused, and, say, what is to hinder our stopping this traffic? If we make the resolution, we have the POWER if it is only exerted. The Lord's strong arm is around all those that are in the cause of right, justice, and humanity, and who have signed the pledge of freedom. We have awakened to a sense of duty, and see the danger of our foe that is dragging so many victims down to a drunkard's life, and a drunkard's hell. Our words, and work, hurt the soul sellers because of the truth, and right, of our principles, and precepts, Their suffering victims are not secure, but are standing upon the edge of a yawning chasm, which in time will envelope them; for their manhood and genious will be gone, and they left a wreck. If they could not get the burning spirits, they might turn from this revolting sin. Let our hearts be filled with praise, for we are doubly repaid for our exertions in bringing over ONE darkened life from the meshes of this sin. On may every one avoid the fiery liquors as a burning serpent, and dwell under shadows no more. On may this traffic be banished forever, and we be a free people. Let every true Murphy all over this state, call for PROHIBITION, and you will see how SUCCESS will attend the cry. All that we need is, united effort; and we will secure one of the greatest blessings, that this world can bestow upon its people. Many cannot withstand the temptations of the satanic saloon keeper's wiles, but if the traffic were removed, their strength would return, and they would again be bright stars of genius, strong, pure, and true, in their regained manhood.

L. L.

"Personal Liberty."

IT is stated on very good authority that the "personal liberty league" is preparing to do its corrupt work in the next Legislature. Persons who are posted claim that assessments have already been made upon the different whisky dealers for funds to be used in "lobbying" schemes that will give to them more "rights" than they now have. This league is composed entirely of whisky-dealers, men whose personal liberty is restrained less than any other class of criminals. To meet such an organization half way should be the purpose of every liberty-loving and law-abiding citizen. They even now debase and transgress the laws, and dishonor them in every particular It would seem that their desire is to be free from any law, whatever, and not be subjected to even the regulations of our honest citizens. That the purpose of this league is a corrupt one needs no evidence. Tax payers, and every respectable citizen should see to it that their vile purposes are never matured.

Alcoholic "Bitters."

THE New York *Evening Post* publishes the following table, which it says, has been compiled from the official report of the State Assayer of Rhode Island, showing the amount of alcohol in the most common and popular patent medicines:

	Per cent.
Richardson's Bitters	59
Hosetter's Stomach Bitters	43
Plantation Bitters	30
Puritan Bitters	25
Quaker Bitters	23
Temperance Bitters (?)	17
Vinegar Bitters	7½
Pierce's Bitters	6⅔

It adds:

"The chief point of difference between these various alcoholic compounds appears to be the different proportions of alcohol which they contain."

The best place for such "bitters" is the common sewer and not the human stomach.

"Love Your Enemy."

'ONE of the Band of Hope boys was telling a comrade yesterday that their pledge prohibited the use of tobacco, liquors, wine and cider, in any form "Can't we use cider in mince pies?" queried the lad. "No, there is a little devil in cider," replied the member of Percy's Band. "How I would like to eat that little devil," rejoined the lad.—*Richmond Palladum.*

A POOR man at Rochester owed a rich man some money, and was unable to pay. The rich man obtained a judgment and an execution, but there was nothing on which the sheriff could levy. The Irishman had two large pigs, but the law allow a man two, and the sheriff could not take them. The rich man then bought two little pigs, had them presented to the Irishman, and thereupon took his two large ones

PERCY'S BAND OF HOPE.

A SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE SIGNAL is pleased to announce that its proposition to open a department in the interest of the children's movement, has met with general satisfaction The grand work inaugurated among the children by Mr. Stephe R. Smith, and designated by the title of "Percy's Band of Hope," has taken a strong hold upon the juvenile element and bids fair to become not only the most useful but the most popular branch of the temperance work.

We propose to make the Band of Hope department a regular feature of THE SIGNAL, and invite our little Murphys to meet us half way. We shall be glad to note the progress of Bro. Smith and Master Percy Page, his boy orator, in their pilgrimage thro' the land, and we'll be pleased to publish reports of new organizations of Percy's Bands, as well as to give a weekly record of meetings held by Indiana Bands now in working order.

The following communication from Bro. Smith will explain itself:

RICHMOND, Ind., Nov. 28, 1878.

DEAR BRO:—I am quite busy here preparing Percy's Band for their first public reception, but steal a moment to thank you for your kind proposition.

As is well known, the blessed boy who saved me from a drunkard's grave was killed by the cars while engaged in organizing children's bands. He died with a temperance speech upon his lips, and on his death-bed asked me to take his pledge to all the children in the land. This is my mission, and though I am a journalist, a writer rather than a public speaker, I have met with great success. I believe that the spirit of my little Percy accompanies me, and that God's blessing rests upon the work.

Master Page was publicly presented to me by his parents at a large Murphy meeting in this place, and he goes with me to finish Percy's work upon earth. He is much like the dead boy in manner, style and appearance, and seems gifted in the same remarkable way. He fills the vacuum in my heart and life caused by Percy's death, and we have joined our hearts and our lives in an earnest plea for the American child.

The work needed but one thing more. The children's movement required an exponent in the public press;—a medium of communication between the bands. This you kindly offer to supply in a Band of Hope Department in your excellent paper. I accept your proposition in behalf of 2,500 children now enrolled, and will aid the department wherever I am by voice or pen.

Fraternally,
STEPHE R. SMITH.

THE MOVEMENT AT LOGANSPORT.

Mr. Smith arrived in our city on Friday evening and was introduced to an appreciative audience at our Murphy Hall. He is a man of education, a sound thinker, and his addresses to children are marked by the same polish and chaste thought which characterizes his speeches to adults. His recitations of original rhymes has never been equalled in this section.

Master Page is a child elocutionist only 8 years of age and never fails to interest young and old.

A meeting for the little folks was held on Saturday afternoon, and nearly one hundred signers came voluntarily forward and took the little blue bow. An organization was effected under Mr Smith's new system, with a bright lad of 14 as president, and a littie Miss of 12 years as secretary. A second meeting on Sunday afternoon drew more enthusiastic children, and arrangements were perfected for the election of a lady as Matron, and the organization of a children's choir. The gathering increased at the meeting on Monday afternoon, and is still growing as we go to press.

The children's movement has infused new spirit into the Murphy element everywhere, and bids fair to unite every element of the work in this place.

We shall present the Percy pledge and an outline of Bro. Smith's method in this department next week, and we hope Bands throughout the State will forward reports of their meetings for publication.

Letters for Mr. Smith and his boy addressed to this office will reach their destination without delay. We hope arrangements will be made for the children's movement in every town in our State.

DURING a protracted meeting at a Baptist church in Livingston, Kentucky, last Thursday, the minister who was to officiate at the morning service, Carter by name, strode up the aisle with a pair of saddle-pockets thrown over his shoulder. The amazed congregation stopped singing, and watched the Rev. Mr. Carter kneel in the pulpit as was his practice. At the end of five minutes, as Carter was still motionless, some of the brethren advanced to investigate. They found two half-emptied bottles of whisky sticking out of his coat pockets, and upon kicking him over concluded that his drunk was a more beastly one than any they had ever witnessed in the gutter. He went out of the church at the point of boots.

BISMARCK is a religious man, as many will be surprised to learn. Moriz Busch, who was once attached to the Chancellor's personal staff, reports him as saying: "I do not understand how people can live without a belief, and without a public confession of faith, without believing in God as the Judge Superior, in a future life and the duty of fulfilling one's mission on earth. If I were not a Christian I would not remain at my post a single hour. If I did not believe in God I would do nothing for human masters. Take away my faith and you take my love of country.

A NASHVILLE widow saw her lover riding with another woman, and was so angered by the sight that she desired to kill him. Having no pistol, she pawned his watch and bought one, but by that time he was not to be found—then she shot herself.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

Conducted by J. G. Holland.

The handsomest illustrated magazine in the world.

The American edition of this periodical is now more than 70,000 monthly, and it has a larger circulation in England than any other American magazine. Every number contains about 150 pages, and from 50 to 75 original wood cut illustrations.

ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR 1878-9.

Among the attractions for the coming year are as follows:

"Haworth's," a serial novel, is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through 12 numbers of the Monthly beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

"Falconberg," a serial novel, by H. H. Boyesen. In this romance, the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement.

"A Story of New Orleans," by Geo. W. Cable, to be begun on the conclusion of "Falconberg." This story will exhibit the state in Creole Louisiana about the years 1803-4-5, in the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present reconstruction period.

"Portraits of American Poets."—This series (begun in August with the portrait of Bryant) will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as frontpieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

"Studies in the Sierras."—A series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John Muir, the California naturalist. The most graphic and picturesque, and, at the same time, exact and trustworthy studies of the "California Alps," that have yet been made.

"A New View of Brazil."—Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of the Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hartt, is now in Brazil preparing for Scribner a series of papers on the present condition—the cities, rivers and resources of the great empire of South America.

"The 'Johnny Reb' Papers," by an ex-confederate soldier, will be among the raciest contributions to Scribner during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore.

We are now having prepared for Scribner articles on the leading Universities.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on How Shall we Spell, The New South, Lawn Planting for Small Places, Canada of To-day, American Art and Artists, American Archæology, Modern Inventors; also papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, fresh bits of Wit and Humor, etc.

Terms, $4 a year in advance; 35c a number. Subscriptions received by the publishers of this paper, and by all booksellers and post-masters. Persons wishing to subscribe direct with the publishers, should write name, post office, county and state, in full, and send with remittance in check, P. O. money order, or registered letter, to SCRIBNER &CO., 743 and 745 Broadway, N. Y

ST. NICHOLAS,

Scribner's Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls.

AN IDEAL CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE,

Messrs. Scribner & Co., in 1873, began the publication of St. Nicholas, an illustrated magazine for boys and girls, with Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge as editor. Five years have passed since the first number was issued, and the magazine has won the highest position. It has a monthly circulation of over 500,000 copies.

It is published simultaneously in London and New York, and the trans-Atlantic recognition is almost as general and hearty as the American. Although the progress of the magazine has been a steady advance, it has not reached its editress' ideas of best, because her ideal continually outruns it, and the magazine as swiftly follows after To day St. Nicholas stands alone in the world of books. The New York Tribune has said of it: "St. Nicholas has reached a higher platform, and commands for its service wider resources in art and letters than any of its predecessors or cotemporaries."

The London Literary World says: "There is no magazine for the young that can be said to equal this choice production of Scribner's good things for 1878-9. The arrangements for literary and art contributions for the new volume—the sixth—are complete, drawing from already favorite sources, as well as from promising new ones. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new serial story for boys, "A Jolly Fellowship," will run through the twelve monthly parts—beginning with the number for November, 1878, the first of the volume—and will be illustrated. The story is one of travel and adventure in Florida and the Bahamas. For the girls, a continued tale, "Half a Dozen Housekeepers," with illustrations. A fresh serial entitled "Eyebright," with plenty of pictures, will be commenced early in the volume. There will also be a continued fairy tale called "Rumpty Dudget's Tower." About the other familiar features of St. Nicholas, the editor preserves a good-humored silence, content perhaps, to let her five volumes already issued prophesy for the sixth, in respect to short stories, pictures, poems, humor, instructive sketches, and the lure and lore of 'Jack-in-the-Pulpit,' the 'Very Little Folk' department, and the 'Letter-Box,' and 'Riddle Box.'

Terms, $3 a year; 25 a number. Subscriptions received by the publisher of this paper, and by all booksellers and postmasters. Persons wishing to subscribe direct with the publishers, should write name, post office, county and state, in full, and send the remittance in check, P. O order or registered letter, to SCRIBNER & CO., 743 Broadway, New York.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, IND., DECEMBER 4, 1878.

GENERAL NOTES.

Ohio has 14,248 saloons.

Illinois has 16;548 rum dens.

Worth county, Mo., is without a saloon.

It is mournful to see a man more'n full.

Canon City, Colorada, has a blue ribbon club.

In Pennsylvania there are 16,705 murder mills.

Forreston, Illinois is now a no-license town.

John W. Drew has "stirred up" Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

There are 23,858 whisky shops in the state of New York.

J. R. McKelvey is meeting with grand success at Davenport, Iowa.

Whisky is about the only enemy man has succeeded in really loving.—*Danbury News.*

Alcohol is made of beets in California. New York beats are made of the same fluid.

Wisconsin has seventy-one lodges of the Sons of Temperance, and a membership of 43,158.

Col. Williams was recently elected president of the Tippecanoe county temperance union.

Five thousand patients are now being successfully treated in temperance hospitals in London.

In Potter county; Penn., prohibition has been the rule for ten years, and it has neither jail nor criminal.

A young lady rebukingly asks, "Which is the worst, to lace tight, or to get tight?" We give it up—we never lace.

"Although I never drink I am taking a 'drop' now," as the temperance man said when he fell out of a third story window.

Edward Cooper, son of Peter Cooper, the philanthropist, and one of the staunchest friends of temperance, has been elected Mayor of New York.

Mrs Frances E. Willard has returned to Chicago. She was recently elected president of the Illinois W. C. T. U, and will devote all her time to the interests of that union.

At Philadelphia, Pa., redently, 10,000 barrels of lager beer were destroyed by fire. It was valued at $500,000. This is the best news we have heard for some time.—*Western Banner.*

THE MURPHY temperance meetings in New York City are overcrowded. The men have to form in file to go up to sign the pledge, and the stream is a steady one from the start.

A Milwaukee paper says that the retail price of beer and whisky manufactured in that city during the year ending July 1, 1878, was $21,336,000. Its taxable property, real and personal, is assessed at $55,250,000.

Forty-five rumsellers, and more coming, is Portland's quota in the county jail. Only one of this number is an American born citizen. Sheriff Ring and his assistants are rapidly preparing another batch to reinforce the company.—*Maine Temperance Journal.*

At a mass temperance meeting in Worcester, Mass., in the presence of Francis Murphy, John B Gough said: "I too, like Mr. Murphy, am in favor of moral suasion but there must also be a law prohibiting the dram shop, and the proper place for the violators of such law is the four walls of a jail."

"Prohibition in Maine is a failure," say the whisky men. Let us see. In 1832 the drink bill was $10,000,000; in 1877 not over $500,000. Then it lacked just $9,500,000 of being a failure financially, and more morally than human figures can compute. Give us a Maine law failure in every state. —*Maine Temp. Journal.*

A Texas judge, in a recent charge to a grand jury, said: "Banish whisky and the devil out from Texas, and crime will cease in this State." Justice Lamson, in his address to the grand jury at Armagh, Ireland in 1869, said: "All the crimes we meet on circuit are more or less caused directly or indirectly, by drunkenness."

A drunkard in Sacramento, Cal., warned by a touch of delirium tremens that he had carried his drinking too far, resolved to reform or die. He declared his purpose to his friends, locked himself in his room, seated himself in an easy chair, and put a loaded pistol on a table within reach. The craving for alcohol grew stronger and stronger, and at last, unable to resist his thirst, he shot himself thro' the heart.

When W. E. Gladstone was Prime Minister to the United Kingdom, a deputation of brewers waited on him to remind him of the loss the revenue would sustain by any further restrictions on the liquor traffic. His reply was: "Gentlemen, you need not give yourselves any trouble about the revenue. Besides, with a sober population, not wasting their earnings, I will know where to obtain the revenue.'

Besides all the meetings of reform clubs and the lodges and divisions and temples of temperance societies, forty-four temperance meetings are held every week in Chicago. Eleven of these are held on Sunday, five on Monday, six on Tuesday, three on Wednesday, seven on Tursday, nine on Friday, and three on Saturday.—*Washingtonian.*

A well-known Crab Orchard man, who is pretty fond of his bitters, was seen in Stanford last week with a blue ribbon pinned on his coat. A friend inquired: "Have you joined the Murphys, Judge?" "Not exactly," he replied. "I only wear this in the hope that some one will ask me to take a drink under the impression that I'll refuse."

Maquoketo, Iowa, adds her testimony to the indisputable fact that "prohibition does prohibit." Compared with last year, under license, and this year under prohibition, less than half the prosecutions for crime this year; a reduction of forty per cent. for relief of the poor, and a decided improvement in all legitimate business.—*National Prohibitionist*

There is a war breaking out in the "rum army" between the beer and whisky men. The beer men are advocating the use of "non-intoxicating" beverages. At a recent banquet in Great Britain this was the recommendation of the leading brewer of of that country. The whisky men of New York and the malsters are at war—the latter claiming that the former are the cause of all their trouble.—*Blue Ribbon News*

Send Them In.

Every person sending us six subscribers to THE SIGNAL, and $3.00 cash, we will send one elegant bound volume (gilt edges, and brilliantly lettered cover, illustrated) of the "Ribbon Workers" giving a history of nearly every temperance worker in the field. It contains 450 pages and is sold for $2 00 everywhere. This unprecedented offer is good but for one month. Act. A little effort will secure you this book.

INTERESTING FACTS.

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

The 'avorite," the boss 5c cigar a Tom Meek's,

Tom Meek sells the best cigars, and tobaccos in the city. Also snuff, pipes and smokers' supplies.

Thomas Pierce, dealer in groceries, provisions, fish, etc. Tommy has a large trade because he sells pure goods and gives good weight. Prices reasonable. Broadway and canal.

Al. Hicks has added to his restaurant the finest stock of Candies and Candy Goods ever seen in this city. The display is simply grand. Buy your holiday supplies of him.

Gus Eberline, at the "store on wheels," is the place to get good stoves cheap. None but the best sold. Tinning, roofing, and all branches of the business given prompt attention. He deserves patronage.

MRS. B Z LEWIS, has an immense stock (just received) of millinery and fancy goods for the holidays. Everything of latest style, patterns, and a stock complete in every particular. Prices the lowest.

CULLEN & MARTIN, on Sixth Street, keep grain and feed of all kinds constantly on hand, which they are selling at the lowest possible margin. Give the boys a call.

JOE CULP, the popular band boy, cannot only play a horn or violin well, but can shave a man, in the most approved fashion. Joe's shop is on Sixth street. You should call.

B. Z LEWIS has a fine stock of Holiday Jewelry, at prices that cannot be beat. Call and examine stock, and see for yourself, that this is the place to get your Holiday presents.

IF you want a good heating or cook stove, wood or coal, go to John Barnhart & Son's model stove store. All kinds of Tinware. Bird Cages a specially.

NEEDHAM & KEESLING, dealers in pure drugs, medicines and chemicals. Prescriptions carefully compounded day or night. People's Drug Store, Fourth St.

J. W. Fuller, dealer in harness, saddlery, etc. Would be pleased to see those wishing anything in his line. Market street, opposite Rhodes' bakery.

Henry Tucker is always on hand to sell Harness, Saddles, and what a man needs in his line. His stock is unsurpassed in quality and quantity, ane prices reasonable.

Save your money and buy machine needles of the best quality, eight for 25c And Machine oil ten cents per bottle at Howe office, 512 Broadway. 3m16

Jas. McTaggart. the clothier, has received his fall and winter stock of boys', youths' and men's clothing. It is large and well selected, and the prices he has marked is as low as any other house in the city dare offer. 4·16

T. B. Rhodes sets the best lunch in town. Warm meals at all hours. Oysters in every style. Candies of all kinds. Bread, confectioneries, etc. Call on him, farmers, at 321 Market street.

3m17—521

One trial will convince the public that G. W Hoffman keeps pure drugs, etc., etc., and sells them at the lowest prices Prescriptions filled promptly. City Drug Store, Fourth Street.

Mrs. Dillie & Sister have one of the finest millinery stores in the city. The ladies can be suited with the latest styles of hats and fancy goods of which they have an immense stock Prices to suit the times. Ladies call and look at goods. Broadway north side, east of canal.

4:18-68

T. J. Jenne, sewing machine repairer, and all kinds of jobbery in the machinery line. He is an expert at the business and will carefully attend to all orders. Such a business is needed. Give him a call at cor. Pearl and Market st. with I.N Davys.

3t16

IF any of our Murphy friends contemplate buying a sewing machine we would advise them by all means to call on T. C. Barnes and examine the latest improved Howe and Singer. Satisfaction guaranteed, and all machines warranted for five years. 512 Broadway. 3m16

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.'s manufacture of Instruments are pronounced the very best in the market, and can be bought on monthly payments, or cheap for ready cash.

MRS. F. B. LOUIS, Agent,
225 Broadway, West Side.

FRANK SWIGART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Logansport, Indiana.

All matters left with given given prompt attention. 19-3m521

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Lessons in Vocal and Instrumental Music given at reasonable terms.

Rooms: Over Peters' book store. 3m19-021

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MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN.
Treats Ladies and Children.

303, Northwest Corner of Broadway and Seventh streets. 3m19-021

THE REASON WHY
WALKER, RAUCH & CO,
SELL MORE
BOOTS and SHOES
Than any other house in town is because they sell the best goods
THE CHEAPEST.

Eel River Railroad,

TIME TABLE.

On and After Monday, Dec. 2, 1878,

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

EAST BOUND.		STATIONS.	WEST BOUND.	
7.30 pm	8.30 am	Logansport.	7.10 pm	1.00 pm
8.28 pm	9.15 am	....Mexico....	6.33 pm	11.55 am
9.00 pm	9.27 am	....Denver....	6.23 pm	11.38 am
9.37 pm	9.55 am	.....Roan.....	6.02 pm	11.03 am
10.17 pm	10.25 am	N Manchetr	5.36 pm	10.25 am
10.55 pm	10.55 am	..S Whitley..	5.11 pm	9.48 am
11.31 pm	11.25 am	...Col. City...	4.48 pm	9.12 am
12.12 am	12.00 m	Cherubusco	4.18 pm	8.29 am
12.42 am	12.25 pm	....La Otto....	3.55 pm	7.57 am
1.12 am	12.50 pm	..Auburn J..	3.25 pm	7.23 am
1.17 am	12.54 pm	...Auburn....	3.20 pm	7.18 am
2.00 am	1.20 pm	.....Butler.....	2.45 pm	6.30 am
	5.40 pm	.....Toledo.....	11.05 pm	
	2.14 pm	...Reeding...	1.24 pm	
	2.22 pm	...Bankers....	1.10 pm	
	2.45 pm	..Jonesville..	12.54 am	
	3.55 pm	...Jackson ...	11.45 am	
	6.30 pm	....Detroit.....	7.00 am	
	6.55 pm	...Lansing ...	10.00 am	
	9.13 pm	...Saginaw...	7.15 am	

Connection is made at Denver with the I., P. & C. railway, for Rochester. Plymouth, LaPorte and Michigan City; at Columbia City with P. Ft. W. & C. railway, for Ft. Wayne and Pittsburg; at LaOtto with G. R. & I. railway, for Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids; at Auburn Junction with Ft. W. J. & S., and B. & O. railways, for Jackson, Lansing, Saginaw Defiance, Tiffin, Bellair, Washington, and Baltimore.

Trains from the east make close connections at Lognsport with T. W. & W. railway for Hannibal, Quincy and St. Louis, and with P. C. & St L. railway for Peoria, Burlington, Keokuk and all points west.

All Passenger trains fully equipped with Westinghouse Air Brakes and Miller Couplers and Buffers.

S. HOWELL,
Gen'l Ticket Agent.

FRANK J. HECKER,
General Superintendent.

Just Received

NEW GOODS at Very LOW PRICES.

Ladies' Gold Watches.....	$20.00,	$25.00, to	$60.00
Gents' Gold Watches.....	30.00,	40.00, "	85.00
Silver Elgin Watches.....	10.00,	15.00, "	25.00
Ladies' Neck Chains.....	2.50,	5.00, "	25.00
Crosses.....	1·50,	3.00, "	10.00
Lockets.....	1.50,	2.00, "	10.00
Gold Guard Chains.....	22.50,	25.00 "	50.00

H. C EVERSOLE, Jeweler,
First Jewelry Store West of the Post Office
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Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE.—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM.

VOL. I. LOGANSPORT, IND., DECEMBER 18, 1878.—SEMI-MONTHLY. NO. 20

A CUP OF COLD WATER OR TWO.

AIR:—*"Rosin the Bow."*

COME, all ye old friends of the bottle,
And bid it a final adieu,
Aud take for the good of your throttle
A cup of cold water or two.

Let us leave our places of riot,
Of swearing and getting drunk, too.
'Twon't hurt you, you know, just to try it
A cup of cold water or two.

Let us say to the seller of whisky,
And all his adherents, adieu,
And try, when we wish to get frisky,
A cup of cold water or two.

THE GREEN BOTTLE.

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

"I believe I'll have a glass of something comfortable," said Tom Barnaby.

Tom Barnaby was not a member of any temperance society whatever, and had no dislike to the taste of liquor. Not that he was a drinking man. Oh dear, no! Never was drunk in his life; never even slightly overcome by liquor. But still—well, still every now and then a nice glass of something comfortable struck Tom in a pleasant light, and he generally took it when it did.

To-night it was cold and chilly and gloomy, and the wind rattled the shutters and crooned down the chimney, and made a banshee of itself along the the street; and Tom, who was not very fond of reading, could not lose himself in book or magazine, and there was no one to talk to, and the resolution above recorded, seemed to be the most natural thing in the world. "A glass of something comfortable," said Tom, "and then a biscuit, and then I'll turn in."

Then Tom went to the closet to look for a vessel in which to bring the necessary liquors for the comfortable something from the corner store, and spied upon an upper shelf a green bottle, with a fat body and a long neck, which had nothing in it, and he sat it upon the table, while he stirred the fire and put the kettle on, that everything might be ready on his return.

Mrs. Tom was absent from home, and Tom was keeping house for himself. He was on his knees before the stove, raking it, when he heard a groan; but it had such a ghostly sound that he started.

"What's that?" he cried; and something answered:

"Only me."

And jumping to his feet, Tom Barnaby stood staring about; for there was nothing in the room that ought to have had a voice but himself—not even a kitten or a canary bird.

"Who is me?" cried Tom,

"Tom ought to know," said the voice.

And this time Tom saw it came from the green bottle.

"Hanged if is'n't the bottle!" said Tom. "Is it spirits, or what?"

And the devil answered:

"Yes, worse luck. It is spirits. Bad Spirits too. Gin, rum and brandy—whisky and alcohol!"

"Oh, that kind!" said Tom.

"Yes," said the bottle. "Five devils. I've been possessed by them all. Years and years they led me such a life that I wished I was mashed, years and years until your wife got me, and put blessed vinegar in me. Nice, sharp, respectable vinegar, that never did worse than give some poor cabbage-eater the colic. And I thought I should end my days a decent vinegar bottle, and here I am—going to have one of the devils back, I know. Oh, what did that dear woman go away for? Why did she go?"

Tom, whe had grown used to this phenomenon of a talking bottle, and did not mind it at all by this time, nodded his head sagely.

"Right there," he said. "It is exceedingly uncomfortable to have wife away, but you are very foolish to talk as you do. What harm is there in a moderate drink? All you'd hold wouldn't harm a fly. You've been listening to teetotalers."

"I havn't been listening to anybody," said the bottle. "I've formed my own conclusions. There was a time when I thought as you do. It was when I was a brand new bottle, with a gilt label, 'Best Holland Gin,' on me, and my owner, the liquor dealer, took me out of my case and handed me over to Jack Barker, who had just finished painting the store."

"'Here Jack,' says he, 'this will help you keep Christmas.'

"'Thank ye,' said Jack; and off I went under his arm.

"And there, in a bright little room, with a pretty wife and a nice old grand-father, and two cunning little babies looking on, he opened me.

"'What a nice smell!' said she—the pretty wife.

"And then he made some stuff with lemon and sugar, and they all drank some; and the babies looked at the light shining through my green sides and the gilt label on me. And the old grand-father said the drink had gone to his head, and he should have to be carried up stairs, and they all laughed at that because it was such a good joke.

"I liked myself then, and what time was in me.

"Before I was empty the first time I felt pleased to be such a favorite as I was.

"Ah, dear, I was filled up again, and again; and after awhile I began to see things changing about me. The wife's face not so bright; the old grand-father never laughed; the babies toes were out; and one day Jack staggered in took me up, drank the last drop from me, and tumbled into a chair. The wife began to cry.

"'Oh, Jack!" says she. 'O Jack! how I hate that dreadful bottle! We were so happy before it came into the house!"

"She blamed me, but I knew it was the evil spirit in me that she meant.

"'You have lost your place, Jack,' says she. 'Everything has changed. You don't love me any more. You don't care for the children. It's all that bottle.'

"But Jack was too tipsy to care what she said. He staggered over to the table, took me by the neck, and carried me to a liquor store. There they put another devil into me. That one drove the furniture out of the house; bit by bit it was pawned.

"Then they left the house itself and were in a cellar somewhere. She took in washing; some of the money she earnt went for more evil spirits to fill me.

"Didn't I loathe myself? One night I sat on the table and saw the old grandfather lying dead and Jack drunk on the floor at the foot of the bed. Didn't I loathe myself? I tried to topple off, but I couldn't manage it. If ever bottle did desire to break itself, I did. But it was no use. Happy bottles, beautiful cut glass, cologne bottles, innocent water bottles have been broken when they most desired to last, no doubt; but when I, who had become a dwelling place for devilIs lasted,

"They carried the old grand-father away, and his poor daughter got a black dress somehow. One night Jack went sneaking out of the house with a bundle under one arm and me under the other. The bundle was his wife's mourning dress for her father. He took it to a pawn-shop and pawned it for enough to fill me twice. The poor little woman never had a decent dress again.

"She was in rags. She was hungry. I've seen Jack clutch her hand and wrench the money she'd earnt for her children's bread from it, and then go off with me. Think of it! I had to aid and abet him, and hear her say things about me that were very natural, seeing she did not know how I hated the devils that lived in me, but that were hard to bear. But he fell down stairs with me in his pocket, and broke his head, and didn't break me. He hit me against things to their injury, not mine. I must have had a guardian devil, I lasted so.

"One day—it was such a bitter day, ice, and snow, and sleet everywhere—just five years from the Christmas I'd been made a present to Jack, he stood, ragged and dirty, at a bar-room stove, with me in his pocket—my neck sticking out. Up came the proprietor.

"'Now, Jack Barker,' says he, 'why don't you go home?'

"He was ashamed to have him there, you see, a ragged creature with his toes out, and a black eye and a broken nose. He used to be called handsome Jack Barker before he took to filling me. Think of that.

"Now he looked up with a miserable abject whine.

"'Go home with an empty bottle on a Christmas Eve?' says he. 'You didn't used to say go home when I came here with full pockets, Mr. Jones.'

"'Well, no, I didn't,' said the man; 'and it would have been better if I had. I'll fill your bottle for you, Jack Barker.'

"He filled it—goodness knows with what—and the poor wretch staggered home. Oh, the wretched cellar—the miserable straw bed in the corner; the wife lying sick upon it. I remember them so well.

"She was very sick, and there was a little baby beside her. Just think of another baby there.

"'Happy Christmas!' said he, as he staggered in. Happy Christmas, old girl!"

"'Happy!' said she. Oh, this dreadful day! That bottle come to us first on Christmas.'

"It takes so little to put a drunken man in a rage. He answered her with an oath.

"'Anybody would think I was drunk to hear you talk,' said he. And the poor woman answered:

"'Oh, good Heaven! are you ever sober? Oh, Jack! Jack!'

"And then he flew at her. He took me by the neck, and beat her over the head with it. The cork fell out, and the liquor poured over her breast, and over the face of the little baby lying upon it. It mingled with her blood.

"At first she screamed. Then she lay still. Her face grew whiter I knew I was a murderer. 'Oh, let me break!' I cried, 'Let me be broken into fragments!' But her fair flesh was smashed to pulp; her delicate bones broken; and I was sound as ever; when Jack, led by Heaven knows what mad fancy, left his victim and staggered into the street again. The snow was falling. The air was white with it. He staggered along muttering to himself. At last he came to a wharf, and stumbled across it. I believe a boat lay there on which he had been once before, and where they had given him drink.

"'Sea-Bird, ahoy!' cried he, 'Hullo! hullo! Sea-Bird, ahoy!'

"Nobody answered him.

"'I'm coming aboard,' he muttered—'I'm coming aboard. I shan't stay at home to be preached to. I'm my own master.'

"Then he took one step more. Splash—crash! He was through the thin ice, under the water.

"'Thank Heaven,' said I, my miserble career is ended.

"Then I turned cold as ice myself, and there was a roaring in my neck.

"Next thing I knew it was broad daylight, and I was floating on the water.

"'There's a bottle,' said some one. It was a bare-legged boy. He stooped over the side of a boat, and caught me.

"There was a man drowned here last night,' said he to another boy at his side.

"'Did you see nim,' said this one.

"'Yes,' said the first. 'He was drunk, and killed his wife. They've got an inquest on her, down in the cellar over there. I say, I'm going to sell this bottle to Bill, the junk-man.'

"So I was saved, and, much against my will, stood in the junk-shop window for a week. The water had washed the blood off me. I had no smell of liquor left, and along comes your wife.

"'What a nice flat bottle,' says she—'just what I want. How much for it.'

"And Billy charged her four cents, and home she brought me.

"'My career of vice has begun again,' said I. And I expected nothing else; but, bless the dear soul, she put vinegar in me—nice, sour, respeceable vinegar—and I've been a good, reformed bottle ever since. And now you—you—you—her husband, are going to put the devlish spirits into me again. For Heaven's sake, break me first. I don't want to destroy another household.'

"You shan't," said Tom Barnaby. "Here you go back on your shelf. I leave you to innocence and vinegar; and I think I'll make a cup of strong coffee."

"Right," said the bottle.

And so the bottle stands still beside the cruet, on Mrs. Barnaby's dresser; and Tom Barnaby is still a sober man.

A New Year's Incident.

The fatal effects of intoxicants upon one's offspring is well illustrated in the following incident, about a young man, a member of the editorial corps of a city paper, who, a year or two ago, set out one bright winter's morning with a friend to make New Year's calls. It was his first glimpse of fashionable, or, indeed, any gay, social life. John had hitherto had no time for play. First errand-boy, then reporter, critic, night-editor; many young men have push and vim enough to run that course before twenty-two, but few carry into it the steady integrity and hard practical sense which set this Scotch-Irishman, John———, apart from his companions and won their respect. Outside of the office, few people knew him. Occasionally you would see him in his dress-suit (of a long-ago cut and fashion) up the second tier at a grand concert, with an old gray-haired man beside him. The father and son enjoyed the treat as boys would their Christmas outings. In his grave silent way, John comprehended and cared for music; his father only cared to be with John. The old fellow read his paper from end to end every day; he read, in fact, nothing else. Journalism in America, to him, meant John.

In society, the young man was not likely to be dazzled or tempted by influences which drag mere hot blooded, brilliant young fellows astray. He was of slow, cool, enduring habit of body and mind; had a dry wit; a keen yet tender humor when you knew how to tap the vein: an indomitable Scotch pride; he meant some day to be a husband and father, and there was no man likely to be more deeply loved as both.

When he went out to make New Year's calls, therefore, the young girls felt no scruples in urging wine upon him, nor any offense when he refused it. It would have been against nature to find such a man value the pleasure given by liquor. It was an old lady who succeeded in making him drink, a friend of his mother's—a well-bred, delicate woman as any of those who keep open house on New Year's, to whom a drunken man is simply an object of disgust. The drink was nothing but a glass of rare old sherry.

But their was one fact which neither she nor John knew, that the taste for liquor was hereditary in his blood, as scrofula might be in that of another man. Alcohol was simply a physical poison to his stomach and brain, and acted physically on both, weakening first the nerves which influence the will.

The story is soon told. The man went steadily down—down; loathing the liquor; not tempted by the elation it produced, but drinking to satisfy the intolerable craving, and, in order to drink, thrusting aside the arguments of astonished friends, his old father's feeble hold on him, every chance he had in this world or the next. One night late in the fall he was arrested in some wretched haunt on a false charge of theft, and in the morning thrust into the prison-van to be carried to the city jail. When the "Black Maria" stopped at the gate, a body was dragged out covered with rags, and with a gash in the throat which men did not care to look upon. "It is not the face of a beggar," they said, covering it over.

The first mention which his old father saw of him in print was that he had so died.

Why do we break in on the gracious, genial sunshine of the New Year with such a tale as this? Because there is not a house where liquor is offered today in which its beginning and sequel may not again be true. Eight out of every ten Amercan men, physicians assert, are predisposed by hereditary influence, by the effect of climate, overwork, neural affections, and the mad haste of their lives to alcoholic poisoning, a disease as incurable as consumption. Yet on every side fair women, friendly, pure woman, Christian women, have met them on past New Year's days, holding out the cup of death with entreaties that would not be denied. In the coming holiday, must this be again?

Not an Exceptional Case.

"Anyone passing along Third street Tuesday evening might have seen the door of a saloon suddenly open and a poor drunken piece of humanity quickly and forcibly shoved out on the sidewalk. He landed on the pavement where he remained until assisted to a perpendicular position by a kind-hearted passer-by. Had an inventory been taken of his pocket book the sum total would not have aggregated very much, else he would not have been treated in the manner above mentioned. Thus it will be seen that the saloon business like all others, has a few persons gaining a livelihood by following it, who by such actions continually keep this profession below all others."—*Journal.*

No Famine.

"There is no fear of starvation in the west. Chicago has in her warehouses 50,000 barrels of flour, 6,000,000 bushels of grain, 64,000 barrels of pork, 37,000 tierces of lard, and 61,500,000 pounds of meat.—*Inter-Ocean.*

"How this can have anything to do with preventing starvation is one of the hidden mysteries. We would be obliged to the Inter-Ocean if it would now tell how the poor people of the west are to get possession of all these necessities of life.—*Whisky organ.*

This seeming ignorance is truly lamentable. The way "how not to get it" would be to patronize saloons. Few who leave whisky alone will starve with such great abundance at command.

MURDER MANUFACTORIES.

THEIR SUPPRESSION A QUESTION OF OUR WILLINGNESS.

RUM THE SOURCE OF CRIME—ACTIVITY THE HOPE.

$25,000,000!

Yes, that's all.

The businsss men of Indiana lose that.

The drinking men spend that.

The whisky men receive that every year.

TWO PENITENTIARIES

are crowded with criminals resulting from it.

And asylums.

And homes with poverty.

And a House of Correction.

And private institutions.

And nearly

100 JAILS.

Murder and arson are common.

Theft frequent.

Misery always.

Licenses paid seldom.

TAXES HIGH.

Officials many, and onery.

Who causes it?

The saloon-keepers.

Who's responsible?

YOU.

And as long as the temperance men remain idle this state of affairs will continue.

They are enemies to themselves and criminals in the sight of God.

Their own interests are neglected.

Indiana should be free.

It can be made so if the temperance people will stand up for their rights.

They ask for little and

THEY RECEIVE LITTLE.

An increased effort and a greater demand would procure them more benefits.

We have been ingnored because we do not urge our requests.

Show yourselves worthy of the gifts—the rights—you ask for.

Take your hands out of your pockets and help those who are asking for help.

One, nor two, nor a dozen temperance men cannot do this work, but the combined, concerted action of ALL can.

Are you on the side of temperance?

If you are,

SHOW YOUR COLORS

"Be a man or a mouse."

What can you do?

Attend the meetings,

Wear your ribbon.

Talk.

WORK!

Pass petitions.

Agitate!

AGITATE!!

AGITATE!!!

Do you want another penitentiary?

Do you want more criminals!!

Do you want taxes higher!

Do you want more loafers and tramps.

NO!!!

Then use every influence you possess to suppress murder manufactories.

We can stop them and WE MUST.

Is That All, Bro. Smith?

"WILL. H. LEEDY, ex-president of the N. C. T. U., and publisher of one of the best Murphy papers—THE SIGNAL—printed in the United States, and also author of the Gems of Song, a blue ribbon work published in Logansport, paid our office a visit last Tuesday. He made a rousing speech at the Murphy meeting in the evening, which was pronounced by all who heard it to be the best one that has been made in this city. Come again, brother Leedy,"—*Flora Mirror.*

Festival and Christmas Tree.

THE Anoka band boys will give a festival at Woodling's school house, near Anoka, on Christmas eve.

Oysters and other nice edibles will be served in finest style, and every effort will be made to render the occasion pleasant in every particular.

The citizens in connection will erect a fine Christmas tree, which will be another attraction.

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The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.
W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

LOGANSPORT, IND., DECEMBER, 18, 1878.

Published in the Interest of the Murphy Temperance Movement.

Subscription price. Fifty cents per year.

All letters and communications should be addressed to 'THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

WE prosper.

1878, farewell.

UNIVERSAL favor.

WILL enlarge soon.

MEETING to-night.

MEETING this night.

SPREAD the influence.

NEVER give up the ship.

MERRY Christmas to you all.

THE subscribers come rolling in.

WHAT do you think of our new "apparel."

FESTIVAL Thursday and Friday nights.

THE prospects for success are not discouraging.

THE Savior went among the poor and lowly.

J. C. GLINES is temperance all over and through.

No holidays for the benighted Hoosier. Oh, my.

THE good work of the marshal can be seen already.

MAKE us a present of a few subscribers, will you, reader?

The Band of Hope held a meeting last Saturday, at the hall.

A CHANGE, proposed, of the meeting nights is receiving thought.

STAND by the right, though thine enemy revile and persecute ye.

TRUTH hurts the enemy. Hear it howl. Let the gall jade wince.

ROYAL CENTER needs earnest temperance workers. Who'll volunteer?

THE meetings should not be made long and tedious by too much "talkee, talkee."

"NOTHING but 'leaves,'" as the saloon-keeper said as the last visitor departed.

THE boys who loaf around saloons are the coming drunkards and loafers. Mind that.

HUGH GEMMILL hasn't been to Marion "in the interest of temperance" for some time.

MAMIE CUSHMAN presided at the organ at the Band of Hope reception, and did it admirably.

REV. H. L. STETSON delivered an able temperance sermon at the Baptist church last Sunday night.

THE convention on the 26th and 27th should be largely attended by the public, which is respectfully invited.

LITTLE NELLIE MURRAY cannot be excelled in the recitation of the 'Church Bells." The talent she displays is remarkable.

I WANT to see men sober, say the s.-k.'s as the proceed to deal them out "forty-rod" that would make a wooden man drunk.

To twist the meaning of the law as the supreme court did in the holiday decision, it must have had lessons from the mayor and his harpers.

THE "galoot" who advettiised Col. DeHart for a lecture here was DeHart's own agent, sent by himself. The above in answer to a newspaper lie.

BRO. LOU. J. BEAUCHAMP is devoting his whole time to the temperance work. Parties desiring his services may address the editor of this paper.

BOYS! If you want a library of ten beautiful books, get your parents to help you secure twenty yearly subscribers to THE SIGNAL, and you will soon obtain it.

THE decision of the supreme court to the effect that Indiana has no holidays may be good law, but it's a disgrace to the state. However, better such a decision than to have the law entirely ignored.

WE earnestly desire a live agent in every community. We will pay a larger commission than is offered by any other paper. Write to us, and we will forward you samples free of charge.

THE authorities of Evansville having closed the saloons on Sunday, the saloon men are actively engaged in enforcing the Sunday laws against all others, with a view of making a strict Sunday observance odious.

BRO. W. K. MOORE, President of the Adamsboro union, has taken unto himself a better half. Miss Dollie Burnett is the fortunate young lady who is to share his joys and sorrows. The happy young couple have our warmest congratulations.

ONE drawback to some of the temperance societies has been the want of money. To every society that will club together and send us one hundred subscribers at 50 cents each, we will present $15 in gold! This is a splendid opportunity.

Now let the supreme court decide that Indiana should have no Sunday and the saloon-keepers' victory will be complete. Do the christian and moral people invite such a calamity? If not, the entire suppression of the liquor business alone will prevent it.

LAPORTE also has a Band of Hope. It is worthy of mention that these bands may be successfully formed by any lover of little folks, who understands management. The importation of some unknown missionery at great expense is the heighth of folly.

THE city now has a concert saloon in full blast. Our people who discourage Murphyism are encouraging this accursed institution, and are the allies of the devil and perdition. In their own estimation they are more righteous than the Savior ever was, and the sanctimonious countenance is wreathed with a satanic smile as they contemplate their awful purity. The coward who dares stand behind righteousness, fear of contamination, God hates as His most despicable enemy, and the man who fears to make a wrong right needs salvation more than the thief on the cross. The devil's den will not prosper if the people are unwilling that it should. The place is made a rendezvous for the boys, and will be made infamous by the number of young men who are turned out drunkards.

Let Every Good Citizen Say Amen.

Marshal Rodabaugh has notified all persons who have not taken out their saloon and other licenses, that they must immediately comply with the law in that respect or the penalties of the law will be inflicted upon them without fear and without favor, also without "let up." He proposes, moreover, to enforce the laws with reference to closing saloons on Sunday, and desires that all persons interested shall take notice of this determination on his part, and govern themselves accordingly. The Marshal wishes it to be understood by all that in accepting that position he took upon himself the duty of enforcing the laws to the extent of his official powers and personal ability, and solemized these obligations with an official oath, and it is his determined purpose to faithfully perform the duty thus assumed and enforced. Every good citizen will sustain the Marshal in executing this purpose, and applaud the successes he may achieve in pursuance thereof.

Crusade Anniversary.

THE following letter of instruction will prove of interest to all members of the W. C. T. U. The same programme will be observed in this state:

EVANSTON, Ill., Dec. 4, 1878.

DEAR MRS. HARBERT: Will you please give notice in the "Woman's Kingdom," that Dec. 23, the anniversary of the beginning of the crusade in Hillsboro, O., is to be observed by all Woman's Christian Temperance Unions of this and all the states, by order of the Natianal Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It is recommended that the "Crusade Psalm," (146th,) be read, and the first hymn sung by the first band ("Give to the winds thy fears") be sung once more. Also, that the story of the crusade and the great work whereunto it has grown to be recounted, to the end that our faith and zeal as Christian workers may be increased. So far as possible these services should be public, and consisting in the afternoon of prayer, and in the evening of a gospel temperance meeting at which the pledge is offered. Yours for the temperance cause.

FRANCES E. WILLARD,
President of Illinois W. C. T. U.

Considerable Strength.

"The prohibitionists polled 3,653 votes in Pennsylvania at the late election in that state for governor. They had also a full state ticket in Ohio, Illinois, and several other states, and developed considerable strenth. There chn be but little doubt but that prohibition and anti-prohibition will eventually be the issue in this country, and should the government pass into the hands of the prohibitionists, we shall be reduced to a monarchy.—*Whisky organ.*

The above is quite encouraging, and the realization of such a result should be the highest purpose of every peace-loving citizen.

THE CONVENTION.

WILL MEET AS ANNOUNCED, TO CONSIDER IMPORTANT MATTERS.

PROGRAMME—THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION IN ITS DIFFERENT PHASES.

THE NEEDS AND PURPOSES OF THE UNION TO BE THOUGHTFULLY DISCUSSED.

A Large Attendance and Profitable Time Anticipated.

THE Cass County Temperance Union will convene in open mass convention at Murphy Hall in this city on Thursday, December 26th, at 10 o'clock, a. m. The move has been thoroughly advertised throughout the county, and a delegation from each union has been promised. The matters proposed for discussion and consideration are of great moment to the temperance and the people at large. That the subjects will be considered ably is without question. Every person who is thinking upon the great question should hear the unprejudiced conclusions of some of the ablest and most thoughtful men in the county. Each session is so arranged as to afford great interest, and the varying thoughts of the many will elicit from the people a response of approval or condemnation.

The following programme has been decided upon. It is of course subject to change to the will of the convention, but more than probably will not be varied from:

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26TH.

10 A. M.—Executive session; credentials of delegates; reports of committees, of officers; appointment of committees; filling of vacant offices; miscellaneous business.

2 P. M.—"The Church and Temperance," open discussion—Revs. M. Mahin, R. O. Post and Hudson Mckee, 20 minutes each.

3 P. M.—"The work—country, city, general;" how promoted; its needs; peculiarities of country work, etc.; 10-minute speeches; B F Campbell, Tobias Julian, J H Ivins, T C Barnes, J B Drake, J Wood, C A Brandt. S. R Mellinger.

7:30 P. M.—"Hereditary Appetite," discussion, G P McKee, D B Graham, Rev H L Stetson, M Jamison, Rev J H Rohrer. Rev Wm DeBolt.

Shall we petition the Legislature; what shall we ask for?—free discussion.

"Drinking for Fun," Frank Hight and L P Streeter.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27TH.

10 A. M.—Executive session; reports of committees; "The good of the cause;" 5-minute speeches by everybody.

2 P. M.—"Politics and temperance;" its relations; open disscussion; led by W E Murray.

3 P. M.—"Alcohol as a food and medicine;" Drs J M Justice, J Z Powell, Ray, of Royal Center, and Landis of Galveston.

"Statistics," Rev J H Rohrer.

7:30 P. M.—Public Reception by the b'hoys; toasts and responses; happy termination of (it is hoped) a profitable convention.

Each session will be opened with devotional exercises, and music will be interspersed.

It is desired that all delegates report promptly.

The public are most cordially invited to participate in the deliberations of the union.

The following delegates have been appointed from the places named:

SPRING CREEK.

Robert McKee,	Bruce Scott,
B F Campbell,	W B Smith,
George Brown,	Dallas Orwin,
J H Rohrer,	Jennie Coons,
George Funk,	Effie English.

LOGANSPORT.

W E Murray,	Charles Kahlo,
T. B. Louis,	D B Stevens,
Rev R O Post,	John Stoll,
Scott Price,	Robert Johnston,
Mrs J Redd,	Rev M Mahin,
Mrs Wm Marshall,	H C Mehaffie,
Mrs M A Willetts,	Mrs C A P Smith,
Geo Shideler,	Mrs C P Wright,
Mrs Gossage,	Geo Barnes.
Henry J Roach,	Mrs Trueman,
Miss Nellie Jackson,	Frank Liston,
Rev C P Wright,	Rev A W Hawkins,
Rev L M Schofield,	Rev McKaig,
M Swadener,	Mrs Kingman,
B O Wilkinson,	Rev H L Stetson,
M Pettit,	J C Davis,
I Himmelberger,	D L Overholser,
L P Streeter,	Mrs G W Goff,
Miss Bryer,	Miss Etta Graham,
Joseph Culp,	Miss Mattie Barger,
D B Graham,	C J Kerns,
Miss Amelia Jacobs,	Mrs Hare.
Miss Della Condon,	Dr H Taylor,
Mrs Bowman,	Miss — Condon,
Miss Emma Mabin,	T C Barnes.

GALVESTON.

M C Adams,	A B Rule,
B L King,	A J Shirley,
C F Thomas,	Rev Wm DeBolt,
Addie Underwood,	Mrs J Emerick,
Mrs J Turley,	Mrs M H Thomas.

LAKE CICOTT.

Wm Ritchie,	L Shaw,
Wm Smith,	M Hiney,
Adam Hiney,	O Chapple,
L E Rodgers,	Wm Young,
Smith Waterbury,	Joseph Vanatta.

WALTON.

J B Drake,	Owen Hurd,
Mrs L Stuter,	Miss Amelia Jacobs,
Miss Carrie Snyder,	Miss Vora Snyder,
Will H Snyder,	D P Hurd,
J O Ruth,	J H Tuder.

ADAMSBORO.

L E Brown,	M J Morgan,
G N Berry,	James Berry,
John Finnegan,	W K Moore.

TWELVE MILE.

Nathan Kinneman,	W S Winegardner,
David Kreider,	F Howell,
Ira Kreider,	Oliver Leffel,
Dicanter Eurit,	William Metz,
Jacob Leffel,	George Morrow.

Several societies will elect delegates the present week.

Striking from the Shoulder.

"SO MANY ask God to help the temperance cause who do not help it themselves. So many ask God to give them strength to aid the good work, when they do not use the strength they already have. We like prayer, we think it necessary, but don't think it right for men and women to pray so much for temperance who are too cowardly or lazy to work.—*Monitor.*

Our popularity should not be permitted to interfere with our PRINCIPLE.

Prayer should not be lessened, but the WORK INCREASED.

"Go WORK in My vineyard."

"WORK and pray."

All prayer and no work is little valued by the Lord.

Answer your prayers by your work.

The Lord promises to HELP, but not to do the whole job.

He needs no superintendent. Do your part, and HE will PLAN and INSTRUCT, and do his.

One of our good ministers recently advised his congregation to "come to the house of God and PRAY for the Murphys," instead of going to the hall.

That's right.

"Go to your church and PRAY," then come from your church and WORK.

Take your friends to church with you.

And your ENEMIES, also.

And the stragglers from the street.

It will not hurt you—it may do them good.

Advocate the PRINCIPLES of your church, the principles of salvation, not the church, the society, the institution.

What matters it if the church institution does fail so long as its principles and purposes live, and are promoted.

Pray for the Murphys.

Pray for the church.

WORK for the Murphys.

WORK for the church.

To save the lost is the purpose of both.

Should they not go hand in hand.

Nothing but prejudice and jealousy can prevent a harmonious union of the two great elements of temperance and christianity.

Each would suffer from the severing of friendly ties.

Every possible effort shoul be made by sincere laborers in either field to avert such a calamity.

Awakening.

THE respectable people at large are awakening to a realization of the criminal leniency exercised toward lawlessness, and are demanding that the mayor, marshal and officers attend to their duty.

"A. K. M.,"

a correspondent, ably reviews the matter in a recent issue of the *Daily Journal*, and places the responsibility where it properly belongs, with the officers, and not with the private citizens who are unwilling to "file affidavits." The correspondent, who is one of the foremost and most honored citizens, is subjected to the most vile abuse by the rowdys and blackguards for daring to express his convictions as a free born, law-abiding citizen. But all the venom that may be ejected, or the epithets that may hurled, or the "buldozing" that may be attempted, will not swerve the determined people from their demand of right and justice.

We have proof that cannot be controverted that "A. K. M." is not nor never has been a member of the Murphy association, and the cowardly attack made upon this institution was prompted by a blackened and conscienceless heart and brain. We do not intend to apologize for the acts of the Murphy union, for its deeds are performed under no shadow, and its boldness and fearlessness has obtained for it an unsullied reputation for fairness and honesty; and we make the above explanation to show that others beside the Murphys are thinking of this matter.

THE fight is growing interesting. Throughout the State renewed efforts are put forth to crush the rum traffic.

Prohibition for Indiana.

SYLVESTER JOHNSON, of Irvington, Ind., writes to the *National Prohibitionist* that "now the enlightened sentiments of our people demand prohibition, and will be satisfied with nothing less." He thinks the only question now is, which is the best way to reach it; what mode of action should be decided upon.

An Important Decision.

THE Supreme Court has decided that there are no legal holidays in Indiana, and that saloons may lawfully be kept open and liquor sold on all except Sundays and election days. In the opinion of the court New Years, Christmas, Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July are holidays for the banks only.

THE INTER OCEAN.

Weekly, $1.15; Semi-Weekly, $2.50; Daily, $10.00.

The Inter Ocean, as a political journal, stands confessedly at the head of the Republican press of the West, and as a readable and reliable newspaper has a reputation second to none. While it has never wavered in the support of party principles, has never failed to do its full duty in critical times, and has never hesitated to strike hard blows in defense of the Republican cause, it has never ceased to be a good newspaper, independent of all political and party considerations.

With the record of seven years' conscientious work and efficient service behind it as a certificate of character. The Inter Ocean enters upon the work of a new year; enters upon the work of a year the most important, perhaps, in its history, and the most momentous in the history of the Republican party. Lines are already forming for the great battle of 1880, and the country has never felt the need of stanch and able supporters of principle for the sake of principle as it will in the coming year. It has been the good fortune of The Inter Ocean to lead in the formation of public opinion, and to have a tremendous following. It has maintained this position as leader because of its unquestioned loyalty to the fundamental principles of the party, its boldness in defending them, and its fairness in discussing great political questions. As The Inter Ocean has sounded the key-note of the contests in past years, Republicans will look to it as a faithful guide and leader in the coming year. And they will not be disappointed. The paper will stand, as it always has stood, the organ of no faction or clique, battling in the front rank for the principles that have made the country what it is.

The Inter Ocean expects to receive from enemies and opponents hard blows, and to return them with interest. From Republicans and friends it expects only such consideration and fairness as any political journal may claim at the hands of those interested in the success of the party and in the triumph of party principles. The issues are sharply defined. On the one side is the solid South aided by the Democratic party; on the other the Rebublican party. Naturally at such a time Republicans will turn to a paper able, aggressive, and of unquestioned loyalty. All that we ask is that they judge The Inter Ocean by its own utterances, and not by what Democrat organs and envious rivals say of it.

Outside of party considerations Republicans will choose the best newspaper. And in this particular The Inter Ocean has no superiors. It is in every sense of the word a national newspaper, presenting home and foreign news in attractive shape, and accompanying it with intelligent comment.

It will be as enterprising as any of its contemporaries, more accurate and more discriminating. For two years its cable dispatches have been fuller and of higher character than those of any other Western journal; Its Washington and foreign correspondence more readable, covering more topics of special and general interest, and its home correspondence more varied and more complete. All these departments will be continued, with such improvements added as experience may suggest and increased facilities for collecting news allow.

Independent of politics and news, men want a symmetrical, intrresting, and wholesome journal for the family and the home. They will find such a paper in The Inter Ocean, which devotes more attention than any other political newspaper to departments prepared and conducted with the wants of home and family in view. This applies to Agricultural, Domestic, Educational, Scientific, and Social matters.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP, covering answers to all sorts of political, scientific, and general questions will receive more attention, even, than in past years, and will be a complete encyclopedia of information not accessible outside the great reference libraries of large cities. In this department The Inter Ocean has been without a rival, and, realizing the importance of the department, the publishers have made arrangements not only to maintain its high character, but to make it answer more completely the demands of subscribers.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT has within the past year assumed a new character and a new importance. It is the outgrowth of The Inter Ocean policy of fostering home interests, and, while it is unique in its freshness and its plan, it is unequaled in its interest and in the amount of suggestive and practical information on Home topics.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT will be in charge of one of the most experienced agricultural editors of the West, and will give each week timely hints, suggestions, and discussions of practical interest.

THE VETINARY DEPARTMENT has become a standard authority among horsemen, and is republished from week to week in many of the Farm and Stock Journals of the country. All questions of subscribers as to diseases and treatment of stock are answered without charge by a distinguished and experienced specialist. This department will be maintained at its present high standard.

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM, devoted to woman's interests and work, will be continued in the generous and conservative spirit that has made it so popular.

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT has had a reputation for reliability and completeness all its own. It will remaln in charge of the same editor, and will be made up with the wants of the readers in view.

IN FICTION The Inter Ocean will present a serial by a popular Western author, covering ground in the West not touched upon hitherto by writers of fiction, and replete with incideht and adventure. In short stories, sketches, and general literary miscellany The Inter Ocean will pander to no low taste, but will give the best.

In these times of depression and scarcity of money, people will turn to the paper that is the cheapest. To meet this demand the price of The Inter Ocean has been reduced to $1.15 for The Weekly, $2.50 for The Semi-Weekly, and $10 for The Daily. In short, The Inter Ocean will be a better paper than ever before, and will be furnished for less money.

Sample copies sent free. All communication should be addressed

THE INTER OCEAN,
Chicago, Ill.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

SHORT, BUT SWEET.

To the Editor:

WE are still at work.

W. K. MOORE.

Adamsboro, Ind., Dec. 16th.

MIAMI, IND.

To the Editor:

THE Murphy union was organized here last Tuesday evening for the first, and has been continued ever since. Up to the present time 126 have signed the pledge. There is room for a good work yet. We need help badly, but have no means as yet in the treasury to obtain it with. We are still continuing our meetings. Respectfully,

JOS. LARIMORE, Sec.

A. HERRELL, Pres.
Dec. 13, 78.]

CLAY TOWNSHIP.

To the Editor:

WE had a good meeting at Spring Creek on Nov. 22d. All seem to be interested in the good work. The meeting resulted in twenty-one signers to the pledge. They now number 110 members. Bethel is still working. The society numbers sixty-seven, making a total in the township of 177* members, and yet there is room. May the temperance ball roil on. Yours,

S. J. MELLINGER.

Dec. 3, 1878.

*Several signatures have since been obtained.—ED.

METEA, IND.

To the Editor:

A MURPHY meeting was held last evening in the Spring Creek Baptist church, at Metea, Bethlehem township.

The audience large and attentive.

Speeches were made by R. F. McKee, B. F. Campbell, S. R. Mellinger, and others.

Ten came forward, signed the pledge and donned the blue.

A meeting is announced for the evening of the 19th, for the purpose of organizing a society.

D. M. KINGERY, Sec.

GEO. P. MCKEE, Pres.
Dec. 13, 1878.

TWELVE MILE.

To the Editor:

THE Murphys met at Bethlehem church, Dec. 14th, at the usual hour. It being the first sleighing of the season a good crowd was present. We had an interesting meeting. At the close five young men came forward and took the pledge.

The following delegates were appointed to attend the County Union to be held at Logansport Dec. 26th, and 27th: Nathan Kinnaman, David Krider, Ira Krider, Jacob Leffel, Dicanter Eurit, George Morrow, William Metz, Oliver Leffel, F. Howell and W. S. Winegardner.

Please inform us through your paper whether the vice presidents of each township will be considered as delegates to the county union without first appointed as such by the society.

G. P. MCKEE.

Bethlehem, Dec. 14th, 1878.

ANSWER: By virtue of position all officers of the union are entitled to seats in convention.—ED.

WALTON, IND.

To the Editor:

ON Sunday evening, Dec. 8, we had a very pleasant and profitable meeting. Speeches by several persons.

Bro. Mahlon Bell, of Lincoln, was with us, and favored us with a few remarks, which were very good. Mr. A. F. Curtis spoke a few minutes. It is encouraging to know that the business men of our town are taking an interest in the temperance work.

We have no more zealous worker than Mr. Owen Hurd, who is one of the first men in our community.

In the reorganization the corps of officers is as follows:

President—J. B. Drake.
Vice-Presidents—Miss Amelia Stough, and William Darling.
Secretary—J. H. Tuder.
Treasurer—Miss Jennie Miller.

The concert given on the evening of the 9th was good, cousidering the limited time given for preparation.

The exercises were entertaining. The singing by Dr. Dutchess and wife, and Mr. Layton and wife, was splendid.

At the meeting last Saturday night delegates were appointed to attend the Cass County Union, Dec. 26 and 27, as follows: J. B. Drake, Owen Hurd, Mrs. [illegible]ter, Miss Amelia Stough, Misses [illegible] Vora Snyder, Will H. Sny[illegible]d, J. O. Ruth, and J. H. [illegible] by several. All went home satisfied that the temperance work was no less interesting than three months ago. In the meeting, everybody comes up to the "rack," which is encouraging.

We have in our community a man who says he "would see the Murphys in 'Guinea' before he would give the ten cents to see such an entertainment" as they gave last Monday evening. God pity such a man. Yet we meet such men everywhere, and they are the strong element we have to fight.

But I am taking up too much of your valuable space. Yours,

J. H. TUDER.

Dec. 16, 1878.

LAPORTE, IND.

To the Editor:

WE are having a good and grand temperance revival here under the auspices and direction of Mr. J. H. Monroe, of Chicago. The meetings commenced Nov. 26th and have been held ever since until last night; they adjourned for Mr. Monroe to attend the Good Templar Lodge. He works in all branches of the work—red, blue, or Good Templar's, or all together—as good may come out of it. 497 have signed the pledge and put on the red ribbon. Friday night we organize a red ribbon club. Yours,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Dec. 10th, 1878.

To the Editor:

THE work still goes bravely on here in Laporte. Since Mr. Monroe came here there have been 598 names attached to the total abstinence pledge. Nearly all of these are drinking men. The saloon-keepers are beginning to howl, and some begin to throw out threats against him, but he seems to be determined in the matter, and has concluded to stop here one more week. Thro' his influence the Hon. Emory A Storrs, of Chicago, will lecture at the opera house to-night. Mr. Monroe is an Irishman, but American born, and he is getting a great many of his countrymen to sign the pledge. He has put new life into all of the temperance people here. The greatest enthusiasm prevails; houses crowded every night. Preparations have been made to hold over-flow meetings in the Methodist church. God speed the good cause.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Laporte, Dec. 14th.

BRO CADWALADER'S LETTER.

To the Editor:

SOME things we can afford to do and some things we can't. In the first place in my humble opinion we can't afford to give away one-half of our sons to drunkenness and present and eternal ruin for blood money received over counters of rum shops to school the other half. We can't afford to let our country go to ruin and every city become a Sodom on account of giving way to the whisky ring who meet in council for the purpose of perpetrating the rum curse which will soon prove destructive to the peace, wellfare and safety to persons and property. We cannot afford to loose two hundred thousand promising young men every year who fill premature drunkards graves and cause millions of mothers and daughters to weep and mourn; we cannot afford to keep mum for fear of losing a little trade and lose our boys and a good government, and be hewers of wood and drawers of water under the control of the basest authority known to man; but we can afford to say we will do right, and the blessings of God will be our reward. We can afford to be men and cry aloud day and night against rum and its evil effects upon the human family; we can afford to spend our money liberally and time for the sake of the salvation of the souls and bodies of men. Just think of 30,000 boys and girls in Chicago under 18 years of age, gambling and drinking; 12,000 women arrested in New York last year for drunkenness, many of them with babes in their arms drinking poison with every drop of nourishment they swallow. Think of the positive determination of the rum-seller to defy the laws of God and man, and what a power and influence they bring to bear to corrupt our youth—and even praying men for the sake of party, will cast their votes and exert an influence in favor of the destroyers of their own children. For the sake of humanity, weeping mothers, suffering children, peace and good order, and of God and our own salvation, dear friends, let us all make a solemn vow before God and man that henceforth we will do all in our power, God helping us, to do our whole duty, and the time will soon come that the houses now occupied as murder mills, will be used for honorable occupations.

We cannot afford to hire a drayman, woodsawer, carpenter, bricklayer, lawyer, doctor or any body else that spends three fourths of their earnings for strong drink, for if we do we'll only help to perpetuate the rum curse; neither can we afford to patronize anyone in any kind of trade who favor the whisky ring in any way, but it is our duty to hew to the line and if we pretend to be true friends and workers in the temperance cause act it out to the letter. The women are the greatest sufferers, and sway an influence greater than men, and whenever they rise in their might and say the rum curse must and shall be exterminated from our land it will be done, and if each lady reader of your valuable paper will determine that they would get even one subscriber apiece, and the readers of all the other temperance papers and scatter broadcast all over our country facts that every person should be in possession of, freedom from whisky slavery would soon be pronounced all over our land.

JOS. CADWALADER.

New Albany, Dec. 12th, 1878.

WHAT IT COSTS.

To the Editor:

WE have several times thought of putting something on paper for THE SIGNAL, but have as often failed in the attempt—not through having more important matters to engage at, for the rescuing of humanity from the ravages of intemperance is, by all odds, the noblest work pursued by men. We hear much said by temperance talkers generally, of the cost of intemperance. The official reports give nearly six hundred millions of dollars, as the annual cost of drinks in this country. With this fact in view, who has the audacity to say that the curse should not be choked. Add to this the thousands of dollars expended annually for the maintenance of the almshouse, orphans' homes, insane asylums, the suppression of crime, and the trial of criminals, nearly all of which is caused directly or indirectly by intoxicating drinks, and we have a sum almost beyond computation. God never authorized the sale of whisky. God never sanctioned the sale of rum. Yet great as is the financial loss to the country, the moral loss is many fold greater. And never, never, until we can tell the worth of a ruined soul, and estimate the value of homes and broken hearts, can we tell what intemperance costs our country. When the temperance laborers and all ought to labor in the great work, place the moral instead of the financial point of the question as of the most importance, then we can look for greater results attending our efforts. Anybody, with a grain of common sense, can see that the use of rum in its varied forms is a useless, expensive, injurious habit, and why not abolish the demon from the land?

Be it said greatly to the discredit of our christian community, that the Murphy organization at this place is not what it should be. Cussedness and contrariness did the work that should have been done by morality and religion.

We still have about fifty earnest and consistent Murphies, and expect to revive soon, and help swell the ranks of those who are battling for the right.

We enclose subscription price for six months, and you may count us a subscriber as long as the "lamp holds out to burn." Respectfully,

M. H. RODERICK.

Anoka, Dec. 12th, 1878.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

To the Editor.

Christmas is drawing near, and many young men will want a good time, a great deal of fun and enjoyment. Now let us tell you how to spend a happy day. If you are not a Murphy get a pledge of our President, and put on a blue ribbon, and then go to your home and present your pledge to the dear ones there and see their eyes sparkle with happiness. If you love them it will make you rejoice. It will spread a golden halo over that day to your dear ones' hearts that time will not obscure. You love them tenderly. Do not wreck their life's happiness, but make them a present of intrinsic value, a bright, new Murphy pledge, and then live close to God. Be true to your pledge, then despair, anguish and ruin will not follow your life. And let your true heart be joyous in your new path of brightness, temperance and joy until your spirit has plumed its bright wings for eternity. Yes, do make this Christmas present to some one. It will make many happy, for you have a soul on which God has placed the crown of life. Do not forget to make this Christmas present to some one early Christmas morning so that you can spend a happy day in celebration of our Savior's birth, and his goodness and love to you.

If a Murphy, the most acceptable Christmas gift that you can present to your loved ones would be THE MURPHY SIGNAL. I am surprised that so many neglect to take their own true paper. Brothers and sisters, we need it in all of our homes; no one with temperance principles should be without it. Can not you subscribe for three or four copies and present them to some of your friends? Many of them do not know what the world is doing in this movement. Oh, let us scatter THE SIGNAL as gleams of sunshine through the darkest places in our city. It would interest many that are cold in this movement that says "Malice Toward None." There are many Murphys that do not take any kind of temperance literature, not because they don't like it, but because they are careless about it. It is necessary for this kind of literature to deluge our city and State. Gather up your fifty cent pieces, and scatter down your papers. Try to make several persons a Christmas gift of a year's subscription to THE SIGNAL or some other good temperance paper. If you do, next Christmas you will have Christmas gifts of righted lives in return for your investment. Let us hear of a young army of Murphy subscribers starting for THE SIGNAL office, and keep marching on all day, making Christmas gifts to the people.

L. L.

"YOU ARE WANTED."

To the Editor:

"In the great battle between truth and falsehood, between sin and holiness, every being bears his part; is for or against. There is no neutral position in this war. To do nothing, is to be against it; and to be against the right is to be lost. Idleness is a crime; indifference a fatility. There is much to do and little time to do it in; "for the night comes when no man can work." Work while the day lasts; work hard; work well; these should be the resolves of all the friends of a true christianity; some of whom can do a great deal; all do something."

Murphys in Logansport, where are you? You are wanted! "From thought the will, from the will action, true or false, just or unjust. Were you thoughtless when you recorded yourself on the side of temperance; false to yourself and the welfare of humanity, unjust to the responsibilities you owe to society.

Is life as certain and so long you dare leave until a to-morrow? that may never dawn. The requirements is of to-day. You have done your duty in placing your name on the record of the Murphy association; there is nothing more for you to do; you aimed high; that was all the Master bade you do; there was no command, "Bear ye one another's burdens" from his lips. If this hour brings the summons that wait not at your bidding to unroll the fabric of your life at His feet, what sort of feeling have you woven into the warp given you? Are the threads bright and golden in this part of the web? Meek the voice, pitiful the excuse. We know not what to do; we're waiting for some temperance Moses or Joshua to lead us out of the wilderness of indifference and idleness.

"Lead yourselves, think for yourselves, act for yourselves."

Do you crowd Murphy Hall two nights in the week with your presence, why not? the only mission demanded of you is for temperance and the best interests of a purer humanity; keep your "pet hobbies" carefully preserved, should they by chance, occasionally receive a rude shake, constantly withdrawing your presence might proclaim it, and their weakness.

Ten thousand Murphys in Logansport—each one put their shoulder to the wheel, then measure the result; Lafayette would not be asking where is your Murphy library and reading rooms? Mr. Wendall Phillips tells us that Christianity is a battle, not a dream, that it is embodied in temperance organizations. When the Devil opens up a shop, let Christianity open another and overwhelm him.

If he pours out a dollar, pour out two. If he likes a newspaper that portends to evil—a paper published in and for the interests of whisky—get one so much better, so much firmer, so much more attractive, that it shall quite outdo it. Are you doing it? doing all in your power to sustain the temperance paper struggling for existence in your midst; subscribing for it yourself, you who can sending an extra number to some friend.

You, as Murphys, inscribe on your banners malice toward none, charity for all; you are at "war with men's vices only, not with their persons, Would you who could by some slight self denial send some intemperate man, some saloon-keeper, even, a temperance paper, though he refuse to take it from the office, and it goes to swell the public waste paper basket; the knowledge that such a paper stands to his name, that someone has had interest enough in his well being to remember him in this manner, may be the tiny seed to win him to a sober, better life, an honorable calling, thereby giving this country in all respects, a better citizen.

O friends! is it an idle fancy. Methinks that kind of currency will find its way into another world, and its ring on the golden pavements will mingle with sweet angel voices in the glad anthems that will welcome you to your eternal home.

"Let our hearts be brave, and our armor bright,
As valiant we stand to uphold the right,
Not heeding the storm, or fearing the fire,
While forth in our Master's service we go."

B.

WHOSE WELFARE?

A QUESTION DRINKING MEN ARE ASKED TO CONSIDER.

Reasonable Men Would Not Request What the S.-K.s Demand.

"THE Liquor Dealers' Association of Evansville, held a meeting Tuesday night last and elected officers for the ensuihg six months. We are glad to learn that the liquor dealers of Evansville are working in harmony, and hope that they will stand by their rights and work for the welfare of each other."

The above, clipped from the Lafayette rum organ, proves cunclusively what we have insisted upon for months past, namely, that the rum dealers are looking to their own interests only. "They will stand by their 'rights,' and work for the welfare of EACH OTHER." The men who support the rummies by their patronage are totally ignored in THEIR rights; it would seem that the hard-working drinking men have no rights which the saloon-keeper should respect. After the drinking man has spent his last dime over the whisky counter, he is kicked into the street in pursuance of the s.-k.'s "right." And this right is given to them because of the power they wield in elections, not justly, or because liberty would have it so. We ask you as men to wrest yourselves from the power of the men who are "working for the welfare of each other" and against yours. BE FREE! The saloon men are working for SELF, and so should you. Your family's welfare should be of greatest importance to you. Do not jeopardize home comforts for the doubtful satisfaction of helping those who are helping themselves.

But they are not yet satisfied with the power they have attained. They demand that you shall still be more helplessly placed in ther merciless grasp. A correspondent in the patent sheet above referred to makes the matter plain when he says:

"The law should be amended making it a CRIMINAL OFFENCE for a man to get drunk or for a party to patronize a saloon while a minor."

That is, that which is now a "misdemeanor" shall then constitute a CRIME. What they consider as a liberty on their part, is a crime on yours. Is it reasonable? They seem determined to crush out every particle of self-esteem and manhood you possess. Will you longer submit to the outrageous wrongs heaped upon you by would-be monarchists? When you become a total abstainer, you can laugh at their futile endeavors to grind you beneath their heels.

INDIANA STATE LIBRARY

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, IND., DECEMBER 18, 1878.

GENERAL NOTES.

In Chicago 2,855 saloons now.

Monticello needs "shaking up."

Luther Benson is lecturing in Kansas.

There are 1,028 distilleries in North Cerolina.

Prairieton, Ind., has a flourishing temperance club.

A prohibition party has been formed in California.

Lee county, Ill., is awake to the temperance cause.

The cause is flourishing throughout Benton county.

Harrison county has 6,000 Murphy temperance folks.

The friends are still faithful at Plymouth and Argos.

A society of Good Templars has been organized at Delphi.

The temperance folks have been doing well at South Bend.

The Good Templars of Tennessee are petitioning for local option.

The Good Templars of Nebraska are petitioning for prohibition.

J. H. Monroe has been doing successful work at Laporte, Ind.

The Crawfordsville Good Templars have leased a hall for five years.

John B. Gough is meeting with marked success in Great Britain.

Wabash has a reading room, and temperance is holding its ground.

The LeClaire, Iowa, reform club is is getting along finely. Aged one year.

The work is progressing finely in Crawford county, reports Gen. Chambers.

"A. Blessing" is the name of a New York liquor dealer. It should be "A. curse."

The colored people of West Virginia are taking great interest in the temperance work.

Bob Burdette, the funny man of the Burlington Hawkeye, often makes temperance speeches.

A saloon-keeper at Monticello, Iowa, has been arrested for setting fire to his saloon. A good service.

John W. Drew is meeting with great success at Burlington, Iowa. It seems to be his good fortune everywhere.

Seven counties in the state of Missouri without an open grog-shop, and more on their way up to this point.

Advices from Evansville, Ind., are that the red ribbon movement is still (to use a common expression) "red hot."

The Portland Press says that "nine-tenths of all the papers in Maine are earnest advocates of prohibitory principles."

The testimony at the inquest shows that the sinking of the Princess Alice in the Thames was the result of drunkenness and carousing.

The Buffalo Express inquires if a country can be hard up which consumes 50,000,000 gallons of whisky, 10,000,000 barrels of beer, and 20,000,000 cigars, in a single year.

U. S. Marshals burned two mammoth moonshine distilleries in Tennessee a few days ago. Eighteen hundred gallons of whisky went down the stream or up in flames.

Hon. R. C. Pitman, at a recent meeting of the Massachusetts State Alliance, said: "It is a great work to save drunkards, but a greater one to save them from becoming drunkards."

Only five saloons in Harrison county and they are dead; and the people say they shall not be resurrected. Saloonists have to go out gunning and fishing for meat. Prohibition is getting a start in Harrison county in earnest.

According to the statement of Dr. Edward Young, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, the aggregate amount paid for intoxicating liquors in the United States for the fiscal year 1877, was $595,764,000. And yet, the times are very hard,

A new temperance order, to be hailed as the Supreme Circle of Honor, has just been instituted at Wheeling, W. Va. Its motto is, "Temperance by moral suasion if we can—by legal suasion if we must." The public meetings are conducted on the Murphy plan.

For endeavoring to convict a brewer in Iowa City, Iowa, of a violation of law, the houses of Mrs. Osmand, President of the Woman's Temperance Union, and Mr. I. N. De Sellem, were assaulted in the night by a gang of roughs, with brickbats. It is a brave cause which resorts to the logic of such arguments.

Rev. Canon Farrar says: "Those who defend drunkenness from Timothy are the sworn brothers of those who defend slavery from Philemon."

The red ribbon movement has been thoroughly incepted into the town of Columbus, Neb., and temperance is all the talk. John B. Finch in twelve nights secured over 500 signers.

The blue ribbon society of Crawfordsville held a fair, last week, at which they cleared over $1,000. The attractions were numerous and of a variety calculated to please and draw a crowded house each evening. One of the amusing occurrences were three apples suspended on strings and at each was a boy trying to see who would be the first to succeed in eating his apple.

MURPHY MEETINGS.

Productive of More Genuine Loyalty in the Heart of Ye Editor.

On the evening of the 7th, a meeting was held at the

BRICK SCHOOL HOUSE

on the north pike. Bros. S. R. Mellinger, vice-president of the township, presided in his efficient way. On the arrival of "ye editor," at 7:30, the room was crowded to the uttermost, and the meeting was in full blast. Perseverence secured the entrance of said personage with the exception of his

"NO. 11's,"

which were arranged beneath the o'ershadowing branches of a friendly oak. As we entered Bro. Tobias Julian was expounding in forcible language principles of morality and humanity, making illustrations that called forth much applause. He had been preceded by Hon. B. F. Campbell in an eloquent, telling speech. Space and time forbids special mention of the addresses of Bros. Rohrer, Mellinger, McKee, Shillings and others, sufficeth to say that the

HAPPY FEELING

existing was the outgrowth of the remarks. An intermission of several minutes was indulged the audience, during which time twenty-one signed the pledge. A desire to have a union established here was gratified, and an

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

resulted as follows:

President—Samuel Shilling.
Vice-President—Levi Horn.
Secretary—John Burnett.
Treasurer—Henry Shilling.

A RESOLUTION

was adopted, instructing the secretary to report all meetings to THE SIGNAL for publication.

The union has the brightest prospects before it, and with such officers as above mentioned, will prove of great usefulness.

Last Tuesday evening

AT FLORA,

we was pleased to learn that another union had proven true to its professions of loyalty to humanity. The meeting was called to order by President Stanley (one of the staunchest Murphys in the county) and after singing appropriate hymns, Rev. Shaw spoke for some time in an interesting way. Several others were called upon, but declined. After the writer had "said a word," we were entertained with a selection by Mrs. Stanley.

At this place we met Messrs. Comingore, Dunkle, Phipps, and other

LOGANSPORTERS,

who have established themselves, and Messrs. W. N. Smith, Little, Coberly, Woods, and other natives of the burg. Smith and Comingore are publishers of that sprightly little sheet, "The Mirror," of which the villagers should feel proud—and they evidently do. Our thanks are due brothers Stanley, Comingore, and the citizens for courtesies received.

May Frank's red hair,
Ne'er become more fair,
"If ever we cease to" regard with filial affection the people of Flora.

Extraordinary!

OUR Union is preparing to give a grand home festival, next Thursday and Friday evenings, and a dinner on Friday. The affair will be made the grandest of the kind ever held in the city. Every one is invited to call, if for only a moment. An admission of 10 cents will be charged at the door. Amusement of different kinds will be afforded. Do not fail to go.

New Year's Day.

WINE for New Year's callers will soon be a custom of the past.

It is now considered very bad taste and unfashionable in the best circles of society to present wine to guests.

So very many now refuse wine and still others who rightly consider it an insult to offer wine to a guest that it is fast growing unpopular.

Very few true ladies, we think, will offer wine this coming year.—*Nat. Probitionist.*

A Stench.

"THE Lafayette whisky Journal, published by T. J. Sharpe & Co., is a stench in the nostrils of all decent people in that beautiful city, and should be abated.—*Hoosier State.*

You are right. The sheet is a disgrace to Lafayette and to Indiana. It should be abated.

AN honest action springs from an honest heart, if the action is truly honest.

INTERESTING FACTS.

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

Christmas Candies at *Hicks.*

Dague & Rannells' for *TOYS.*

Oysters at *Hicks'* Oyster Bay. Served in every style.

Ten loaves of Bread for 25 cents at Conrad & Beamer's.

For *Juvenile* and all kinds of *Books* call on Dague & Rannells.

Conrad & Beamer, the Bakers and Confectioners, sell **Ten Loaves of Bread for 25c.**

The largest stock of Toys, Books and Holiday Presents in the city at Dague & Rannells', corner Pearl and Market sts.

John Turner, Barber and Hair Dresser. Shaving and hair cutting in most approved manner. Shop on Broadway, west of Sixth street.

John Jacobs, Sixth street, makes to order and repairs **boots and shoes** and warrants work. Best goods only used. Satisfaction guaranteed in every respect. Try him.

Leffert & Co., Tailors, will make to order plain or fashionable suits at reasonable terms and promptly. Goods are the best. Cor. Sixth and Broadway. 4t20*

At *Hick's Restaurant* can be had Warm Meals, Lunch, Cigars, Candies! Oysters, Game, etc., and everything nice. Call. Broadway, near Murdock Hotel. Open day and night.

Thomas Pierce, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Produce; Fish, Crackers, Nuts, etc. Prices to suit the time. Pure goods in every respect. Corner of Broadway and the canal.

Wm. Quebe, Boot and Shoe manuacturer and repairer. Boots or shoes made to order and repairing done neatly and promptly. Work warranted. Broadway, east of canal.

John H. Peck has just received a large invoice of **Meerschaum Pipes** and **Cigar Holders,** suitable for holiday presents. The public is respectfully invited to call. Prices very reasonable.

Dague & Rannells have a large and well-selected stock of **Books, & car-loads of T O Y S,** for holiday presents. Look at their stock and learn their prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Jas. A. Hill & Son,
Fashionable Barbers
and Hair Dressers.
First class work guaranteed. Bridge st., opposite Dolan's opera house.

John Ferguson, the Baker, has a fine line of plain and **Fancy Candies.** Lunch for everybody. Warm meals at all hours. Cakes, pies and bread always fresh and nice. Market st., near Fourth.

John Gottsaleig, manufacturer and dealer in Boots and shoes. **Rubber Boots REPAIRED.** All work done promptly. and warranted. Prices as low as the lowest. Market st., east of Fourth.

George Ash, the enterprising Furniniture man, sells a great many goods, but always keeps his stock replenished. For Upholstery he cannot be excelled. His taste in selecting goods is excellent.

Gus Eberline has an entirely new stove, which beats everything in the market. Everybody should see it. Gus also does tinwork, repairing, etc, in the best manner possible. Broadway, on the canal.

John W. Cost, Druggist, Fourth st., invites the public to examine his elegant stock of **Perfumery, Fancy Toilet Articles,** etc., for the **Holidays.** None surpass his stock. Prices to suit the times.

Geiger Bros. sell the excellent 5 cent **"Custer,"** and 10 cent **"Justice" Cigars** Try them once and you will smoke no other. Cigar Cases and Holders, Pipes, etc. The best brand of Tobaccos on hand. Market st.

Holiday Jewelry.

B. Z. Lewis is among the foremost with holiday goods. His stock of watches, pins, and articles for holiday presents, is large and well selected. Give him a call.

Harry Denbo, 419 Twelfth St. manufactures and sells choice cigars and keeps always on hand the favorite brands of tobacco. Harry insists that his stock, prices and goods cannot be beat anywhere.

HOLIDAYS.

The *Boston Boot and Shoe Store* has a fine stock of **ELEGANT SLIPPERS** and **Goods for the Holidays.** Extra inducements to purchasers, No stock larger, no goods better, no prices lower.

Just Received

NEW GOODS at Very LOW PRICES.

Ladies' Gold Watches	$20.00,	$25.00,	to $60.00
Gents' Gold Watches	30.00,	40.00,	" 85.00
Silver Elgin Watches	10.00,	15.00,	" 25.00
Ladies' Neck Chains	2.50,	5.00,	" 25.00
Crosses	1·50,	3.00,	" 10.00
Lockets	1.50,	2.00,	" 10.00
Gold Guard Chains	22.50,	25.00	" 50.00

H. C EVERSOLE, Jeweler,
3m17-004 First Jewelry Store West of the Post Office

WILSON & SON

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A FINE STOCK OF

SILVERWARE !

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY OF

REED & BARTON,

WHICH MAKE

SURPASSES ALL OTHERS, BOTH IN DESIGN AND FINISH

(:o:)

ALL GOODS ENGRAVED FREE OF CHARGE.

06 BROADWAY.

N. I. Davys has on hand an immense line of plain and **Fancy Candies** for the holiday trade. He invites you to call and look at his goods and learn prices before purchasing. He keeps also Canned Goods of all kinds, Cigars, etc. Prices down to rock bottom. Corner Market and Fifth street.

Save your money and buy machine needles of the best quality, eight for 25c. And Machine oil ten cents per bottle at Howe office, 512 Broadway. 3m16

T. B. Rhodes sets the best lunch in town. Warm meals at all hours. Oysters in every style. Candies of all kinds. Bread, confectioneries, etc. Call on him, farmers, at 321 Market street.
3m17—521

Mrs. Dillie & Sister have one of the finest millinery stores in the city. The ladies can be suited with the latest styles of hats and fancy goods of which they have an immense stock Prices to suit the times. Ladies call and look at goods. Broadway north side, east of canal.
4t18-08

IF any of our Murphy friends contemplate buying a sewing machine we would advise them by all means to call on T. C. Barnes and examine the latest improved Howe and Singer. Satisfaction guaranteed, and all machines warranted for five years. 512 Broadway. 3m16

Traveling Bags, Satchels and Shawl Straps

To be found in the city. Trunks and Sample Cases made to order. Our prices are always the lowest. Call and examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. 3m17-002

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.'s manufacture of Instruments are pronouncsd the very best in the market, and can be bought on monthly payments, or cheap for ready cash.
MRS. F. B. LOUIS, Agent,
225 Broadway, West Side.

FRANK SWIGART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Logansport, Indiana.
All matters left with given given proupt attention. 19-3m521

MISS R. E. BOWMAN,
MUSIC TEACHER,
Lessons in Vocal and Instrumental Music given at reasonable terms.
Rooms: Over Peters' book store. 3m19-021

MRS. M. E CORNELL,
MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN.
Treats Ladies and Children.
303, Northwest Corner of Broadway and Seventh streets. 3m19-021

Fountain City Rubber StamP Co.,
Bank, Railroad and BUSINESS STAMPS.
Date Stamps a Specialty.
FLORA, INDIANA.
Agent's Outfit, $1.00.

FOR FANCY GOODS,
TOYS,
NOTIONS,
and HOLIDAY GOODS,
GO TO
ROSENBERG'S Cheap Store
520 BROADWAY.

NEW YEAR'S CARDS !

OVER 50 STYLES
JUST RECEIVED.

WILLARD N. HALL,
Printer, Ruler and Binder,
JOHNSON BLOCK

Call AND See Samples
ENTRANCE ON BROADWAY.

FOR SEWING MACHINES.
I have selected the
IMPORTED SINGER
that is manufactured in Montreal, Canada, being the very best in the market, with all the latest improvements, having a loose balance wheel so that the bobbin can be wound without running the Machine. Bear in mind that these Machines are NOT made by the Singer M'f'g Co. They are superior in every respect, and are all new, none of them being old ones made over. Respectfully,
G. P. WASHBURN, 506 Broadway.
3m17-521

DR. OVERHOLSER'S
DENTAL ROOMS,
Cor. Fourth & Market St., [Entrance on Fourth
LOGANSPORT, IND.
All Work Done in FIRST-CLASS Style.
Teeth extracted positively without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, or Protoxide of Nitrogen, the safest and pleasantest anæsthetic known. 173m120

H. BRUNER,
DEALER IN BOOTS AND SHOES.
CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.
RUBBER BOOTS REPAIRED AND WARRANTED.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.
No. 324 Market-st., T. P. Swigart's old stand.

CHARLES M. HANNA,
MAKES TO ORDER
PICTURE FRAMES
TO SUIT ANY PICTURE, with plain and neat or elegant and gaudy designs,
Terms very reasonable.
Address orders through p. o. to
CHAS. M. HANNA,
3m17-521 Logansport, Ind.

WINDSOR HOTEL.
First Class in every particular:
J.H. WINEMILLER, Proprietor
Rates: $1.50 per Day.
First Class Lunch Room connected with house
Pan Handle Depot, LOGANSPORT, IND

M'NARY & LEEDY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
ND REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTING AG'TS,
All business promptly attended to.
No. 410 BROADWAY.

MURDOCK BARBER SHOP.
WM. KRAUT, Proprietor.
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING
In most fashionable style.
BATH ROOMS CONNECTED

WOLL & PARKER,
UNDERTAKERS.
ALL KINDS OF CASKETS, COFFINS. Semi-
LININGS AND TRIMMINGS IN S
306 Market Street,
ne
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than ever
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all communica-

PLEDGES INTER OCEAN,
THE SIGNAL, Logans Chicago, Ill.